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NO. 2.

WRITTEN BY A FREE HAND.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

[ORIGINAL.]

I am to old to fawn upon a nurse,
Too far in years to be a pupil low;
What is thy sentence, then, but speechless death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?

King Richard II.

One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth:
O, call back yesterday, bid time return.—*Ibid.*

* * * * * Tut! there are other Trojans that thou dreamest not of, the which, for sport sake, are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am joined with no foot land-rakers, no long-staff, sixpenny strikers; none of these mad, mustachio, purplehued malt-worms; but with nobility, and tranquility; burgomasters, and great oneyers; such as can hold in; such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray: And yet I lie; for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth; or rather, not pray to her, but prey on her; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.—*Shakspeare.*

God has instilled into each man's heart a noble quality of *self*. The Supreme has endowed the lower order of animals with instincts which bid them cling to life and enjoy it, and upon us, who rank above all other created things, he has bestowed an infinite knowledge of our superiority. The meanest of our race possesses this information. Whatever walks erect knows of its divine origin, and is cognizant of its immortal destiny. No phase of degradation can totally obliterate this knowledge. The veriest pauper, whose defiled rags offend the pure air of heaven, is at times warned of his mind-like capabilities by some event unsought and unexpected. The fact may flash upon his brain with a meteor-like haste—it may illumine the intellect as the streak of electricity from the clouds lightens up the horizon—and though it does not linger in itself, it leaves a record which can never be wholly effaced. The sun-light of nature daguerreotypes upon the brain of man an indelible representation of his wondrous qualities. Circumstances may injure them with their owner; unforeseen and fortuitous contingencies may render them unserviceable; yet they exist, even if they lie dormant, and *apparently never* existed. From these qualities spring all the various *great* things that astonish and benefit the

world. Sometimes *nothing* comes from them, but this does not go to prove that they *are not*. In some kind and degree they form a portion of every personage's conformation. Man may lose his hair, but never—we generalize our assertion—his intellect. He may abuse, pervert, and injure the latter, but he cannot rob himself of it entirely. Even the idiot occasionally experiences and exhibits glimpses of mental brilliancy, and if the proof of this fact were considered to be wanting by us we could cite it in abundance.

—Every soil grows one or two particular substances best, and most prolifically. Rocks, hard and moistureless, present a peculiar production, which can be obtained from no other source. Soil may be too rich or too dry. It is the happy medium in the soil of the mind, as in the material of the planet called the Earth, that we find the greatest utility. A mind too productive, or capable of running riot in its creative and fostering power, is of comparative uselessness. One too niggard in its yieldings may also be, like papers frequently lost in pocket-books, “of no use to any but the owner,” and of scarcely any to him. Happy the genius whose promptings can be curbed! Happy the man who can adapt his gigantic intellect to the worldly and practical efforts that bring

both fame and emolument! Happy, in the greatest degree that human being can hope for, is he whose brain is that of genius, and yet can be adapted in its operations to his own pleasure and benefit, and the admiration and elevation of his fellows. Such a man is HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. He is one of the poets worthy to rank with the best of the modern tribe. The English critics, who would deny, if they could, a shadow of poetical merit to America, have, under compulsion, pronounced Mr. Longfellow "one of the most accomplished of the brotherhood." "But," says one of these acute literary surgeons, "having spent the greater portion of his life in Europe, he belongs, in his capacity of author, rather to the Old World than the New." By which we are to understand, that his mind was formed and finished after European models, and is tinged with the hues and prejudices of European life. Much as we despise views like these, we are forced to admit that they are the proper ones in which to regard Mr. Longfellow truly. He was born in Portland, Maine, in the year 1807. At a very early age he crossed the Atlantic, and remained in foreign countries several years. He studied at Gottingen. Had we never been informed of this fact, we could have detected it in his writings. They have all the characteristics of the German school—all the peculiarities of the German style of construction, and are coloured by all the deep philosophy of the German thinkers. They are not of the Haarz mountains legend department of letters, but are German in epithet, sentiment, and finish. We never read the title of his best volume of poems—"VOICES OF THE NIGHT"—without thinking of a pale Gottingen Student at midnight, in spectacles and slippers, before a large folio, with pen in one hand and meerschaum in the other. In spite of himself, it seems that Mr. Longfellow must employ supernatural or unearthly subjects in the illustration of his written morals. He presents you with the startling and the polished in combination, and it is seldom that we find nicety and the "startling" together in a commendable condition of familiarity. He takes a skeleton—than what can be more repulsive to the sight or fancy?—and clothes it so finely that you forget the effigy of death. He discourses of midnight horrors, spectre-armies, and such like matters, in a tone so elevated, a style so Christian-like, and by a method so pure and gratifying to the virtuous, that the grim and ghastly features depicted are almost entirely lost. Lost they are, excepting for the purpose intended by the author; and that purpose is never any but one that commands praise, and is adapted to the development of some phase of the spirit of general benevolence.

All men have hobbies! Writers are not exempt from the curse of this mortal weakness. Involuntarily many of us embrace some strange desire or propensity, and without knowing that we do so, we are continually seeking to gratify it. Mr. Longfellow rides a hobby and his Pegasus at one and the same time. He is devoted to the production of certain effects in his effusions, and the result of this devotion may be observed in nearly every line recorded by his pen; whether of poetry or of prose. It is easy enough to perceive that he aims at being peculiar and unique. The struggle to accomplish this aim cannot be concealed—is not, at all events—if it were, our poet's greatest fault would have vanished from before the

agonized minds of his best admirers. If the peculiarities of his style were his own, the fault of embracing them would be diminished one half; but they are not his own; they are imitations of other's peculiarities; they are reflexes of ancient styles, daguerreotypes of oil paintings, copies of the old masters. We have seen copies of Correggios, Raphaels, Titians, Rembrandts, etc., quite as good, (at least for all available intents,) as the originals, yet their value would not be acknowledged, and the faded, worm-eaten, ruinous canvass that had been coloured by the famous hand, was prized as being worth all, and the most superior copies, ever made. We are not prepared to determine the character of Mr. Longfellow's own style, or to say that he has any. Sometimes he indulges in an imitation of the old Norse poetry; at another time he treats us to a little of Tennyson; occasionally he affords us a view of some other particularity, but that he ever gives us an unadulterated specimen of himself is not to be declared with any positive confidence.

We have just risen from a third reading of the work he published last and recently, entitled "EVANGELINE." After the first reading of the book, we could scarcely reconcile ourself with the belief that Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was its author. We could detect nothing of the poet whose genius was considered so resplendent that the "Foreign Quarterly" authoritatively stated, that he was American only by birth, and not in actual existence. A second reading partially restored us to confidence in the assertions of the title page, and a third reading completely changed our critical sentiments, and refashioned the guise of our opinion. "EVANGELINE" is written in a strange and execrable style—an ancient and classical style—a style for which the scholar and brain-worker will galvanise up an affection of *precedent*; but it might as well have been fabricated in plain prose, and offered to the world as a chastened example of Carlyle, as to have been measured off into lines of so many poetical feet each, and so sent out to seek its fortune. It will, nevertheless, improve the author's fame. It "grows upon acquaintance." In the desperate defiance of its faults, it forces you to acknowledge and revel in its many beauties. It embodies little *art*, but much merit. It reads as though the poet had written it line by line, as the printer put it in type, and never looked at it afterwards. With an inverted, *Knowles-y*, fantastical conformation of words and sentences, it embraces all the charms of polished simplicity and elegant condensation of thought. Its descriptive portions are delightful. They demonstrate, with the utmost felicity, the refinement of imaginative powers. They render the vision a palpability. The story is familiar. Every one whose eye will scan these pages cannot have failed to read of the unjust, cruel, and wicked destruction of the colony of Acadia by the English Government. Based, in its laws, upon peculiar notions of equality—its constitutional tenets of government recognizing every peasant and other individual amenable to them as brother or sister—it stood a miniature monument of peace, happiness, and good will to all. It was flourishing remarkably—all was joy and content within its precincts—when, upon a miserable pretext, the English Government sent its myrmidons to imprison the men, burn the village, and

drive the poor Acadians forth to a remote corner of the land. And forth they went—broken-hearted, poverty-stricken exiles. Men were torn from their wives, parents from their children, and sweethearts from their lovers. But very few of them ever settled again; while large numbers of near relatives were separated for all time, never to see each other again in this life. A legend connected with this mournful subject, comprises the story of EVANGELINE. She was betrothed to the son of a blacksmith, when ruin came upon them all. In the process of exile they lost each other, and her whole life was spent in endeavours to rejoin him. Sometimes in her wanderings she would arrive in the trackless west, at a point which he had visited a week before. Time flies—the beautiful young girl becomes old and grey. She joins the Sisters of Charity at Philadelphia. The fever fills the hospitals and gives to her constant employment in soothing the agonies of the friendless, sick, and dying. In one of the patients—a thin, dying old man—she recognizes the once handsome youth who had won all her affections. The recognition is mutual, and as he yields his last breath, the happy Sister of Charity, her search over, dies upon his bosom.

In a description of the village, occurs the following discursive passage touching a season called by the peasants, the "Summer of all Saints."

"Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light; and the landscape lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood. Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the ocean was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony blended. Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the farm-yards, Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons, All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and the great sun looked with the eye of love through the golden vapours around him; While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and yellow, Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of the forest flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with mantles and jewels."

This is fine; but we can extract something still finer:

"Bent like a labouring oar, that toils in the surf of the ocean, Bent, but not broken, by age, was the form of the notary public; Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the maize, hung Over his shoulders; his forehead was high; and glasses with horn bows Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom supernal. Father of twenty children was he, and more than a hundred Children's children rode on his knee, and heard his great watch tick."

In this brief description of an old notary of a village there is nothing to wish for. The climax, "and heard his great watch tick," summons up a host of childish reminiscences, and individualises an old man patiently submitting to the romping caresses of a troupe of his "children's children," as he allows them to tweak his nose, push his spectacles awry, stick their little feet into his aching sides, and examine the inside of the aforesaid "great watch." What person who has ever known the blessings of a familiar acquaintance with a happy grandfather, will fail to appreciate the elaborate skill of the poet conveyed in those seven simple lines! Mr. Longfellow excels in saying a great deal in a few words, and he can afford to deal in verbiage now and then, because, in one sentence,

he can, if he chooses, present the reader with enough to redeem any waste of time or words. The faculty of condensation he possesses in an extraordinary degree. We do not mean to say that he can tell a story in a very short space, but that *through* his story will run innumerable *thoughts*;—digressions which garland and dress up the tale, are scarcely perceived for the room they occupy, yet by their ability of expression therein observable, (apart from the merit of the sentiment,) make a profound and not-to-be-effaced impression. Mr. Longfellow is also gifted with the faculty of introducing episodic trifles of interest in a manner so happy, that you with difficulty discover the Mosaic construction of his work, or the artful appropriation of another's ideas. The reader will perceive that the following is a new version of an old anecdote. The plot of the opera of *La Gazza Ladra*, is of a piece of the same cloth. The poet's improvement palliates the sin of making so long an extract, while the extract itself will serve as an example of the truth of our remarks concerning the faculty which we last attributed to him:—

"Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer remember, Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Justice Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in its left hand, And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice presided Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and the homes of the people. Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of the balance, Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sunshine above them. But in the course of time the laws of the land were corrupted; Might took the place of right, and the weak were oppressed, and the mighty Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a nobleman's palace, That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a suspicion Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the household. She, after form of trial, condemned to die on the scaffold, Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of Justice. As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit ascended, Lo! o'er the city a tempest rose; and the bolts of the thunder Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from its left hand Down on the pavement below, the clattering scales of the balance, And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a magpie, Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls was woven. Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was ended, the blacksmith Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth no language; And all his thoughts congealed into lines on his face, as the vapours Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in the winter."

Farther on we have this beautiful simile:

"Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of Heaven, Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels."

Speaking of morning, the poet says:

"Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous labour Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of the morning."

We are culling these flowers from the bouquet before us, quite as much with a desire to illustrate Mr. Longfellow's claim to the title of poet as to afford our readers the pleasure of perusing them for their intrinsic value. In another page the jolly face of an old fiddler at a festival is likened to "a living coal when the ashes are blown from the embers." The figure of a sturdy blacksmith who suddenly uprises in a mob to irritate the people to action, is compared to a "spar on a stormy sea, tossed by the billows." The close of the day suggests the following:

"Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glimmering vapours
Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet descending from Sinai."

In the lines next annexed is a particularly felicitous expression. Unequalled it must be for moral grandeur and worthiness of precept. What reader will, after familiarising his mind with these lines, ever hear thunder without remembering his Maker and his destiny?

"Keenly the lightning flashed; and the voice of the neighbouring thunder
Told her that God was in heaven, and governed the world he created!"

Throughout his writings Mr. Longfellow has interlarded thoughts as pious and as beneficial, as lofty and pure. This is his redeeming trait. No man can be a poet if he do not keep in constant remembrance the immortality of his species, and a keen appreciation of God and his glories. Without the inspiration of something higher and greater than mere earthly attributes, you might as well attempt to steal a slice from the sun as endeavour to appropriate to yourself the name and standing of a true poet. The subject and scope of poetry make it, more than the art and talent displayed in its manufacture.

The burning of the Acadian village suggests a comprehensive and vivid picture, as below:—

"Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn the blood-red
Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er the horizon
Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon mountain and meadow,
Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge shadows together.
Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs of the village,
Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships that lay in the roadstead.
Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame were
Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the quivering hands of a martyr.
Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burning thatch, and, uplifting,
Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a hundred house-tops
Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame intermingled."

The pilgrims go to the southern wilds. They moor their boat under the boughs of Wachita willows:—

"Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travellers slumbered.
Over them vast and high extended the cope of a cedar.
Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and the grape-vine
Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of Jacob,
On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending, descending,
Were the swift humming birds, that flitted from blossom to blossom."

We will now present the reader with an extract, (from the body of a description,) which is a poem in itself. Never was the singing of a bird more exquisitely discoursed of, even by the bard of Avon himself:—

"Then from a neighbouring thicket the mocking-bird, wildest of singers,
Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water,
Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious music,
That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed silent to listen.
Plaintive at first were the tones and sad; then soaring to madness
Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied Bacchantes.
Then single notes were heard, in sorrowful, low lamentation;
Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad in derision,
As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the tree-tops
Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the branches."

A passage like this is sufficient to atone for many, very many, faults.

The Sister of Mercy at last discovers her long sought lover. He is thus individualised:—

"On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old man.
Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that shaded his temples;
But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment
Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood;
So are wont to be changed the faces of those who are dying.
Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever,
As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled its portals,
That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass over."

This is another master-stroke of mind. Comment, however gracefully indulged in, would not enable the reader to understand and enjoy its excellence. We therefore leave it with the reader, and dismiss EVANGELINE, in order to consider Mr. Longfellow's works in the aggregate, and the poet himself in particular.

Mr. Longfellow has been awarded praise for that which does not of right belong to him. He has taken advantage of the education good fortune gave him. Having made himself thoroughly cognizant of all the modern languages, as spoken and written, he has delved into their choicest literature, and appropriated to himself their gems of prose and poetry. A great portion of his works are translations. To translate with due effect, *talent*, but not *genius*, is required. And it is a certain kind of talent too.

There are several kinds of talent. One kind is mistaken for something more—another judiciously and appropriately ranks under the head of *utilitarian*, and a third species ought to be, and frequently is, entitled *tact*. The latter sort of talent is such as is required by the translator. A schoolboy may, if the gifts of penetration and perception be his, achieve an excellent translation from a very poor subject, in a most difficult language. We have seen and read, as a matter of duty, many translations from many different languages, and we have found them all to be the same—nothing but transformations—the making of a coat out of a piece of cloth. Translating, in fact, is literary tailoring. In writing, the *thought* and *ideal* are to be critically inspected; not the mechanical fashion of developing or vitalising either or both. The translator procures the subject from the brain of another. No matter how triumphantly he may appropriate and improve that subject, he can lay claim to no merit but that of having used his material in the method most to be admired by clever artisans. Two-thirds of Mr. Longfellow's poems are translations. If they be not translations out-and-out, and professedly, yet *are* they translations; or, what is more, rehashes of dishes before prepared and vended, and eaten and digested too, in another shape. No one should conscientiously found their pretensions upon labours of this kind. Mr. Longfellow's principal work, or one of his principal works, is a poem translated and adapted from the Swedish. It is really beautiful, worthy of the adoration of all worshippers of intellect, but it is nothing save a translation. The translator has shown himself to be skilful beyond precedent, but nothing more. He has developed no genius. He merely displays an inordinate possessorship of the lowest faculties of the mind—calculation and comparison. To vamp up a reputation upon ground as flimsy and boggy as this, is to gain the applause of the multitude upon false pretences. Originality is a charm that attaches to but few; yet it *can* and *does* exist, and should, too, to insure to any

one a name in the catalogue of the brightest cognomens paraded before the eye universal.

The greatest and most pretentious of Mr. Longfellow's poems, is "The Skeleton in Armour." It is founded upon a circumstance which occurred in Rhode Island. A round tower standing there was altered, or improved, or razed, we forget which, and in, or near it, was found a skeleton in complete and ancient steel armour. The tower, so say the Copenhagen wisecracks, was erected by the early Scandinavians. Upon this foundation Longfellow, choosing, as is his custom, an ancient and exploded style—that of the old Norse poetry—reared a very able, durable, and beautiful poetical fabric. The architecture is deserving of all praise. He (Longfellow) never, in the course of a very considerable life of authorship, concocted anything—never built a wordy tenement so strongly—which will be enjoyed and well regarded by posterity so affectionately as this. But it cannot be called *original* in the strict sense of the term. The manner and method are *affected*; not indigenous to the mind and feeling of the so-called author. We fancy, while we read the "Skeleton in Armour," that we are luxuriating over some labour of the head accomplished years ago. We do not, except at intervals, remember that it is a production of modern times. Here we find fault with Longfellow. Antiquarian researches are well enough in their way. In literature they should be plain, practical, and useful. Fancy, imagination, and research, seldom go hand in hand. We must have *all* imaginative matter, or all mere detail of fact. Either truth or romance. Longfellow, without endeavouring to combine both, *does so*, and neutralises the bearing and utility of each. In the course of his career as a poet he has accomplished many fugitive trifles that are of the first order. But they are trifles, although of Herculean calibre and tendency. Take, for instance, his "PSALM OF LIFE." In this occurs the well known and frequently quoted verse :

"Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave."

This is a gem. It is but another specimen of the author's grand capacity for adaptation and comparison. He has written one other trifle, entitled "THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS," in which Death is portrayed as the reaper, and children are represented as the flowers. The conceit is truly poetical, and its originator has given it with all the force and skill of which the subject, so sublime, is worthy.

"THE HAPPIEST LAND" is a translation from the German. It is entitled to a place in every volume printed in the English language. Old and well-known as it is, we cannot forbear to aid in the spread of the sentiment it personates.

THE HAPPIEST LAND.

FRAGMENT OF A MODERN BALLAD.

From the German.

There sat one day in quiet,
By an alehouse on the Rhine,
Four hale and hearty fellows,
And drank the precious wine.

The landlord's daughter filled their cups,
Around the rustic board;
Then sat they all so calm and still,
And spake not one rude word.

But, when the maid departed,
A Swabian raised his hand,
And cried, all hot and flushed with wine,
"Long live the Swabian land!"

"The greatest kingdom upon earth
Cannot with that compare;
With all the stout and hardy men
And the nut-brown maidens there."

"Ha!" cried a Saxon, laughing,—
And dashed his beard with wine;
"I had rather live in Lapland,
Than that Swabian land of thine!"

"The goodliest land on all the earth,
It is the Saxon land!
There have I as many maidens
As fingers on this hand!"

"Hold your tongues! both Swabian and Saxon!"
A bold Bohemian cries;
"If there's a heaven upon this earth,
In Bohemia it lies."

"There the tailor blows the flute,
And the cobbler blows the horn,
And the miner blows the bangle,
Over mountain gorge and bourn."

And then the landlord's daughter
Up to heaven raised her hand,
And said, "Ye may no more contend,—
There lies the happiest land!"

Something of superior intellect is required in the discovery and appreciation of jewels like this. There is still another fugitive nothing—a *great deal* in its way, too—which merits an insertion. The ancient Saxon called the grave-yard "God's Field;" our poet changes the phrase "field" to "acre," and worships in this strain:—

GOD'S-ACRE.

I like that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls
The burial-ground God's-Acre! It is just;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's-Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts
Comfort to those who in the grave have sown
The seed that they had garnered in their hearts,
Their bread of life, alas! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith that we shall rise again
At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,
In the fair gardens of that second birth;
And each bright blossom mingle its perfume
With that of flowers which never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod,
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow;
This is the field and Acre of our God,
This is the place where human harvests grow!

Just such small affairs as the above shadow out the tenor and complexion of a man's mind. So does anything like the following:—

CURFEW.

I.

Solemnly, mournfully,
Dealing its dole,
The Curfew Bell
Is beginning to toll.

Cover the embers,
And put out the light;
Toil comes with the morning,
And rest with the night.

Dark grow the windows,
And quenched is the fire ;
Sound fades into silence,—
All footsteps retire.

No voice in the chambers,
No sound in the hall ;
Sleep and oblivion
Reign over all !

II.

The book is completed,
And closed, like the day ;
And the hand that has written it
Lays it away.

Dim grows its fancies,
Forgotten they lie ;
Like coals in the ashes,
They darken and die.

Song sinks into silence,
The story is told,
The windows are darkened,
The hearth-stone is cold.

Darker and darker
The black shadows fall ;
Sleep and oblivion
Reign over all.

Mr. Longfellow has never, so far as we are aware, made any pretensions to dramatic talent, yet he is a dramatist in the broadest sense of the term. There is a vigorous fidelity, a vitalising quality, in all that he endorses, whether it be a translation or strictly an original lucubration. He is ever alive to the truths of life. He never mistakes the real purposes of our being. He enjoys an exalted understanding of nature, (we don't mean trees, and hills, and brooks,) and usually delineates it in the most masterly and *striking* mood. Of emotion he is the wierd controller. Through *all* his lines "gushes a pathetic quality like tears." There is a musical mournfulness, besides, in every word he utters. But he is not a poet in the particular meaning of the title. He is chaste, polished, scholarly, and careful ; but he is, and always has been, overrated. His college professorship is apparent in his writings. He is pedantic. Education has done quite as much for him as nature—perhaps, more. Had he never enjoyed the advantages of the best of education and of travel, such as unfrequently falls to the lot of American youth, he never

would have been famous as Professor Longfellow the poet.

Mr. Longfellow has written prose works, the principal one of which is "HYPERION !" This work is more completely imbued with the spirit of poetry than a great many of the author's *professedly* poetical productions. "Hyperion" has enjoyed a wide circulation, and is esteemed a standard work of its kind and bearing.

We presume that if Mr. Longfellow were bereft of his professorship in the leading college of the United States, (a position which he has held for a long period, and holds at present,) and was constrained to rely upon his literary labours alone for a livelihood, he would then develope all the talents which education and nature have given him in their freshest and most vigorous state. As it is, we are inclined to think he writes from impulses formed in the course of his professorship's duties and studies, and thus colours all that he affords to the public with the tints of pedantry, and the lights and shadows attaching to the efforts of the laborious and accomplished linguist. Mr. Longfellow is capable of standing forth the most original of the American poets—always excepting Bryant, who is "himself alone" in sober reality. But he must devote less time to the consultation of matter in foreign languages, and more to the consideration of his own heart and brain. He must *lead*, not follow. He must invent, not appropriate and improve. If he will but do this, his name will be regarded by posterity in a light to be envied and achieved at any cost of labour, or of self-sacrifice. A true poet lives for the world and the future, rather than for himself.

In person Mr. Longfellow is slight, and is neatly made. His face has an expression similar to that found in the physiognomy of Charles Dickens. There is a peculiarity in one of the eyes which gives the countenance a pleasing character, although, in one not marked and stamped by the operations of superior intellect, it would be justly considered a positive defect. He is in manner, feeling, and habit, a gentleman, and would be taken for a man of note in a crowd of a thousand.

In all his movements he betrays the professor, and would be esteemed, by nine out of ten, a school teacher instead of a poet of wide reputation.

BEWARE.

BEWARE of a man who travels with a pair of duelling pistols.

BEWARE of a young lady who calls you by your Christian name the first time she meets you.

BEWARE of port at 30s. a dozen.

BEWARE of a lodging-house where you are "treated as one of the family."

BEWARE of every "cheap substitute for silver," excepting gold.

BEWARE of cigars that are bought of "a bold smuggler" in the street.

BEWARE of a wife that talks about her "dear husband," and "that beautiful shawl" in her sleep.

BEWARE of a gentleman who is "up" to all the clever tricks, and "knows a dodge or two," at cards.

BEWARE of giving an order to a deaf man on the first night of a new piece. He is sure to laugh and applaud in the wrong places, and so cause a disturbance which may be fatal to the success of your farce.

BEWARE of entering a French shop which has the following inscription :—

"HERE THEY SPIKE THE ENGLISH,"

unless you can speak French very correctly, or are prepared to pay for the consequences.

THE CORONER'S INQUEST.

VERDICT "FOUND DROWNED."

[ORIGINAL.]

THERE are few darker or more painfully interesting, or more melancholy records of human suffering, weakness, and crime, than are furnished in the verdicts of Coroners' Juries. Even in the above simple words, what a world of interest may be embodied—how many hearts may they afflict—how many break? To the unthinking, they may possibly present nothing to awaken even a passing thought; by constantly meeting with them, they have ceased to excite more attention than the ordinary items of news found in the daily papers. But possibly some eye may rest upon these words, and wet them with a tear—some watcher, who, day by day, and night by night, has awaited the return of a loved one she is destined, alas! to see no more in life. Who knows but this may be his body? and if so, oh! how fervently her heart prays, that the angel of mercy may also drop a tear upon the record of his errors, "and blot them out for ever."

Fearfully, yet with a latent trembling hope, she reads the description of the person and dress; doubt has yielded to certainty, her worst fears are realized—she is the widow of a—suicide! The husband of her youth, and of her youth's idolatry, thus to pluck the only golden thread of hope that brightened the tissue she had so fondly woven for the future, and crush the heart he had sworn to cherish. Oh! bitter indeed is that mourner's lot, when tears of shame and grief mingle in the sacred fountain of sorrow.

In this human wilderness, this mass of life—no matter whether the tree be cut down or forced from its bed by the uprooting tempest—unless it obstructs our path, or lies prostrate on the spot it once adorned, exciting our daily admiration by its majestic beauty, how little we heed or care, for we should not miss it from its place. And thus hundreds of fellow-beings are falling around us, of whom we know little, and, therefore, do not miss; it is only when Death enters our domestic or family circle, or removes some friend who has cheered our social hours, that we feel and acknowledge his power; so, almost daily, some persons disappear from this city, of whom we, as a community, never hear. Many, doubtless, find a grave beneath the waters on each side of us, and, perchance, may subsequently be discovered, a disfigured ghastly spectacle, that even the eye of affection fails to recognize. The mockery of an inquest is held, and the verdict is—"Found Drowned."

The following is one of the "Romances of Real Life" which are constantly taking place around us, and may serve as an illustration of our remarks.

On one side of the vestibule of the "Halls of Justice" is a door, over which may be seen, in large letters, "Coroner's Office," not that the place has in itself any claim to the title—for it might with as much propriety be called the "Coroner's Coal-hole," or the "Coroner's Call-hole"—for, we believe, that functionary rarely uses it for any other purpose than that of recording on a slate the residences at which he is expected to call "as early as convenient." The handle of the door is more for ornament than use—you have merely to push with sufficient force to raise a heavy weight, dangling gracefully behind the door,

and you enter the room. It is a desolate looking place, with its sanded floor, ornamented here and there with spittle, spittoons, and scraps of paper. In the centre is a long deal table, upon which twelve men might conveniently sit upon any body requiring the "crown's quest." Behind the door is, or was at the period to which we refer, a small bunk containing coals, and in the opposite corner, an old desk, which, on most days, but particularly Saturdays, contained sundry edibles, destined to adorn the larder of the Coroner's worthy deputy. In another corner of the room was an old wash-stand, with a tin pan in the place of a wash bowl, and beside it a piece of yellow furniture, looming above the rest, which, by the aid of a strong imagination, might be considered an office desk. In the present instance, however, it was converted to various purposes, and the pigeon holes presented a sort of curiosity shop to those fond of viewing the relics of such articles as in their day were probably considered highly useful. On one side of the room was placed a long bench or form, and around the table were scattered two or three sombre arm chairs, looking as though they were made for all time, but which, nevertheless, had not escaped the whittling propensities of those who found this a very convenient lounging place.

It was a cold drizzling morning in the month of December; every thing within and without was clammy and disagreeable; and as one looked through the grated windows of the room into the prison-yard below, he could scarcely help feeling that the wretched creatures within, were at least fortunate in not being able to witness the wretchedness without. Even the rats kept close within their holes, and the ugly cur, who frequently performed the office of keeper, crept snugly to the back part of his house, and only occasionally put out his nose, as though conscious that it could not be affected by the weather. The fire in the Coroner's office was red hot, and before it, with his feet raised to a considerable elevation above his head, sat rather a robust elderly gentleman, reading a morning paper. There was a sternness in the features of the old man, when unmoved, but when addressed, as he frequently was, jokingly, by those in the room, it altogether disappeared, and a smile overspread his countenance, lighting it up into a look of positive good-nature. There were several persons present; some occupied at the table writing, others smoking and speculating upon matters of police, which might transpire during the day, and capable of being "penny-a-lined" into the terrifically horrible, wherewith to startle the community on the next morning—for they were reporters for the public press. They appeared to be a gay, "devil-may-care" set of fellows, all apparently deeply impressed with the philosophical feeling that, "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." There was one, however, who differed from the rest, both in manners and appearance—he was quiet and sedate, and frequently, when the conversation took too free a turn, looked reprovingly at his younger companions. He was rather beyond the middle age, of spare form, and might well have passed for a retired military officer. There was a pecu-

liar severity in the expression of his face, and he had a sharp quick manner of speaking when excited, which was calculated to deceive one as to his real character—for at other times, his voice and manners possessed a most insinuating blandness, perfectly irresistible. The others, as we have said, were free spoken, jovial fellows, who would never refuse to crack either a joke or a bottle.

The party was in a high state of excitement, in consequence of a very laughable anecdote which one of them had just related, when their mirth was suddenly hushed by the entrance of a female, elegantly dressed, young, and so very beautiful, that the look, when once fixed upon the face, seemed fascinated by its surpassing loveliness. She trembled violently, and but for the support which was immediately tendered her, would have fallen. A chair was placed for her, and as she sat down she covered her face with both hands and burst into tears. Every one remained silent for several minutes, for to break in upon such sorrow as hers, appeared to be, seemed like sacrilege. At length she recovered, and apologising for her interruption, asked to speak with the Coroner.

"I am the deputy, madame," said the gentleman who had been sitting with upraised feet.

"I dare say you will do, sir," she replied; "mine is a painful errand. I see by the papers this morning, that you held an inquest yesterday on the body of a man found floating in the river, which, from the description, I fear is that of my poor husband. Could I see the body, sir?"

She was informed that it had been taken to Potter's Field, and that if she wished to see it, she must go to the keeper of Randall's Island, who, for a small sum, would re-open the grave. This she at once decided to do, and was accompanied by one who felt an interest in her sufferings. The body proved to be that of her husband, and it was conveyed to a decent burial place, and the following painful history was related by that young heart-stricken wife; we give it in nearly her own words:

"I am a stranger in the city. I am scarcely eighteen yet; I have been nearly two years a wife. I was, at the time Henry first saw me, a boarder at a school near Albany, and in the daily walks we were accustomed to take, we occasionally met. I hardly know how I came to love him as I did, or how he could have persuaded me to marry him without the knowledge of my parents. Yet I did so, and we were happy, for I had full confidence in him; and although my father refused to acknowledge or receive me, I felt that my husband was all the world to me, and that with his love I could be content, even if scorn or disgrace should be my portion. These were the feelings of a youthful heart, unpractised in the ways of the world—it was the romance of my life, its fearful realities were yet to be experienced.

For several months after our marriage we constantly travelled—his funds seemed to be inexhaustible—he told me that he was an English gentleman of fortune, on a tour of pleasure to see the country. We went south as far as New Orleans, and then returned to Philadelphia, where it was his intention, he said, to stop sometime. We went to board at a fashionable house, and all things went on pleasantly for the first few weeks. I then fancied I perceived a change in the manners of my husband; not that he was less affectionate towards me, but he became silent and

thoughtful, and I frequently saw him when he thought he was alone, weeping. I bore this for a while, as though I did not perceive it, but my love at length grew jealous; and one day I ventured to ask the cause of the change. He replied that I would know too soon, and refused to give any explanation. But too soon, indeed, did I discover the truth, and all the dreams of my life vanished.

One night my husband was absent, and an elderly gentleman was shewn to my room. He apologized for the intrusion, and bidding me prepare to hear some unpleasant news, proceeded to state that my husband's time had come, and that he must be sacrificed for the safety of his companions.

To me, all this was perfectly unaccountable, and my astonishment seemed to surprise him, for he apparently presumed that I should have been prepared for the result. But seeing that it was unfeigned on my part, he told me that I had married one of a gang of counterfeiters, who had been chosen on account of his superior address to circulate the bills; and that for a year past such had been his practice. I at first rejected the story with indignation, for it is hard to shake the confiding love of a wife, nor is it an easy task to believe an evil report against a husband; but a little reflection made me sensible of its probability, and I feared and trembled, for a thousand things rushed to my mind, all bringing the woeful conviction of his guilt. As soon as I recovered from the stunning effect of this intelligence, my first thought was for my husband—my first desire for his safety, and inquiring the way to the prison, I immediately proceeded thither.

I will pass over that painful interview,—he had expected the result, and therefore bore it with apparent indifference. He was convicted of the crime, and sentenced to the Eastern Penitentiary for a term of years.

And now I approach a period of my fate, at which I shudder. I may be blamed for what I did, but only those who have experienced similar feelings will believe how much a woman will sacrifice for the man she loves. He was the husband of my girlhood—my heart's first choice; he was pining in a solitary cell, and that heart was breaking. Could I do anything to release him? I at least thought it my duty to try, and with this view called upon a gentleman who was said to possess great influence with the Governor. He received me kindly, very kindly—listened to my story, and bade me hope. I called again by his desire, and after some conversation, he said if I had money it might serve me. I told him that I had none, that I was almost penniless. He replied that I had beauty, and that it would serve my turn in place of money. It was cruel thus to tempt so young a creature, bereft of all that made life desirable. I thought not of the amount of the sacrifice, I only felt that my husband's liberty was the stake, and I yielded. His pardon was obtained, but he did not return to me,—the white-haired villain, who had tempted me to sin, took care that the whole truth should not be revealed to him, consequently, although he knew of my fall, he was ignorant of the cause or the means by which it had been accomplished. I saw him no more, for I heard not of his release until several days after it took place. I soon discovered, however, the baseness of my betrayer, and at once left his protection, and became an outcast indeed. Let not the world think too harshly of degraded creatures like

myself, and consider their sufferings some little retribution. It is said that Hope

"——Springs eternal in the human breast."

I do not believe it!—there are times when she ceases to flatter—when her delusive whisperings are heard no more; and if she be not dead within the bosom, she is at least powerless to rise. Then, indeed, the heart sickens, and the mind, lost amidst the hopeless darkness, for a while seems to grope its way; but failing, at length yields in despair, and is lost. What was my fault, but an early indiscretion—my misfortune, but an unkind and inexorable parent. Oh! had he not discarded me, but reasoned with me—gently chided me for my fault—had I met with a friend—a man and not a devil, to have advised me in my trouble—how different might have been my fate. But it is useless to complain now,—I fell, and like too many others, made no effort to rise again. For weeks I continued to advertise for my husband, stating where he could write to me, but in vain. I heard of him no more, until a few days since, when obtaining some clue, I started for New York, with what result it is needless to repeat.

* * * * *

It was drawing towards the close of a summer's day—the spiral form of water rose amidst the trees in the Park, like a gigantic spectre, in the uncertain light—the windows in Broadway were bright with gas, and the omnibusses were rushing towards the upper part of the city, with a reckless indifference on the part of the drivers, of the fears and limbs of the pedestrians; when suddenly the stream of life that flowed over the sidewalks received a check, and a crowd was seen rushing towards the steps of the Astor House. All was alarm, confusion, and curiosity, particularly when the report spread, that a man had been murdered. "Where's the Police?" "where's the Mayor?" shouted the crowd, and presently a posse of police officers entered the hotel, and three of them soon afterwards returned accompanied by a young woman, and went off across the Park in the direction of the City Prison, with a mob of persons at their heels. It appeared that the female had encountered an old gentleman near the corner of Barclay street, and after the passage of a few words, had buried a dirk knife in his breast; not, however, inflicting a mortal wound, although it was at first doubtful if he could recover. The gentleman was a stranger in New York, having only arrived from Philadelphia the previous night, and the motive of the attack, and the names of the parties, were particulars not communicated to the anxious crowd that night; and after it became known that the wounded man was out of danger, and the female was safely under lock and key in one of the cells of the prison, they gradually retired to their respective homes, and the quiet in the neighbourhood of the Astor House was only disturbed by the rattling of carriages and the vehemence of the three musicians who blow so lustily in front of the Museum. Of course the subject was freely discussed by little knots of persons at the corner of the streets, and speculation, for that night at least, had leave to roam with unclipped pinions. On the following morning, however, the different papers had each its own version of the affair, but only one of them gave any inkling of the true state of the matter. That one, af-

ter giving the particulars of the attack, contained the following paragraph:

"If the story we have heard be true, we presume the Philadelphian will speedily return to his home, and gladly have a *nolle prosequi* entered in the case; for if taking the life of another can be palliated by the circumstances which induced it—if a brother be justified in shooting the seducer of his sister, then must public opinion, at least, hold the prisoner to be guiltless in this case; for one of a more aggravated nature—more disgraceful to humanity, and more outrageous in all its particulars, never came to our knowledge. The man who can basely use the power he possesses to help a desolate broken-hearted woman, to murder her innocence, is himself a murderer of the deepest shade, and though unfit to die, is equally unfit to live."

The fact itself, and this mysterious paragraph giving additional interest to it, kept the public mind in a state of continual excitement, and when it became known that the prisoner was to be examined on the charge, the star-chamber at the Police Office was filled with lawyers, witnesses, and reporters, and a crowd had assembled in and about the office, anxiously waiting to know the result. The portly Justice, handsome and well shaped, took his seat with great dignity at the round table, and a dark little fellow, with sharp black eyes, one of the clerks, took his seat at his side, and spreading a quire of foolscap before him, prepared to take down the testimony. As the prisoner was conducted into the room by an officer, a look of astonishment was visible in every countenance, and the reporters, particularly, looked significantly at each other.

There was something in her appearance, so youthful, and yet so full of dignity—so tranquil and composed, as though her conscience acquitted her of crime, and she felt she was a martyr in the cause of justice, that commanded respectful attention, and the utmost deference was paid to her. She was dressed in deep mourning, and her beautiful face, so deathly pale, with features as rigid and immovable as though every feeling was cold in death, served to invest her with peculiar interest, and excited no little sympathy in the bosom of every one present.

The testimony of the witnesses was taken, and the proof of her having committed the deadly assault was positive and unerring. The Justice then began to question her, and her name and age were recorded, but all the questions she prudently but positively declined answering; giving an intelligent look to her counsel, who urged her to say no more, she proceeded:

"What I have done," she said, "I do not regret; my only regret is, that I did not kill him. His wrongs to me can never be expiated; but it is due to my sex, that he should not live to wrong another. He has degraded me, so that I blush at myself—he has made life so painful, that I long to terminate it, and only lived until I had accomplished a sacred duty. Ask me no questions, for I will answer none; let that and the acknowledgment of my guilt satisfy you."

She became fearfully agitated as she proceeded, and sat down completely overcome. The magistrate had no other alternative but to commit her for trial, and she was remanded to prison.

It is needless to say that the female was the same previously introduced to the reader, and the same

who had attacked the villain at whose hands she had been so deeply injured. The public mind had just been agitated by a somewhat similar case, and a dangerous precedent established in the acquittal of a murderer, who had avenged a sister's wrongs—the majesty of the law had, for a time, been made subservient to the will of the people, and its ministers could only bow to their opinion expressed in the jury box. The convenient plea of madness, to screen the murderer from the penalty of his crime, was then comparatively new to the court, and was entertained with a readiness that threatened to subvert all the principles of law and justice. The prisoner in this instance did not lack friends, even among those most distinguished at the bar, and their services were freely rendered. Two of deserved eminence, as well for their talents as their philanthropy, went to her cell, and in the course of the interview gathered all the particulars of the case, and undertook her defence without the slightest doubt of the result, or any hope of recompense.

In the meantime, the wounded man lay suffering, more from the dread of exposure, than from the injury he had received. He had been compelled to make the necessary affidavit of the attack, etc., but beyond that he had no desire to push the matter. His friends, however, attended the examination; the bill was found by the Grand Jury, and the case set down for trial in the Court of Sessions; the offence being an "assault with intent to kill."

The prisoner regarded the matter, not with levity, but with apparent indifference as to the result of the trial, refusing to plead insanity, and preferring rather to rest upon the merits of the case. During this time, her real name, for she had given her husband's "alias," had never transpired; and if her relations knew of the circumstances, they came not to offer her the solace of their presence.

On the morning of the trial the greatest excitement was visible in the neighbourhood of the court room, and long before the doors were opened, a vast crowd had assembled, so that on being admitted, the room was filled in every part. The array of counsel on both sides, indicated a case of more than ordinary interest—the District Attorney was assisted by two others, one of whom had been judge of that court; and those for the defence, were remarkable for the skill which had so often proved successful in snatching the murderer even from the scaffold. The prisoner entered the court, dressed as usual in deep mourning, and a thick crape veil descending to her feet, completely concealed her face from the curious crowd. She was accompanied by two elderly females, who were said to be members of the Female Moral Reform Society, and seats were placed for them near the prisoner's counsel. The preliminaries were soon concluded, and the plea of not guilty having been entered by the counsel, the prosecutor was called as a witness. He was still weak from the effects of the wound, and gave his testimony in so low a tone as scarcely to be heard by the members of the court. He was an old man, probably verging on seventy years. His hair was perfectly white, and his face, which in health was

florid, was now blanched by sickness, and the nervousness consequent upon his present position—he had only the heart to act the villain in secret, for to the world he was the very pattern of virtue and goodness. He was what might be termed a Sabbath Christian—his religion, like that of too many others, consisted in purchasing a pew in a fashionable church, and attending service once on a Sunday, in company with his family. During the remainder of the week he was conceiving and practising such acts, which, if not legally guilty, were, in their moral turpitude, of damning blackness.

When his direct testimony had been given, the leading counsel on the other side subjected him to a severely rigid cross-examination, and as he was compelled to admit his villainy, a murmured hiss of execration could be heard among the audience; and when, at length, he was permitted to depart, he slunk away from the court, an object of inexpressible contempt and scorn. He was seen no more during the trial, which was fought by the prosecuting counsel with an energy and perseverance worthy of a better cause; but had the charge been even of a more serious character, the excited feelings of the jury would, doubtless, have overlooked the true point at issue, and with a commendable, but mistaken motive, acquitted the prisoner. It needed not the flowing and impressive eloquence of her advocate to produce that result—it might have been read in the kindling eye, and the glowing cheek, long before the tongue of the foreman pronounced the verdict, which was received with loud acclamation; and that guilty, but deeply wronged woman, left the court room amidst the applause of the assembled crowd—a violator of the law—a murderess in heart, and yet she walked forth, surrounded by the incense of virtue and innocence. The court looked grave, and men of cool temperament shook their heads, because, however it might be attempted to be disguised, law and justice had certainly been outraged in this sentence, and another dangerous precedent established. When a jury mistake palliating for justifying circumstances, a great wrong must be committed—it is right to season justice with mercy, but mercy must not take the place of justice.

As we have said, the prisoner left the court amidst congratulations of her counsel, and of hundreds of "sympathizers"—she became a Magdalen indeed, and the Moral Reform Society were not imposed upon or disgraced by their protégé. We are disposed to give credit where it is due; and, although this Society are doubtless well intentioned, and actuated by the purest motives, their philanthropy is very frequently abused, and the narrow views of many of the members have tended occasionally to bring them as a body into ridicule. As regards the subject of this sketch, however, their conduct was alike honourable to their principles and to themselves. She was placed out of the reach of temptation, or at least, was not exposed to its wiles—and after a suitable time was placed in a situation out of the city, where her blameless life, and many enduring qualities, rendered her essential to the happiness of the gentleman in whose establishment she was placed, and she is now the beloved and respected wife of a worthy and wealthy citizen.

THE WIDOW'S VEIL.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ST. HILAIRE.

[Translated for Holden's Magazine.]

CHAPTER I.

THE REFRACTORY CONSCRIPT.

BETWEEN Le Chatelet and Montereau, along the high road which leads to Burgundy, there is a village of considerable importance, called Valence. Fontainebleau is scarcely three leagues beyond the forest which encircles this little spot; extensive meadows wind their way between the forest and the village, and to reach Valence from Paris, the traveller is obliged to keep upon the grand causeway, skirted with poplars, which tremble unceasingly in solemn monotony. No where can there be found a pleasanter abode than in this retired spot, traversed as it is by a high road, leading from one large city to another; for, while all around is tranquil, while the air we breathe is embalmed with the perfume of the woods, at each moment we see post-chaises and heavy diligences, the rattling of whose wheels, mingled with the bells of the horses, resounds, at first, in the sonorous echo of the poplars, then shakes the casements, and, at last dies away in the forest of Montereau.

Toward the end of summer, in the year 1808, at about eight o'clock in the morning, a foot passenger approached the village, beneath the shade of the fine poplars which have been mentioned. This young man, whose name was Hubert, was an orphan, and but lately so, for he was still in mourning, as was evident from the band of crape upon his hat.

The aim of his journey was a small, white house, situated at the farther extremity of the village, upon the border of the forest of Montereau. This cottage was inhabited by Father Vincent, an honest vine-dresser of Valence, and by his daughter Germaine. Vincent was Hubert's god-father. His mother, for whom he was now in mourning, was a native of Montereau. She had married a Captain, who had fallen upon the field of battle, and, whether influenced by her grief at her loss, or by the gentleness natural to her sex, or by maternal weakness, and in the hope of preserving her sole remaining child, she had imbued him with a hatred for war, and a fear of cannon shot.

Hubert knew how to draw, to sing, and to write verses; he was fond of philosophy and mathematics; he was intelligent, devout, and philanthropic. He came every year at the time of the vintage to pay Father Vincent a visit, and at every visit he found Germaine somewhat more beautiful than at the preceding one. Though he mentioned it to no one, yet, in truth, it was Germaine whom he came to see, for she was a charming girl, in the very bloom of youth. She had been educated at a boarding-school in Montereau; she dressed like her young companions of the city, in a white robe, and an apron of black silk, with a bonnet of tulle lace fastened beneath her chin by a blue ribbon, from beneath which her long auburn hair streamed in luxuriant ringlets upon her shoulders; it was this which induced the inhabitants of the village to think her proud and coquettish.

On the present occasion, Hubert paid his visit considerably before the time of the vintage, for it was not yet the middle of August. Something extraordinary therefore must have happened, and Father Vincent was far from expecting him.

While the young man was approaching beneath the poplars, the vine-dresser was seated at table, in his neat cottage, making his breakfast upon a quarter of cold kid, which he washed down at intervals with the wine of his own vineyard. He was a comely man; his face was full, highly coloured, somewhat coarse, but frank and honest in its expression. Seated at the table beside him, but without partaking of the meal, was a young man of careless mien; he wore tight pantaloons of yellow deer-skin, large boots furnished with spurs, and a new blue *blouse*; his hair was twisted into a cue, and well powdered; his hat, protected by an oil-cloth covering, was adorned with a knot of tri-coloured ribbons. Germaine was not present.

"I repeat it, Nicole, it cannot be!" said Father Vincent to the young man, as he placed upon the table the glass which he had just drained. "I like to be frank with you."

"I like it also, uncle," rejoined the other, with an expression greatly at variance with his words. "Well, I have come in person to put the question, instead of sending my father, as is customary. The thing appeared so plain to us both—"

"So plain! so plain!"

"Why, yes; my father is your brother; he is the richest postmaster in the county for twelve leagues around, and by joining our farms—"

"I can easily understand that Turgon, your father, and my eldest brother, is squinting that way, especially since I have so well improved that portion of our heritage, which he would willingly have curtailed somewhat closer, and since he lost those twenty horses in the last year's requisition; but as for you, my lad, I do not understand how you can look upon the affair as a mere matter of interest."

"But I love my cousin, uncle."

"It is not true; you would render her unhappy. I have no confidence in your character; I know you, do you hear! and while I live, Germaine shall never be your wife."

"You are very hard, Father Vincent."

"I am just, and I love my daughter. Besides, were you not drawn as a conscript yesterday? do you not set out to-morrow? How can you come to ask for Germaine's hand, with the ribbons of a conscript upon your hat?"

"I can easily obtain fifteen or twenty days for the marriage."

"Yes, and a month after, your bride is a widow."

"Oh, do not fear; I will not allow myself to be disposed of in that fashion."

"*Parbleu!* I believe it. You are not the lad to risk your hide in battle."

"You should not say that, uncle; there is not a bolder postillion than myself upon the road."

"Yes, yes, you are very bold on horseback, but let us see you on foot, musket upon arm, in front of a battery."

"The Senate has just decreed eighty thousand men for the campaign in Spain; but if all the conscripts were like Nicole, they might count upon two hundred thousand—"

"Bah! braggard!"

"Listen, uncle! you refuse, and that is enough. It might be well, perhaps, to enquire if Germaine is of your opinion—but, after all—"

"Germaine does not love you, if you will have me tell you so, and that ends the matter."

"It is very easy to say—that ends the matter,—but I know well enough that she prefers me, and that fellow—"

"Well! who is that fellow?"

"*Parbleu!* it is your god-son, the tall booby, Hubert—a loungeur, a good-for-nothing, whom I could level with a single blow."

"And what would you do if I should prefer him?"

"He would find that out soon enough! I could never endure him."

"Be silent! here comes Germaine."

The vine-dresser's daughter entered the chamber, and the conversation ceased. Father Vincent swallowed a large cup of wine to keep himself in countenance; Nicole leaned his elbow upon the table and bit his nails, without venturing to look at Germaine; the latter pouted slightly, and cast a glance of impatience upon Nicole, as if vexed to find that he had not yet left the house. The three kept silence, and the young girl began to remove the dishes from the table, when a knocking was heard at the door.

Germaine ran to open it. Hubert entered. Nicole started from his chair, and turned pale; Father Vincent opened his eyes in astonishment, while his daughter uttered an involuntary cry of surprise and joy.

"Good-day, god-father; good-day, Germaine," said Hubert, sadly, without observing Nicole, who had pushed his chair to the extremity of the apartment.

"Good-day, good-day!" replied the vine-dresser, while Germaine, covered with blushes, brought forward a chair, and placed a clean plate upon the table, "come, sit down and eat a morsel; you shall tell us your griefs after breakfast, for I see that something has happened."

"I thank you, Father Vincent; I breakfasted at *Le Chatelet*."

During this while, Hubert, having laid aside his knapsack, had taken a seat at the table. Nicole did not utter a word.

"You are not hungry? it may be so—but you are not dumb; drink a cup, and speak. What is the matter?"

"The matter!" replied Hubert, violently, "that is the matter!"

And taking from his pocket a knot of ribbons, like that worn by the postillion, he cast it upon the ground, and trampled it beneath his feet.

"How! you have been drawn as a conscript, and will not serve?"

"I have been drawn as a conscript, and I will not serve!" replied the young man, planting his elbow upon the table, and leaning his chin upon his clenched hand.

Nicole did not move; an expression of joy was visible in his features.

"But I thought," replied the vine-dresser, "that as the only son of a widow, you were exempted."

"True, true!" rejoined Hubert, bitterly, "but now I am an orphan."

"Oh, *mon dieu!* your mother?"

"She is dead—fifteen days since."

"Poor lad!" said the vine-dresser, pushing back his plate, while Germaine, forgetting her timidity, took Hubert's hand between her own, and bedewed it with her tears.

Hubert continued with more calmness:

"She thought of you—she thought of you, the poor woman, at the moment of her death, for—"

Here Hubert glanced upon Germaine, clasped her hand gently, and added:

"For she was to have accompanied me to this year's vintage, and as I should not then have been a soldier, we would have asked you, god-father, to give me Germaine to wife."

At these words the vine-dresser's daughter started; a deep blush dyed her cheeks, and she dropped the hand which she held, while Hubert proceeded with a gloomy air:

"But now, it cannot be!"

"Just so, *parbleu!*" cried Father Vincent, warmly.

"Well, well, my lad, be a man! subdue your sorrow! our country before everything! Go, then; conduct yourself like a brave soldier; let us hear from you now and then, and when you have served out your time, I promise you Germaine shall be your wife."

"Diable!" muttered Nicole between his teeth, without stirring from his place.

Hubert shook his head, and replied:

"It cannot be!"

"Why not? You are only twenty-two; that is no age to marry. A husband should have a beard upon his chin; and besides, do you think that I would have given the girl to you on the spot? No! no! all in good time."

"Yes," interrupted Germaine, hesitatingly, "but—"

"But what, sly one?"

"But not so long," said the young girl blushing.

"Ah, ha! Well then, be it so! Let him go for two or three years—at the end of this time, let him ask for a furlough, and pay us a visit. Besides, with his learning, he will make his way rapidly. Well then, let him set out! for my god-son could never be a—"

Hubert, who had listened without uttering a word, and without changing his sad and dejected attitude, now raised his head, and replied with a faltering voice:

"I am one already!"

"What? a *réfractaire!*" cried Father Vincent, striking the table with his fist.

"A *réfractaire!*" replied Hubert, more firmly, as he rose from his seat.

He then went toward his knapsack, slung it across his shoulder, and with his staff in his hand, ready to proceed upon his journey, he addressed Father Vincent and Germaine as follows:

"Listen! My mother's eyes had not been closed for more than three hours, when they came to enlist me. They had lost no time. Our country, which, as you say, my god-father, it is so necessary to serve, might well have waited until the son had buried his mother, before sending him to die upon the field of battle. Well, I obeyed; I could not believe that

a poor lad, overwhelmed with sorrow, would not obtain a little respite. But no, it was not so, Father Vincent.

"It was necessary for me to set out on the morning before the burial," continued Hubert. "I found no one of whom I could demand a day's grace, except an old sergeant, of those that they call the *Grumblers*. He scarcely listened to me, and turning his back, replied: 'An old *moustache* like me, is not to be tricked so easily.' Well, I was obliged to conceal myself, in order to follow my mother's hearse to the grave. My comrades have gone without me—I am a *réfractaire*."

"You are mistaken, lad," interrupted Father Vincent, somewhat softened. "They will take all that into consideration. Let us have no quarrel, Hubert; join your corps, and you will be let off with two or three days in the guard house."

"It may be so, for, God be thanked, I have not tried to escape. I have come thus far, holding in my hand the written directions for my route, and nothing has been said to me; but I have come only to tell you what I repeat once more. I am a *réfractaire*, for I intend to be one."

"But do you know that they will pursue you, that they will make you march, with blows of the sabre, that they will tie you to a horse's tail, and drag you from brigade to brigade?"

"Well, let them kill me, Father Vincent! Oh, I do not weep as I speak to you—but I have more vexation in my heart, than the Emperor has power in his hand. I will never forget the wrong which I have received; I will not be punished for having wished to bury my mother; I will obey her, I will follow her counsels, I will remember her words. How often has she said to me: 'Hubert, your father was slain in the wars; you have witnessed my sufferings; they have caused my death. Well, if the sight of an epaulette should tempt you when I am gone, if you become a soldier, Hubert, remember that for every blow you strike, some one, a mother, a sister, a daughter, a wife, perhaps all of them together, will weep because of you—will put on mourning because of you, will grieve all their lives, because of you.' Well, I will make neither widows nor orphans. I will not fight! They may kill me, but they shall not force me to kill others. Adieu, Father Vincent! I have come merely to bid you farewell, and you also, Germaine—ah, you have some one here! Ha! it is Nicole!"

Hubert, in turning, had at last perceived the postillion, and the latter rose from his seat.

"Why yes, it is I, master Hubert," replied the latter with marked affectation, and displaying in his tone the evil passions which he had been obliged to restrain during this scene.

"I am very glad to see you, master Turgon," rejoined the orphan coolly. "It seems that you are a conscript like myself."

"Yes, yes, I am a conscript; but not exactly like you, for I intend to serve."

"Each one has his own views," replied Hubert, carelessly, as he turned to speak in a low tone to Germaine, who had approached him, trembling with anxiety.

Father Vincent had pushed back his chair, and was now gazing sternly at the postillion.

"As you say, each one has his own views," replied Nicole, desirous of avenging himself by some keen insult before departing, "and mine are that to refuse to serve, now, when the Emperor has need of every man of courage—when he would crush the enemies of our country once for all—to refuse to serve now is the act of a—"

"Of a what, master Nicole?" interrupted Hubert, without raising his voice, but in a tone of superiority so threatening, that the postillion did not venture to pronounce the word.

"Nothing!" he replied with stifled rage.

He then left the house without addressing a word to those present.

"Hubert," said the vine-dresser, "all of us here love you, and you love us, do you not?"

Hubert took Germaine's hand, and replied:

"Now that my mother is dead, I love none but you."

"And you refuse to fight, and are resolved not to be punished for having interred your mother? is that all?" added Father Vincent.

"Yes, that is all."

"Well then, I will go and arrange matters with the Emperor; the d—l take me if I do not manage it. He is here at Fontainebleau, he is going to Bayonne, and does not set out until to-morrow. Remain here, my children, and be prudent. Hallo, Peirrot!" cried the good man, stepping to the door which opened upon the garden, "come, saddle *La Grise*, and be quick!"

Then returning to the two lovers, the vine-dresser said to Hubert:

"Beware of Nicole! You did not observe it, but you cut him to the quick just now. Do not remain here. Germaine, lead him into the vineyard, and conceal him in the summer house."

"But Nicole will be sure to search there, father—the *gendarmes* will soon be here."

"Well, then—"

"Master, *La Grise* is ready!" cried Pierrot from the street.

"Arrange it yourselves. Adieu!"

And after having kissed his daughter, and pressed Hubert's hand, the vine-dresser mounted his mare, and set off at a gallop through the forest, in the direction of Fontainebleau.

"Let us fasten the door carefully, and hasten to the summer house," said Germaine, as soon as they were alone.

"Come then."

They had scarcely reached the middle of the vineyard, which was of considerable extent, when violent blows shook the door which opened upon the street. They could hear them, notwithstanding the distance, and they concealed themselves among the vines. On looking toward the house, they soon beheld the *gendarmes* enter the garden by scaling the walls. Germaine then whispered to Hubert:

"Let us go into the forest."

"I will follow you, Germaine."

And creeping between the vines which skirted the forest, they hastily concealed themselves among the trees.

"Come, come!" said Germaine, drawing Hubert onward. "Oh, if you knew! that hateful Nicole! since you last visited, he has haunted the house continually; and we said: 'He is going to join the army,

but Hubert is exempt, we shall be tranquil, we shall be—"

"Happy," interrupted Hubert, "you said happy, did you not, Germaine?"

"And if we did say so," replied the maiden, hesitating, "it is over now. For at any rate, all that the Emperor can do will be to remit your punishment, you will still be obliged to go—"

"But, before going, Germaine, one can exchange vows, which inspire courage and happiness—and then, I would confide my plans to you, if you really loved me, if you would tell me so—"

The burning glances of the youth, disturbed the maiden's calmness.

"Hubert," she cried, "do not speak of that. Oh! *mon dieu!* I have mistaken the path."

And, in truth, in her confusion, which was augmented by the rapidity of their steps, and by the emotion which her lover's words, uttered in this solitude, had excited in her bosom, Germaine had taken one path for another. "Oh, *mon dieu! mon dieu!*" she repeated, "we are lost!"

The young girl wept with despair. He detained her, and taking both her hands, he said:

"Oh, no! we are safe here! we are completely concealed in the bushes. A hare could not have chosen a better spot; it is good enough for a *réfractaire*."

"Oh, be silent! do not utter the word; if any one should hear you!"

"Bah! who could hear me here?"

Hubert was deceived, for some one had heard him; and the man, whose attention had been attracted by the sound of their voices, had caught the word *réfractaire*.

Close to this spot, where they imagined no one could either hear or see them, there ran one of those long avenues, straight and vaulted, like the aisles of a cathedral, cleared in days gone by, for the royal chase, and forming part of that which, in the language of *vénérerie*, is called the *lines* of the forest. In this avenue two men were walking, with their eyes fixed upon the ground, and conversing in a low voice. They were officers of the army. Both were in uniform, and their epaulettes of gold indicated a lofty rank. The one was tall, the other short.

The taller one wore a blue frock coat, embroidered upon the collar and skirts with flowers of gold, white pantaloons, and large riding boots. Three silver stars decorated his large epaulettes; he held in his hand a military hat, trimmed with galoon, and a broad red ribbon crossed his breast, which was covered with decorations. The shorter one wore a green coat, pantaloons of white cassemir, light thin boots, and, like his companion, a red ribbon also, which was passed beneath his coat, appearing and disappearing coquettishly between it and his white vest. His pale and lofty forehead was surmounted by a small chapeau, without decorations.

At the end of the avenue was seen the imperial berline, stationed at the crossing of two roads in the forest, and surrounded by an escort of horsemen. The Emperor, doubtless, was hunting on this day, and had sought out this retired spot to converse more freely with one of his chief officers, concerning his plans for the campaign. It was Napoleon who had overheard the word *réfractaire*, and he had paused

to listen. In the mean while, Germaine said to Hubert:

"But do you think that my father will succeed?"

The latter shook his head with a smile.

"In the first place," he replied, "it is hardly possible for him to approach the Emperor's person; and then this man has too many things of importance in his head, to busy himself with so petty an affair. Last of all, he suffers no trifling on this subject."

"But what will you do then?" replied the young girl in alarm.

"What will I do? I will go on foot by night, from forest to forest, from mountain to mountain, until I reach a country where I shall be sure they do not fight."

"Alas, you will go very far," interrupted Germaine.

"Yes, very far! But what of that? this human butchery terrifies me. I could never strike a fellow creature with the edge of a sabre, and see blood flow. I esteem, I comprehend, I admire, I love nothing but peace! I wish for peace, and I shall know how to find it."

"And I?" said the young girl.

"You? Oh, do not fear! all that will not last long. I shall return from my exile sooner than you think."

"And if my father obtains an interview with the Emperor, and if he pardons you without releasing you from the service?"

"Well, Germaine, I will join the army, but I will not go to the field of battle. I will desert upon the road."

"Such obstinacy! Is it possible that you are afraid?"

"Afraid? Oh, no, Germaine. Although brought up by a woman, yet I am the son of a soldier, and my father died facing the enemy! Afraid! I? I should not fear even the Emperor Napoleon himself."

"Ah! but if he were here?" said Germaine, with an air of incredulity.

"If he were here, I should be silent perhaps, but I would not yield."

As Hubert said this, he advanced mechanically a few steps down the path, Germaine walking sad and dreamily beside him. After a slight turn in the road, they were both greatly surprised at finding themselves in an avenue, at the extremity of which they perceived the vineyard of Father Vincent.

Not doubting but that the *gendarmes* were at this moment searching the vineyard, they turned, and found themselves in the presence of two men, whose imposing mien left them but little doubt as to their identity. Germaine trembled; her limbs sank beneath her. As to Hubert, he turned pale, but he preserved his calmness, and uncovered his head before his sovereign, whom it was impossible not to recognize.

"Ah, ha!" cried that sonorous voice, which had so often harangued armies, "here you are, then, *mon-sieur le réfractaire*."

And Napoleon had already scrutinized the young man with one of those rapid and penetrating glances which were peculiar to him.

"Why have you not joined your corps?" he added.

"Because my mother has just died," replied Hubert, with respectful and touching simplicity.

"It is well; you shall not be punished; but you will set out in a fortnight."

"Yes, sire."

"You will set out, and you will fight, sir."

"I will set out," replied the young man calmly, "but I will not fight."

The first reply of the sovereign, thus braved, was a glance at which hostile squadrons would have trembled.

"Do you know, sir," he said, in a voice of thunder, "that I could send you to play the philanthropist at Brest or Rochefort?"

"Sire, order me to be shot, if you please," replied the bold martyr in the cause of peace, with a tone almost of disdain.

A fearful gesture escaped the Emperor. Germaine fell upon her knees, raising her trembling hands toward him; but Napoleon, without glancing at her, said suddenly, in a quick voice:

"It shall not be long! *Maréchal*, are the carbines of the escort loaded?"

"Always, sire."

"Well, sir," said the Emperor, turning to Hubert, and pointing to the cross roads at the extremity of the avenue—"go yonder, and you will find what you desire."

Not a feature of Hubert's face was agitated; he merely removed the crape from his hat, and turning to Germaine, who was still upon her knees, pale and speechless, like a marble statue, he unfolded the black lace, and cast it over her head, saying:

"Adieu, Germaine! It was the mourning veil of my mother; let it be yours. Preserve carefully the widow's veil."

The Emperor had turned his back, and walked a few steps with the officer who attended him. He then returned, and said to Hubert:

"Are you ready, sir?"

"I am ready, sire."

"Advance."

Hubert walked onward with a firm step; but as he passed Napoleon, the latter asked him abruptly:

"Do you know how to draw?"

"Yes, sire," stammered the young man, stupefied at this question.

"It is well. Death, it appears, would be too mild a punishment for you. You will join the staff of *M. Le Maréchal*—he departs to-night. You shall serve us with your pencil with the grade of sub-lieutenant. And—remember well, sir, remember above all, and before all, that I expressly forbid your fighting."

The Emperor and the *Maréchal* departed at these words, leaving Hubert motionless, and so deeply lost in the chaos of his emotions, that he no longer thought even of Germaine.

She, however, having taken the mourning veil from her head, cast herself into his arms, saying:

"Oh, Hubert, how frightened I was! but how I love you! and how I love the Emperor too! And now, this veil?" she continued, hesitating.

"This veil? oh, keep it always. It must not float to the breeze of the battle field; it must not be stained with blood. Let it be my pledge, Germaine. I swear by it to remain faithful to my principles, faithful to you!"

"You are incorrigible," she said, with a smile.

"You mean incorruptible," he replied, smiling also.

"Were I in your place, I would fight now."

"Because you are a woman."

And they slowly retraced the path to the house.

On the following day, Hubert entered upon the duties of the post assigned him in the *Maréchal's* staff.

CHAPTER II.

THE BATTLE OF WAGRAM.

On the 6th of July of the following year, 1809; the grand army of Napoleon was assembled around Vienna for a decisive battle. During the night of the 4th and 5th, two hundred thousand Frenchmen had crossed the Danube from the isle of Lobau to the plain of Wagram, while the batteries of the Arch-Duke, established on the left bank of the river, replied to those which lined the entire front of the island, while the thunder mingled its sound with this dreadful din, and the conflagration of Enzersdorf lent its blaze to the flashes of heaven, to illuminate the grand and terrific scene. The 5th was a day of preparation and important reconnoitring, the 6th was the day destined to bear the glorious name of the battle of Wagram.

For the first time during this campaign, the corps of the *Maréchal*, to whose staff Hubert had been attached, was to take part in the combat. Hubert on horseback, with a handsome uniform, and a sabre at his side, was mingled with the *aids-de-camp* of the *Maréchal*. Thus far there had been but slight skirmishing, with distant and preparatory combats. That in which Massena engaged, more serious, since he alone opposed the Austrian centre, was scarcely revealed, except by the smoke which enveloped Aderklaa, at four leagues distance. The standards are unfurled; the *aids-de-camp* gallop to and fro, martial music resounds across the field; the small pale man, in green uniform, upon a white charger, passes along the ranks; he utters words of fire, which enkindle every soul. "And then the enemy are numerous, worthy of us; they are in sight, they cover the plains. Ha! it is a day of joy."

At this magic spectacle, at this preliminary murmur, at the thunder of those drums, the heart of our sub-lieutenant beats with all its force, and his eyes scarcely restrain their ardent tears.

According to the plan of the battle, Massena now retires in good order towards the left, and approaches the corps to which Hubert is attached. The fire of musketry begins to be heard. The volleys of the battalions pour out a stream of flame on all sides, and the rolling, dropping fire which follows, makes fearful havoc. The air is shaken—a dense, white smoke hovers over this heated furnace. The Austrian right had already penetrated into the interval which Massena had left between his corps and the Danube. That General, outflanked although in line, despatched his *aids-de-camp* to announce the progress of the enemy, and to request orders. The division Bondet, which had been left to guard the bridges, was forced backward upon the island, and the retreat of the French was menaced; but Napoleon seemed indifferent to these tidings; he listened to them in

silence, and gazed, not toward the Danube, but toward his right. It was noon, the appointed hour. It was necessary to march and to conquer at the hour in those days. The Emperor saw Davoust pass Neusiedel, assail Rosenberg, and push on toward Wagram. It was noon. Napoleon gave the signal.

At once the entire centre of his army stirs with a single movement, like a Roman phalanx, and marches directly across the plain against the enemy's centre. But this centre approaches also; and to gain time to execute his plan, Napoleon protects his advance with a battery of sixty pieces of cannon. The battle commences on this point. The bronze mouths discharge their thunder; the *pas de charge* resounds, beaten by two thousand drums, and as on days of triumph, the band of each regiment plays the favourite airs of the great general. Cæsar, those who are about to die, greet thee! Happy are the dead! Advance, ye living! Ha! it is a day of joy!

Scarcely three *aids-de-camp* are left about the *Maréchal*. Hubert darts forward.

"In the name of heaven, *M. Le Maréchal*, permit me to bear this order!"

"Impossible, sir, you are not to expose yourself to the fire."

"I am not to fight—that is all."

"Go then! and remember the Emperor's prohibition."

"Thanks, *M. Le Maréchal*!"

And behold the *réfractaire* rides at full gallop into the *mêlée*; but the Emperor has seen him depart, and spurting directly toward the *Maréchal*, he says:

"Who is that man? it is my *réfractaire*, is it not?"

The *Maréchal* smiled, and made a gesture in the affirmative.

"In that case the order may be forgotten on the way. It will be necessary to send another."

"It has been done already, sire."

"It is well."

Neither the Emperor nor his Marshal was deceived. They knew their man.

Hubert had not ridden two hundred paces before he had forgotten the order, as well as the prohibition of Napoleon.

The enemy had retaken Aspern and Essling, and his guns swept the bridges established somewhat farther down the river, below Enzersdorf, now in ruins. His *tirailleurs* and artillery had already reached the bridges, and were preparing to maintain themselves there. Some Austrian brigades scattered over the plain, the stragglers of the division Bondet, who had been unable to recross the river. Hubert saw all this. Suddenly become a general and a soldier, he divines the danger, he spurs to their front, passes with ease those flying infantry, and reining in his horse, all panting and covered with foam, he cries:

"My men, you are retreating! the enemy is yonder! The Emperor has sent me to tell you that the battle is won."

At these words, the greater part stop, and instantly form in line; the rest hesitate. Hubert, drawing his sabre, exclaims:

"The first who passes my horse is a dead man!"

These words were uttered in days of chivalry by one of our bravest heroes.

Hubert knew this; but he knew also their effect upon the flying Frenchmen.

All rally except a single man, who continues his

flight toward the Danube, where a few of the enemy's soldiers, in ambush behind the ruins of a hovel, surround and make him prisoner. This man is Nicole!

In the meanwhile Hubert has put himself at the head of this battalion of fugitives, now transformed into heroes, and under his guidance they repulse with their bayonets the charges of the cavalry who pursue them. In consequence of Massena's oblique movement, those who have taken Nicole find themselves surrounded, and are made prisoners in their turn, and the postillion of Valence, confounded with them, is sent to head quarters.

As to our *réfractaire*, he pushes his disobedience even to fury, to madness. He has placed himself before the bridges. Three hundred men, electrified by his example, repel the efforts of two thousand. In vain several guns are turned against them, in vain the cavalry assails them, in vain the *tirailleurs* decimate their ranks, in vain the infantry charges them; Hubert is there; his men do not know him, but they obey as if he had commanded them for twenty years. Thanks to him, all those men who have merited degradation, are about to merit the Cross of the Legion of Honour.

As we have said, the order which Hubert had forgotten, had fortunately reached Massena by another *aide-de-camp*. This Marshal had retaken his position, and had won the title of Prince of Essling, which he received the same evening upon the field of battle.

Upon the field of battle, also, there was a young man whom they led by force, sadly confused, but surrounded by prisoners, his head bandaged, his arms in a scarf, accompanied by an Austrian eagle, to the feet of the Emperor's white charger.

"The Cross of Honor, and the rank of Captain, *monsieur le réfractaire*!" said Napoleon, sternly. Then turning bridle, he galloped in an opposite direction.

Near by, passed, between four fusiliers, a French soldier, who had returned pell-mell with the enemy, a prisoner of the Austrian prisoners. Hubert recognized him, and interceded to obtain his pardon. This man was expelled from his corps, and returned in disgrace to France. It was Nicole.

Hubert, or rather the young *réfractaire*, as Napoleon continued to call him, fulfilled all the expectations promised by his sudden display of valour in his first battle. Six years afterwards he was general of a brigade. The Emperor was his sole divinity, glory his sole mistress. Germaine and his double oath was far from his thoughts.

CHAPTER III.

VALENCE.

It was in 1814, the allies had crossed the Marne, in the rear of Marmont and Mortier, who still hoped to rescue Paris. The Emperor abandoned Donlevant and Saint-Dizier, and marched with his troops as far as Villeneuve-l'Archerêque; but when there, eager to arrive in time, he entered a post-chaise, and took, in haste, the road which leads to Fontainebleau.

Among the officers of his escort, some, in order not to embarrass his progress, and, above all, to lose no time, took the parallel road, which leads to Melun, across the heights of the opposite bank of the river.

One of them reaches Valence; he is a General! they unharness his horses—he demands others. He is told that there is no scarcity of horses, but that there is not a single postillion in the village fit to mount the saddle. The one who drove him here has fallen half dead with fatigue. This man has ridden four relays without an interval of rest. The General, in a rage, thrusts his head out at the carriage window.

"How!" he exclaimed, with an oath, "not a man here to serve upon the road to Paris, when the capital is besieged?"

"Not one, my General," replied one of the grooms, trembling with fear, "it is not our fault. At least ten Senators have passed here on the way to their estates. They have taken all the postillions with them, but in an hour one of them will return."

"In an hour! why in an hour they might burn Paris."

"General, there is one Nicole here, a capital postillion, who would drive you speedily enough; but he is the postmaster's nephew, and he is just now in the saloon yonder, signing his marriage contract."

"His marriage contract!" cried the officer furiously.

And without even having noticed the name of Nicole, he leaped from his calèche, and hurried across the courtyard towards the saloon which had been pointed out to him. A blow of his foot dashed in the door, and he entered.

A score of peasants in holiday attire were standing around a table at which a notary was seated. Near him stood a young man, with a nosegay in his button hole, who had just signed his name to the contract, in the place designated by the finger of the notary, and who now passed the pen to his handsome bride, who, dressed in white, was pale as her snow-white ruff.

The entrance of the General was like a clap of thunder to all present, and to the bridegroom among the rest, for he sank into a chair almost swooning.

This General was Hubert; the bride was Germaine.

"How!" he exclaimed, without even looking upon her, and casting a fearful glance upon those assembled, "how! you are dressed for a festival, while your brothers are massacred before Paris! Begone! Go sharpen your ploughshares! It is blood that we need to-day! Begone!"

"And you," continued the General with increasing indignation, as he addressed the postillion, whom he did not recognize, "you celebrate your wedding on the day when you ought to die upon the saddle?"

With these words Hubert seized the contract with violence, and tore it in pieces.

All exclaimed aloud; but the General, turning to the discomfited bridegroom, pointed to the door with an imperious gesture, and said:

"To horse! The Emperor expects us!"

At this name all opposition was at an end; the postillion left the apartment without uttering a word.

The postmaster ventured to offer his excuses.

"General," he said, "this marriage was important. Delay might prevent it, and as it insures the fortune of my family"—

"Well, then," cried the impetuous soldier, who was now upon the threshold of the apartment, "let them marry when the enemy no longer stains the soil of our country."

"Never!" exclaimed the young girl. "Hubert," she continued, casting herself upon her knees before him, and raising her clasped hands, "Hubert, have you then forgotten Germaine? I am that Germaine

whom you once loved, that Germaine who concealed you when you refused to fight. My father is dead, Hubert. I am an orphan as you were then, and they have taken advantage of my helplessness to marry me to one I cannot love. I have no support, no protector but you!"

The postmaster, who was no other than Turgon, Germaine's uncle, now her guardian, and whose interested views upon the inheritance of his ward were thus suddenly thwarted, stood stupified, half with anger, half with fear, and waited anxiously for the reply of the ancient *réfractaire*.

The latter hesitated; the memory of the past returned indeed, but deeper emotions swayed him. He raised the young girl, but his eyes were directed towards his *calèche*.

"Yes," he said, "I remember—but to-morrow—to-morrow—at some future day—when Paris is saved—when France—"

"The horses are ready!" cried a voice from the court-yard.

"Adieu! adieu!" he said hurriedly. But Germaine stretching out her arms to detain him, exclaimed:

"Hubert! Hubert! you will not go! I have said too much now! I am lost if you leave me! Remain for a moment!"

"It is impossible to-day! Let me pass, my child!"

And with a hand of iron he had already grasped the arm of the terrified Germaine, when his *aide-de-camp* who followed him, and who had just arrived, appeared in disorder upon the threshold. A loud din and great confusion was heard without.

"All is over, General! we have just met the couriers. Paris has capitulated; the Emperor has returned alone from Essonne to Fontainebleau."

"Woe! woe!" cried Hubert, pale with rage and despair, "miserable traitors! To horse, *messieurs*!"

"General, be calm! reflect!"

"I will not hear a word. To horse! to horse!"

And with his drawn sabre in his hand, he rushed toward the door like a madman, when Germaine, restored to self-possession detained him calmly with her hand, and with an air of authority, which arrested him in spite of himself. All present looked with astonishment at this weak, young girl, who thus alone restrained this unchained lion. She did not utter a word, and still the General stood motionless and as if petrified, as he looked upon her. During this scene of confusion, she had removed her nuptial veil, and had replaced it by one of black lace, which, covering her face, fell down over her white marriage robe.

It was the widow's veil!

Hubert now comprehended all, remembered all; the sabre dropped from his hand, and he stretched his arms toward Germaine, who sank upon his bosom in tears.

* * * * *

Some years later, there dwelt in this pretty village of Valence, a sweet and charming family, consisting of a General still young, although retired from service, a charming woman, and two fine boys. The mother instilled into the minds of her sons a love for peace and for the innocent virtues, but the father and the children always stationed themselves at the window, when the village drum passed by.

THE KING OF YVETOT.

A LEGEND OF FRANCE.

[ORIGINAL.]

BERANGER, when he gave us his bewitching little poem, under the form of a song, entitled *Le Roi d'Yvetot*, invented no poetic image to convey an epigram. It is certain that the burgh of Yvetot suddenly passed from a seignory to a kingdom, and history gives the following explanation of the subject.

In 572, Clothair I. having caused the seigneur of that village to be assassinated, because he gave an asylum to Prince Chramne, the king's rebellious son, Pope John III. no sooner learned that this crime had been committed on Good Friday, than he excommunicated Clothair, and the bull of excommunication was not suspended until Clothair consented to erect Yvetot into a sovereign kingdom.

What was more singular, however, this royalty was respected and maintained down to the time of Louis XI. At this epoch, Yvetot had become the Free City of Normandy; the contrabandists there deposited all their merchandize, and afterward sold their goods throughout the rest of France with impunity, for they carried letters of marque from the King of Yvetot. We may conceive the advantages he derived from this tolerance; since Louis XI. urged on by the complaints of the chief artisans of his good city of Paris, set himself seriously to work to destroy this abuse. But, according to his well known character, he aimed at becoming master of Yvetot by stratagem rather than by force. He was a king who delighted in trickery, and practised it even in his cruelties.

While passing through Rouen, he met with a skilful troubadour, named d'Aimery Cadnet, who addressed to Louis XI. some verses which he had set to music and sang remarkably well. The king commanded him to come to him in the evening whilst he supped at the Hotel de Ville. Cadnet obeyed the invitation, and found himself in the banqueting hall with the provost of the merchants, and many other rich burghers of Rouen, whom the king had admitted to his table. All complained of the contrabandists of Yvetot.

"Par Dieu! messieurs," said the king to them—"since a Pope has made an inviolable royalty of that petty burgh, why cannot I, myself, make a principality of Candebeac, and give that village sovereign a rival worthy of measuring swords with him? I engage not to meddle with their affairs myself, but I can easily manage to bring them to blows, by which we shall profit."

The Rouennese merchants did not exactly comprehend the king's project; yet they loudly expressed approval. The repast finished, he dismissed them all; and Cadnet, who seemed to have come to no purpose, prepared to leave with the rest, when Louis XI. made sign to him to remain; he bade him be seated, and regarding him sportively, requested him to answer his questions.

"Master Cadnet, what is your age?"

"Twenty-five years, sire."

"From what country are you?"

"From Provence. I left my family fifteen years

ago, to follow a celebrated juggler named Calanson, who seduced my young imagination by his versifications, his agility, and bravery."

"How! then you have a taste for war?"

"Sire, I have been a soldier; I have made a campaign against you, and fought at the battle of Monthéri, under the orders of the Count de Charolais."

"Good! And so you have deserted glory for jugglery?"

"The harness was too heavy, the bread too hard, the wine too sour, for a man accustomed to living on nectar and ambrosia; Phœbus and Cupid enlisted me under their banners; besides, sire, I have acquired too much renown in the gay science to smother all my reputation under a soldier's cuirass."

"Ah! ah! it seems you think yourself perfect master of your profession? come, tell me what you can do."

"I can rhyme, compose virelays and rustic ballads, propound and solve riddles, play symphonies on the cithern, the lute, the monochord, the rote, the gigue, or the psaltery; I can mock the songs of birds, throw and catch apples with knives, play tricks with baskets, make dogs and monkeys leap through four hoops; I can——"

"I see," interrupted the king, with a smile of satisfaction, "you are a good companion, just the sort of man I am in search of: heretofore you have transformed yourself into a bird, I shall turn you into a fox; so valorous a subject merits high reward, and I announce to you that I have made you a prince!"

"Prince!" replied Cadnet, bursting into laughter; "prince of fools, doubtless to figure, at the next festival?"

"No, messire, a sovereign prince with the title of Duke of Candebeac; here on the spot I will myself, with my own hand, write down the provisions; you will read them with attention, and be careful to observe all the royal instructions they contain. I have made a cardinal of a tailor's son, who is now my prime minister; Tristan, my boon companion, was a butcher; my intimate counsellor, Oliver le Dain, is a baker—surely, then, I can make a prince of a juggler, especially under the present circumstances, when I wish to add a jest to the play."

And the king laughed heartily.

Cadnet, struck with surprise and admiration, did not know at first how to testify his gratitude to his benefactor; but this moment of modesty passed, he soon accustomed himself to the unforeseen favour which led to his elevation, and the king had scarcely concluded writing the secret instructions, ere our parvenu already considered himself a veritable prince, and assumed an air of dignity.

The instructions were handed to him, together with a letter addressed to the military governor of Normandy, and on the following day, the troubadour Cadnet, encased in rich armour, made his entry into Candebeac, under the name of Prince Aimery. He only remained there one month, just long enough to make himself known to the people, and raise some troops

to enforce the fulfilment of his commands. This done, he resumed his apparel as a juggler, and strapping his lute on his back, joined a band of contrabandists who were returning to Yvetot. He lodged without ostentation or stir, in a sort of inn, or, rather, cabaret, situated in front of the king's palace, and devoted a week to the acquirement of information respecting the civil and military government of this little country.

At this time the reigning sovereign of Yvetot bore the name of Rupert I.; he was a little man, about fifty years of age, a gourmand and deep drinker, and the son of the richest vine-dresser in the country. In those days Normandy was covered with vines, and it was not until after the invasion of the English, and the devastations which ensued, that the Normans renounced that culture, as we learn from the travels of Olivier Basselin. The throne of Yvetot was elective, and the Salic law was strictly observed in that kingdom, which, besides the chief city, comprised the villages of Fauville, Alonville, Valliqueville, and Panneville. A charter, rigorously fulfilled, ordained as the first condition for the election of the king, that he must be born within the limits of the kingdom. When the monarch died without heirs, they invariably elected as his successor, some skilful man, familiar with the contraband trade.

Rupert was very affable; he loved his subjects like the head of a family; he drank with them, and flew into a passion whenever he had the gout, not with his wife, for he was a widower, but with Sylvine de Bragellone, his favourite. She was a beautiful Norman, who had obtained as much power over him, as Madame de Maintenon afterwards had over Louis XIV. Rupert had but one daughter; her name was Arlette. She was eighteen years of age, and Sylvine, early chosen to govern her youth, had taught her to read. They neither of them knew how to write.

Cadnet adroitly derived all these facts from his host the Sieur Falourdel. While drinking together he learned, moreover, that this gentleman was Rupert's minister of police, and an aspirant to the hand of the King's daughter. As the Princess Arlette had no known inclination, a call was issued to all the youth of the kingdom, inviting them to contest her hand by feats of archery, a usage consecrated by an article of the charter. All grades of competitors were admitted, it having been demonstrated by many examples that marriages thus brought about were often conducive to the tranquility of the State.

These novel customs astonished Cadnet. He began to think that he must be making a voyage of discovery into some unknown country; but like a wary traveller, he applied all the information he gained to the advancement of the interests of his mission. Well knowing that his title of foreigner would prevent his entering the lists with the contestants for the hand of Arlette, he strove to make an impression upon her heart; his means of seduction were abundant, and he used them boldly. Poesy, music, harmonious songs, all were employed to attract her attention. He particularly attached himself to the king's favourite, and soon succeeded in conveying to her a secret message, in which, avowing himself to be a lover in disguise, he begged for a private interview and permission to introduce himself into the royal palace.

Sylvine de Bragellone, whose heart was strongly influenced by every thing in the shape of gallantry,

showed herself by no means insensible to the sentiments of the handsome troubadour, for she applied to herself personally the honours of a declaration which concerned no one but the artless Arlette, and disregarding the dictates of propriety, consented to receive Cadnet secretly; she sent him word through a confidant that there was no other way of introducing him into the palace than through the window which opened on the square. The night was appointed, and Sylvine concluded by giving him to understand that if his intentions were such as she supposed them to be, he would be favourably heard.

Cadnet perceived the mistake: he divined that the favourite wished a husband, and that he was the victim chosen for the sacrifice. He took no pains to disabuse Sylvine, and awaited the night with impatience.

The Duke of Candebec, whom every one took for a wandering minstrel, inspired no suspicion. He was at his window awaiting the appointed hour, and charmed the citizens with his joyous songs, when a valet, escorted by all the young men in the country, came to proclaim to the sound of a bagpipe, that the grand tournament was about to take place, the conqueror in which would be proclaimed the future spouse of the Princess Arlette and successor to Rupert I.

At this proclamation the assembled youth shouted with joy. Cadnet, descending on the public square, checked the enthusiasts for a moment by stating that he had an incredible revelation to make; he told them that in the course of his adventurous life as a strolling singer, he had learnt all the devices and legends of the different cities through which he passed; that among others he had one for Yvetot and the Princess Arlette, and if they wished, he would make it known to her numerous pretenders. They all consented with eager curiosity. Then Cadnet reflecting for an instant, extemporized, with an air of inspiration, the following verse:

"When a prince she doth espouse,
"The kingdom shall disappear,
"The title of king likewise;
"He who no longer has her, shall give her
"To him who already has her."

The troubadour knew the meaning of his words perfectly well, but no one else could see any thing in this obscure prediction, and it was received with roars of laughter. They proceeded to the field, there to contest the prize. Cadnet, warmly interested in the result of this ridiculous game, after waiting about half an hour, saw the King's falconer pass by decorated with many coloured ribbons. He threw his bonnet in the air, danced and grinned like a fool. It was this imbecile who had won the Princess!

He was conducted to the palace with all the honours which could possibly be accorded to the happy idiot, and then the crowd disappeared. Night soon arrived, and Cadnet repaired to the rendezvous Sylvine had appointed. While rambling round the environs, he heard all the gates shut and fastened on the inside, and he perceived that it was only by escalade that he could penetrate into this fortress, destitute of guards or sentinels, and distinguished from other houses, simply by a trellised arbour placed in front of the principal entrance, bearing this inscription: *Throne of the King.*

This was a most hopeful *point d'appui* which he

could use as a ladder to reach the window. He soon sprung to the top of the arbour, and prepared to tap softly to warn his accomplice, but checked himself when he perceived that Sylvine was not alone, and listened.

Arlette, her eyes swimming with tears, lamented to her governess the choice which chance had made for her of such a husband as the falconer; and she swore that she would never submit to the unjust law of the country, for her heart was already given to another. Sylvine, surprised at this bold avowal, wished to know the name of the hidden loved one; then Arlette, blushing, confessed that he was the handsome troubadour: "Do not think, madame," said she, "that he has been informed of my sentiments; I have never mentioned them to any one but you, yet I would rather become a nun in the Convent of Fauville, than marry another."

Sylvine sharply condemned this insensate passion; she represented to the Princess all that was base and evil in the profession of a juggler, overwhelmed Cadnet with abuse, and reconducted Arlette to her chamber, begging her not to irritate her father by this foolish opposition. Our Duke of Candebec, who had overheard the whole, learnt from this short conversation the part it remained for him to play. His object being to ruin the favourite by compromising her, he quickly leaped into her chamber.

Sylvine soon reappeared, and with surprise beheld him throw himself at her feet without preparation and utter the most sacred protestations of eternal love. The lady De Bragellone was not much shocked with this excess of passion, but she had a position to maintain, and it would require considerable time and address to obtain the consent of the King. Cadnet, on the contrary, would not hear of delay; he even spoke of elopement! Sylvine agitated, hesitating, knew not how to answer him.

At this juncture, grotesque and noisy music sounded under the window of the palace: it was a serenade which the young men of Yvetot gave to their friend Mederic the falconer, in congratulation of his victory. This unforeseen incident frightened Sylvine; she made Cadnet hide behind the flowing tapestry which inclosed her bed-press; she had reason, for the King, awakened by this rude harmony, appeared in the chamber of his favourite to share with her the pleasure of such a burlesque concert.

He had already waited a long time, when, at length the musicians began to play most falsely, a pretty air which they had acquired from Cadnet. The self-love of the author could not endure this proof, and our troubadour angrily seizing his lute, which always accompanied him, struck up behind the tapestry the air which they had so shamefully caricatured. The King, very much astonished, ran to the hiding place, and discovered the player, who continued to the end without the least discomposure.

Furious at this impassibility, Rupert regarded Sylvine with wrath; then addressing Cadnet:

"Perfidious troubadour!" said he, "how came you here? I have lately noticed you among my subjects: you seek to seduce them by flatteries. I may be deceived, but I suspect you of being a secret agent of the Duke de Candebec."

"Puissant King, you have justly divined."

"What! do you dare to confess it to me?"

ed "Be not angry! Let your Majesty but deign to

hear me--then judge. Two weeks ago, passing through Candebec, I had occasion to see the Prince who governs that State. He is a young nobleman, fond of the arts, highly esteeming minstrels, jugglers, and troubadours. To me he paid particular attention, and in return, I acknowledge I felt very grateful. 'Messire,' said he, 'you can render me a great service. I have been informed that the King of Yvetot, my neighbour, has a charming daughter: go ask her in marriage for me. If Rupert is wise enough to disregard the charters and absurd laws which render him the chief slave in his kingdom, I shall feel honoured in being his son-in-law; if he refuses, then I will wage a terrible war against him to avenge the affront.' Behold, sire, the mission which has been confided to me; I had begged the lady Sylvine de Bragellone to grant me an interview to obtain her influence before speaking of the subject to you, and you surprised us in the midst of a conversation perfectly innocent. Now, reflect, sire, what part you ought to take; see the written demand from the hand of the Duke of Candebec; I await your reply."

The King took the parchment Cadnet held out to him, and ran it over with a suspicious eye, whilst Sylvine furtively pressed the hand of the troubadour in token of her gratitude for his having relieved her from such an overpowering embarrassment.

"This letter," replied the King, after looking it over, "is more impertinent than courteous. I am not a warlike monarch, and I fear that when the soldiers have trampled down the vines, the taxes will not be well paid. Nevertheless, I cannot permit the Duke of Candebec to dictate law for me. The charters of my country are sacred; if I did not follow them I should find myself powerless, since it is by virtue of them I reign. My royalty is not ambitious, it is content with the son-in-law whom chance has given us, and your Duke shall not have my daughter."

"Your resolution is courageous," said Cadnet in a sarcastic tone; "I do not know much about matters of such importance, but in your place, I would do as you do. There will be fighting, sire, and in my capacity of troubadour, I shall be ready to chant your victory."

"Or those of my adversary."

"I cannot deny it; we have many troubadours who always sing the praises of him who conquers."

"In the meantime, messire, ambassador extraordinary, as your presence in the palace seems suspicious, you will consider yourself my prisoner until such time as I receive an answer to the letter I am about to write to the Duke of Candebec."

"Prisoner!" cried Cadnet, with indignation.

"At least, I do not wish you to depart my States, and I give you my capital for a prison."

"I accept, sire; but you shall have no future cause to distrust me. I will prove that my only design is to serve you, and render you happy."

Next morning, the King assembled his council. Cadnet was summoned before them, and he repeated all that he had before said to the King. War was resolved upon; notwithstanding the observations of the King, who wished to make some evasive reply, the falconer received orders to proceed as a herald-at-arms to the court of the Duke de Candebec, and offer defiance. Mederic was a very skilful fowler; he understood perfectly the art of training hawks and gerv-falcons, but further than that, he was a mere rustic

bumpkin, and possessed no dignity for such a mission. Cadnet undertook to give him instructions! he wrote a letter to the general of the troops of the Prince of Candebec, recommending him to receive the new ambassador *as he deserved*. Mederic bravely started, little anticipating the perils that awaited him.

They mustered the soldiers. The royal army amounted to fifty-two men, whom Rupert reviewed from his window, for a sudden attack of the gout prevented him from putting himself at the head of his valorous battalions.

"It will not be my fault," said he to Cadnet, "If they are defeated."

"Do you not think, sire," observed Cadnet, "that your daughter will run great danger in the midst of the approaching battles?"

"You are right; I shall send Sylvine with her to the Abbess of Fauville. There, at least, Heaven will protect them; but who will conduct them?"

"Me, sire!"

"You, my prisoner? But if you should be a traitor? an emissary of Candebec?"

"Ah, sire! what injustice you do to my intentions, my sentiments! My heart is wholly devoted to you! Charge me with the care of protecting your child, and you will see whether I betray your confidence!"

"Well, I consent! I dare not suppose that you would be so base as to deceive an old man, a father who trusts to you his child."

Cadnet felt his forehead suffused with blushes at this last word; but he was so involved in the intrigue that it was necessary to carry it out to its ultimate consequences. Sylvine and Arlette started under his conduct, but he did not escort them to the convent.

Scarcely had the three escaped, when Mederie appeared before the king; his terrified appearance announcing a great event. He apprised Rupert that half-way on the road he had met the enemy's soldiers; that they read his despatches, and then flung a gauntlet in his face, overwhelming him with injuries and insults.

"And you have allowed them to treat you thus without retaliating?" said the king.

"Good Saint Paterne! I think it is *you* who fail in that respect," replied the Norman; "you sent me, and you ought to revenge my affront."

"I never thought you such a coward."

"Once more, I am not to blame. It is you who have received the gauntlet-stroke in my person! I know not how all this will end, but I would not wish to be in your place!"

"You should have washed out the insult in the blood of the villain!"

"You are not willing to hear that I am but the footstool of your power: they may beat, they may scourge a footstool—it has nothing to say. It is the affair of him who owns the footstool. You have *me* for a footstool; it is for you, then, to settle the matter."

"My friend, you might well settle it yourself."

"So, then, you wish to escape the humiliations I have received? I only regret one thing, which is that they have not said and done more; you well deserve it, sire."

"Silence! you have compromised me by your cowardice; and in the position I now find myself, my greatest misfortune is in having such a son-in-law as you!"

It was thus that the King of Yvetot understood the duties of diplomacy.

At the end of this conversation, cries were heard in the street. Falourdel ran in to announce that the people demanded a chief to lead them against the Prince of Candebec, whom they saw advancing on the plain. Rupert knew not what to do, what to command; he was confined to his arm-chair, and yet no one could fill his place. Making a desperate effort, he called for his horse, and declared that he would die gloriously, sword in hand, rather than yield his rights and privileges; but he was too late! A second messenger arrived to inform the king that the enemy had entered the city.

At the same instant the Duke of Candebec, clothed in brilliant armour and visor down, appeared at the door of the apartment:

"Obstinate old man," said he, "your states no longer belong to you; you are my prisoner! Follow me!"

"That seems like my cousin the King of France at Peronne," cried Rupert. "I must submit to force, Duke of Candebec, but as I have already said, you shall not have my daughter."

They mounted him on a palfrey richly covered with trappings of red velvet, and surrounded with a numerous escort of varlets and mace-bearers, they conducted him in triumph to the city of Candebec. He could not understand this pomp, these honours paid to the vanquished. When he arrived at the palace, harmonious music met his ear; garlands of flowers and devices adorned the gate through which he passed. Suddenly two curtains were drawn aside, and he beheld the Duke of Candebec at the feet of Arlette!

His surprise redoubled when he recognised in him the troubadour, Cadnet. They apprised him that his kingdom of Yvetot was forever suppressed; that it was henceforth joined to the Duchy of Candebec, of which the sovereignty was given to Rupert, until his death; thus doubling his power. After his death, both cities were to revert to the crown of the King of France, and be forever re-united to his province of Normandy. The only condition imposed upon him in consideration of this high fortune, was that he should give the hand of Arlette to the poor troubadour, Cadnet.

The good king Rupert, affected to tears, threw himself into the arms of his daughter, consented to every thing, and while drinking to the health of Louis XI., congratulated himself on being the first king who was ever known to extend his dominions after having been dethroned.

AMERICAN IMITATIONS.

[ORIGINAL.]

SOMEBODY has said, we know not who he was, but a sensible fellow was he, that this is a "great country;" that we have beauty, and sublimity, and music, and symmetry, all around, beneath and above us; that our mountains are positively grand, our rivers magnificent, our forests immense, and our skies smiling with heaven's own sweetness. He avers too, that our men are generous, our women pure and lovely, and our children's thanks to the Common Schools, perfect infantile salons.

Now, we endorse every opinion of this honest fellow, whom may true hearts always bless, because he spoke a good word for our much neglected country; but it seems to us most excessively queer, that, with all its advantages, natural and artificial, our poor land should be rated so much below par, in the practice of her worthy citizens. We look askance at her and her products; we ring her metal, we laugh very sagely at her wisdom, and most heartily despise her efforts to sing. No matter what she does or how she does it, we are afraid to trust her, and with a jolly shrug of the shoulders, propound the query—"can any good come out of,"—*home!*

'Tis passing strange—'tis pitiful! but true, every bit of it; and the root of all of it, if we mistake not, will be found not so much dislike of our country, as undue fondness for others—a sort of demi-worship of all that bears the mystic stamp of "abroad."

We boast of our independence, we free and enlightened conservators of American liberties, and joint-stock proprietors in territorial lands; but there never was a greater mistake made than this consoling self-gratulation. We are, practically, the most servile imitators of everything foreign. In eating and drinking, in the clothes we wear, and the way we wear them, we are slavish subjects of foreign mannerism. Why the very barbers and boot-blacks of our cities, catching the beat of the public pulse, append to their sign-boards the significant recommendation, "From Paris,"—"From London."

The *bon-ton* hatter, whilst he carefully smooths the nap of your caster, swears that he *imported* the fashion, direct and in advance—your tailor with his hand on his heart, assures you that the roll of the collar is Prince Albert's "own," and the fashion of the seam copied from Monpensier's wedding-suit;—and your boot-maker, whilst you are writhing with the agony of compressed corns, silences your maledictions, and soothes your pain, with the *court-plaister* of "'Tis D'Orsay's pattern."

There was once a plain old republican mechanic, the "lightning printer" he has been called, though the electric telegraph was unknown in his day, ycleped Ben Franklin; a man who never felt uncomfortable, but stood erect in any place, and looked majesty in the face, without winking. And there was another ancient worthy called Tom Jefferson, the framer of a certain document which has kept kings awake o' nights ever since it saw the daylight—and this latter lived very plainly during his good old Presidential times, and astonished European envoys by his unpretending republican simplicity.

But should the Endor-witch of modern curiosity,

exorcise either of these old patriots from their sacred resting-places, to reveal to the shivering and gaping souls of the present generation the destiny of our republic, how would their venerable heads droop at the decadence of all they prized so highly! how would they shrink at the blasphemy of those who "wrest the scriptures" of freedom; and with solemn indignation warn us of the coming retribution.

What would those patriarchs behold in the *metropolis* of our land? what but the very quintessence of the American power of imitation—Almack's travestied in every ball—and a perfect brahminism of castes, from the lordly M. C. down to the vulgar subordinate of a clerk's ante-chamber. At a glance may be seen the state of things, and we wonder indeed that foreign scribblers do not laugh still louder at our ridiculous affectation of independence.

By the good fashionables of the season, bless their unsophisticated souls! a French *attaché* is considered indispensable to a perfect *soirée*—a Russian count is the lion of a concert—and a bona-fide English peer would fill the theatre from pit to dome for seven consecutive nights. We remember it did on one occasion, at any rate, and that in the quiet, unostentatious, well-bred city of Boston, which considered herself so highly complimented some time since, when Boz thought her to resemble an "English town." The theatre *was* filled—ay, old Faneuil Hall even, the "cradle of liberty," was crowded when the stock-jobbing British nobleman Ashburton held his *court* there—that the grinning Yankees might stare at a "live lord," and forget that he was a man—almost.

And all this time there are men of genius, noble-souled, great-hearted men, in this country of ours, sinking, some by poverty, some through neglect, some by desperate dissipation, to early ruin, while no helping hand is stretched out to succor or save! There are hundreds struggling through misery and persecution, to attain a niche in the temple of fame, and yet nobody knows, nor cares! But if a foreign scribbler or stock-jobber deign to visit us, we, like parasites, fling wide our doors and pile our tables, to feast and flatter our foreign—shall we call them, *masters*? We make our own honour, yea, our own interest, (if we care more for that,) the stepping-stone by which foreign adventurers may reach their objects. We bend humbly to the earth, place our necks beneath the feet of transatlantic "models," and meekly entreat them, "Gentle masters! deign to use our bodies as your footstools! tread upon us—make us your ladders! We will account it all honour to be the servitors of such noble gentlemen!"

And so our actors must cross the sea, and make their bow-histrionic at the shilling-a-head provincial theatres, from Belfast to Birmingham; and our sculptors must dig their marble from the Pontine marshes; and our poets must be Tennysonian, and our essayists make bad grammar like Carlyle, or clinch fictitious nails with an argumental sledge-hammer like Macauley; and our lawyers must cling with tooth and finger to the musty old English common law, striving ever and anon to put life into bones drier than ever were those of Ezekiel's vision. And

all these things must be done by every body to pander to and perpetuate the grotesque prejudices which make us think our poor country afflicted with a sort of King's Evil, only to be cured by the imposition of royal hands.

Now, in the name of common sense and Benjamin Franklin, its apostle, what have we to do with the rest of the world, except to trade our products for theirs, buy of them what they have and we have not, and send missionaries of peace and freedom to enlighten their darkness? What else want we? what can they teach us? why should we be dictated to by them? Have we not had a magnificent tablet of stone fashioned for us by the hand of the Almighty, on which we may carve the glorious decalogue of

liberty, which He revealed to us from the Burning Bush of our revolution? Why shall we, then, stoop to learn the old dark Egyptian riddles with which bewildered Europe perplexes herself, or bend like her to grovelling ape-worship? Our country is yet to be formed—modelled—raised like a glorious city on a mountain—a shining mark, a wonder afar off, to the nations of all the earth!

And this shall yet be, but we must work out our own destiny. In ourselves sleeps our fate, beneath Heaven's will! Never shall we attain our legitimate proud eminence, till we ourselves assert it—till we refuse to bow at the shrine of foreign pretensions, and proclaim to the world that it is more honor to be an American citizen than a crowned king!

BEAUTY.

[ORIGINAL.]

At the natal dawn of creation's morn
I 'rose in the pride of my charms,
And an infant world in its orbit hurled
Received the embrace of my arms;
To the god of day I gave the pure ray
Oft seen on the face of the storm,
Where the rain-drops diffuse its primal hues
In the rainbow's expanded form.

The silvery light of the queen of night
Is reflected from my bright eye,
As I watch with care a being so fair
On her lonely course through the sky;
Through unbounded space with a matchless grace
I night's starry banner unfurled,
To the end of time its glories sublime
Shall surround an admiring world.

In the gorgeous dyes of the sunset skies
Is portrayed my exquisite skill,
For the placid lake a copy I make,
To glow on its bosom so still,
On the mountain high, enthroned near the sky,
In an atmosphere pure and rare,
Where the sunshine glows on eternal snows,
Dwells my spirit forever there.

My smile may be seen in each landscape serene
With which nature enrobes the earth,
And each sparkling gem in the diadem
Is by me endowed with its worth.
In fields I preside where flowers abide,
And their delicate forms I designed,
With the verdure's green to gladden the scene
I their splendid array combined.

From founts on the hill, where the crystal rill
Gushes forth to refresh the plain,
My steps may be traced to the watery waste
Whence their springs are supplied again.
Beneath ocean's waves, in unfathomed caves,
I painted and polished each shell,
And in coral groves, where the dolphin roves,
I in loveliness long shall dwell.

A holy desire of love I inspire
In the depths of each mortal heart;
When 'tis truly felt, then the soul will melt
With the raptures I there impart.
An essence refined, I pervade the mind
Of those gifted beings of earth,
Whose genius and art alone can impart
Perfection to what I give birth.

In Eden so fair, when that happy pair
Midst its loveliest scenes first trod,
My most sacred shrine was their natures divine
In the glorious image of God.
When at life's sad close mortal forms repose
In death's stern and icy embrace,
In sorrow I grieve as I'm forced to leave
What I once delighted to grace.

Let virtue control the immortal soul,
And a holier triumph I claim;
Though worlds pass away, this shall not decay
Through eternity ever the same.
All praise I resign to a God Divine,
And to him let gratitude flow;
His mind is the source whence I take my course,
Through the universe ever to glow.

THE ARTIST'S FIRST WORK.

NOT far from the splendid Palazzo Falliero at Pos-sagno, in the Venetian States, stood the humble cabin of an aged mason named Pasino. One evening that, wearied with his work, he lay sleeping soundly after the labours of the day, he was suddenly awakened by a loud knock at the door of his cabin. He rose, ran hastily to open it, and notwithstanding the darkness of the night, perceived that it was a little boy who stood without.

"Who are you, and what do you want here?" brusquely inquired Pasino.

"Antonio," replied the timid voice of a child.

"What Antonio?"

"Your own Antonio, dear grandpapa."

"Is it thou, my child? And what has happened then?" said the mason, quickly changing his tone, and drawing the little fellow kindly towards him, whilst he sought, even by the faint light of the moon, to read in his countenance what unexpected cause could have occasioned this late visit. "But speak, then, my child! Why hast left thy mother? Is she ill? Hast displeased her? Has she turned you out of doors?"

"No: I left home of my own accord."

"And for what reason?" again inquired the old man, as he led the child into his cabin, and struck a light. "*Madonna Santissima!* why did you leave your mother?" Pasino had now succeeded in lighting a lantern, and was able more plainly to examine his grandson's countenance. He then perceived that the child was in tears, and carried a small bundle, slung on the point of a stick, over his shoulder.

"I could not stay any longer at home," said the boy, as he threw his little packet on the floor. "I was no longer master there; some one else had everything his own way. Oh, what a country boor that Venetian is! If I were only ten years older, I would turn him out of the house. Alas! why am I only eleven years old?"

"And a pretty rogue you are," said the grandfather, laughing at the childish passion of Antonio. "So you want to be master in your mother's house?"

"When my father died, he left no other son: I am, therefore, the head of the house."

"A fine house, truly!" replied the old man, who was by this time thoroughly awakened from his slumbers: "four stakes, a few stones, and a little straw! If it were a palace indeed, like that of Falliero, it would be something worth talking of."

"Falliero!—Falliero!" said the child, as he shook his little head in a determined manner; "one may have spirit without belonging to the rich house of Falliero."

"Tell me, Antonio, will you have some supper?" interrupted the old man.

"No: I am not hungry."

"But you have had a long way to walk from your mother's."

"Only three miles: what is that?"

"Well, then, give me an account of your escape from home."

"Yes, grandpapa, this is the history of it. You know that my mother contracted a second marriage with that low fellow, Paesillo; and what annoyed

me most about it was, that she changed her pretty name. Was it not a beautiful name, grandpapa?"

"Yes, to be sure. Well, go on."

"And it was my own name, besides; and I think it a disgrace that a son should bear one name and his mother another."

"Yes, yes; but do finish your story, for I am going to sleep," interrupted Pasino, drowsily turning into bed.

"The Signor Paesillo had hardly set foot within our house," continued Antonio, "when changes began to be made. In the first place, I was not caressed as heretofore; I was no longer given the best of everything—it was all for Signor Paesillo: I was unhappy, and they left me to myself; I complained, and they left me to complain; and no one said, 'What aileth thee, little one? Come to dinner—come to supper:' so I would not eat either one or the other. I took my resolution, and said to myself, 'There is my grandfather, who lives alone, who loves children, who will let me do as I please if I go and live with him. There I will go: and there, if nowhere else, I shall be master.' Are you gone to sleep, grandpapa, instead of listening?"

"No, no; all right! Now lie down on this fresh straw. Since you like so much to be master, I will soon make you a master—mason."

"Oh, a mason is not the nicest trade."

"You'll see what a nice one it is."

"What! putting one stone on the top of another? always stones!"

"Is it marble, then, you would wish for, you little madcap?"

"Certainly that would be better, and more honourable too."

"Well, then, stop chattering now, and let me go to sleep."

The next day Pasino woke Antonio early, and after having offered up together a short prayer to 'Our Lady of the Seven Sorrows,' and partaken of a frugal breakfast, they wended their way to the Falliero palace, where the mason had been working for some days past. But it was all in vain that he attempted to keep his grandchild at work, for the little fellow was always mixing up mud or squaring stones. The old man could never turn his back for a moment, but Antonio was busy making either a Venus or a Policinello, or preparing clay with his trowel for the divers figures he wished to fashion. And if Pasino scolded him, he would say, "But you see, grandpapa, I am so tired!"

"But what are you doing now?"

"Making a blessed Virgin and Child."

And the poor grandfather, who, for the most part, could discover nothing but a shapeless mass of clay, rather than disappoint the boy, would praise the beauty of the Virgin, or the grace of the child, and prophesied that his 'little man' would, one day, become a famous mason, and even build palaces for the Falliero themselves.

On the approach of the feast of St. Cecilia, the Duke of Falliero gave orders that a grand banquet should be prepared in honour of the festival. Oh, if you could only have seen how many saucepans simmered on the

heated braziers; how many spits groaned under the weight of pheasants, fowls, ducks, *poulardes*, strung on one after another! If you could have had a glance at all the spiced meats, the savoury pasties, the rich jellies, the candied *confitures*, the fragrant fruits of every sort and hue, together with every variety of dainty which could please the eye or gratify the palate, it would have made your mouth water! Antonio, who had glided in amongst the cooks and assistants, opened his eyes wide, and went about admiring and smelling all these fine things, of which he had never before formed even an idea.

All on a sudden, and just as dinner was about to be served, the major-domo uttered a loud cry, and striking his forehead with his hand, as if in despair, exclaimed, "Oh, unhappy creature that I am!—oh, unfortunate Pietro! Madonna Santissima! I am ruined, and with me the illustrious house of Falliero!" At this moment, while the poor man was finishing his soliloquy, the duke himself happened to pass, and inquired what was the matter. "Oh, illustrious duke," replied the major-domo, "beat me, kill me, if you will; I am a wretch, an assassin!"

The duke cut him short with the inquiry, "Well, but explain yourself, Pietro; how is it that my honour has been compromised as well as yours? Speak, and let me understand it."

"My banquet, may it please your excellency, which would have equalled those that were spread before the doges of Venice, in the times of its greatest splendour—oh, my magnificent banquet is ruined by an act of forgetfulness, which deserves to be punished by a halter."

"And what, then, have you forgotten?"

"The first service, my lord, is perfect—everything is composed in the most exquisite taste, the purest and most elegant style; the second corresponds to the first in every respect; the third, if possible, exceeds them both; but the fourth—the dessert—oh, Madonna Santissima! only think of the centre dish being spoiled—the very crowning piece of the whole!"

"What a piece of work about nothing!" exclaimed the little Antonio, with an arch smile, as he stood in the corner of the kitchen: "it is only to make another dish instead."

"And *can* there not be another substituted?" inquired the duke.

"It is difficult—it is impossible, may it please your excellency."

"Make some pyramid, some tower of—of something."

"It is exactly this *something* which we are in want of; and besides, there is no time left—there is only half an hour to spare, and already the guests are beginning to arrive."

"I should know very well what to do," muttered Antonio to himself, "if they would only ask my advice."

"Well," said the duke, somewhat anxiously, to Pietro, "what course do you mean to pursue?"

"Oh, if the architecture of the banquet were not of so pure and elegant a style, we could — But no, it would ruin our reputation."

"The architecture, do you say? Well, go hold a consultation with Pasino, the mason—he may be able to help you out of the scrape. You are laughing at the idea?"

"You, Antonio, what are you whispering about

over there? Go, run, and call your grandfather, and tell him to come here."

Antonio, highly amused, darted off directly, and soon came back, pulling the old man along by his white apron. When the latter had been made to understand what was the matter, he shook his head, and twisting his cotton cap (which he had taken off out of respect to the duke) in his thin hand, said, "If you wanted me now to build up a wall, or repair the capital of a pillar, or"

"But it is to make a centre dish which is required, grandpapa," cried Antonio, as if he were speaking to a deaf man.

"I know it," answered Pasino.

"And cannot you, who build houses and palaces, make a simple dish?"

"Hold thy tongue, boy, and do not talk so loud before monseigneur."

Antonio, somewhat confused at the rebuke, began to murmur impatiently, "If they would only listen to me!"

The Duke Falliero, who had for some time admired the arch vivacity of Antonio's countenance, was struck with its expression at this moment. It bespoke contempt for so puerile a discussion; and the child's forehead was radiant with a consciousness of power. A half-malicious smile played around his mouth, while the two rosy lips, half parted, seemed so plainly about to say, "Why do you not seek my help?" that the duke could not resist interrogating him.

"If we *were* to listen to you, then, what would be your counsel?" said the duke, as he playfully pulled Antonio by the ear.

"Why, my lord," answered the boy, colouring up to his eyes on being thus addressed, "if the Signor Pietro would only give me a bit of paste, such as is used for making ornamental cakes"—

"Do not listen to this little pickle, please your excellency!" said Pasino, at the same time motioning to the child to be silent.

"I will not only listen to him," said the duke, "but also desire Pietro to leave the construction of this famous dish to Antonio. Antonio, I give you *carte blanche*; but on your part, what will you give me if you do not succeed?"

"My ears, please your excellency," boldly replied the boy.

"Done, then," said the duke: "let us see what you can achieve."

The banquet was sumptuous beyond any that the guests had ever beheld; and when the dessert was about to be served, the duke entertained the company by relating to them the history of the cook's failure, and of the opportune presumption of the little Antonio. As he spoke, the dessert made its appearance. Dish after dish was laid in exact order upon the table; but whether it arose from malice, or whether the poor Antonio had not been able to succeed, the centre of the table remained vacant, and the guests began to smile, and then to wonder, until at last their patience was well nigh exhausted, when, lo! the major-domo appeared, bearing in his hands a large dish, veiled by a light covering. It was laid before the duke, its covering removed, and a cry of admiration resounded through the hall. It was a beautiful lion, exquisitely modelled in sugared paste.

"Bravo! bravo!" exclaimed the guests on all sides.

"Where is the confectioner, the cook, the little architect?"

"Where is the artist?" inquired the duke in an authoritative tone.

Then appeared, half concealed behind Pietro, a handsome boy, blushing and confused, but with a countenance wonderfully expressive of genius for one of such tender years. The duke perceiving in the boy the marks of decided talent, requested permission of his grandfather to take him to Venice, where he placed him under the direction of the most distinguished masters; and four years later, the young Canova—for such was the lad's name—was on his way to Rome, with letters of recommendation to some of the most illustrious families in that capital.

Guided by that inspiration which belongs to genius, he carried his first letter to the Signor Volpato, from whom he desired to receive instruction; the same Volpato who gave to Italy some of its finest sculptures.

The first friendship which Antonio formed was with a youth of his own age—Raphael Morghen. After some time, he gave up painting, and devoted himself to sculpture. Here his genius led him to the very summit of glory. In 1782, Zuliano, the Venitian

ambassador, after a banquet given by him to the most celebrated artists then assembled in Rome, invited the guests to accompany him to an adjoining saloon. He said he wished to show them a group newly finished by an artist whose name he had not yet announced to them. The subject was Theseus conquering the Minotaur. "Gentlemen," exclaimed Zuliano, with an air of satisfaction, "this work is executed by a countryman of mine. Signor Antonio Canova," he added, seeking in the crowd for a youth who seemed modestly to shrink from notice, "come forward to receive the congratulations which you merit."

Canova became the most distinguished sculptor of his day, but was always the first to relate his early history to those who went to visit him in his studio; and, above all, he ever spoke with the deepest gratitude of the Signor Volpato.

May not this early passage in Canova's history encourage us to cultivate every talent which may have been committed to us with an earnest and courageous spirit, feeling assured that whatever outward obstacles may obstruct our path, a firm persevering resolution, and patient unwearied labour, will ever in the end conquer fortune, and establish for us a solid reputation?

YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY.

[ORIGINAL.]

"The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven."—Milton.

But yesterday, my breast was as the sea,
Which winds hath tossed angrily about,
Nor on its face could image peacefully
The blue sky and the bright sun looking out.
Girt by a rocky barrier sat the soul,
Imprison'd in its self-made dungeon gloom,
And high the waves of strife, without control,
Dashed howling wild against its living tomb.
To-day, the blessed oil of peace descends,
The waves are hushed, the winds are calm and still,
Sweet sunshine with the yielding darkness blends,
And troops of angel spirits wait my will.
Hope, with a placid smile, so like to heaven,
Takes my own hand to lead me forth to light—
The walls of doubt, as by an earthquake riven,
Fall outward, and there is no longer night!

But yesterday, there was no beauty here—
Nature seemed clothed as with a sable pall—
The flowers were withered, leaves were dry and sere,
A sadder plaint was in the robin's call;
The voices of the children on the hill,
Or in the fields, or by the streamlet's side,
Had little of the mirth so wont to fill
The land with silver echoes far and wide.
To-day, what glory on the earth appears!
Renewed, as with a never-ceasing spring,
The rose smiles thro' its "heaven-collected tears,"
And birds flit all about on golden wing;
Now there are happy children everywhere,—
Around the cottage doors their merry shout
Is heard, and stealing on the balmy air,
Blends with the music that the brook gives out.

Last night my weary head the pillow prest,
But vainly did I woo the angel sleep,
No slumber came to sooth a mind distressed—
Why should sad thoughts their midnight vigils keep?
Thro' the lone watches shone the silent moon,
Wan, spectre-like and cold, upon the floor,
As if to mock me with its hateful boon,
And prate of pleasures to be known no more.
But morn arose at last—the glorious morn—
And chased the shadows of the night away;
With the sun's light, a light within was born,
And, in an ecstasy, I cried, "'Tis day!"
Up, as on skylark's wing, my spirit soared,
My lips sang poems in a joyous tune,
Exclaiming, as my soul its anthems poured,
"December yesterday—to-day bright June!"

Now, heart, repine no more, but look abroad,
And see the banquet Nature spreads for thee—
Here is the path my feet have often trod,
Let me pursue its track again, and be
A sharer in the general joy. This modest weed,
Hanging its lonely head beside the brook,
Can give me blessings for my utmost need;
Here is a gay society in this nook
Of forest trees, vocal with song of birds;
I breathe the air, as my freed spirit light;
Methinks its touches soothe like kindly words—
I must be happy in my own despite!
Hence, phantom doubts and puny fears of ill!
Ye are but fleeting shadows of a sickly brain,
A holier brood—Peace, Love and Hope—do fill
My bosom's depths, and I am free again. VIVIAN.

GENEVIEVE GALLIOT.

THE name of Louis Stanislaus de Bourbon, Prince de Lamballe, is familiar to our ears as a household word, in consequence of the untimely end of his beautiful and noble-minded widow, who was one of the earliest victims of revolutionary fury in France; but the personal history of the prince is comparatively unknown, although some of its details are so romantic, as to merit at least a share of our passing interest. He was the only son of the Duke de Penthièvre, a nobleman whose rare and distinguished virtues made him worthy of the illustrious name he bore, and whose blood now flows in the veins of the royal family of France, though the union of his only daughter with that Duke of Orleans who, at a later period, became so painfully conspicuous in the annals of his country.

The Duke de Penthièvre, during the greater part of his life, was united in the closest bonds of friendship with a lady, who, by her kindred qualities, fully merited the esteem of so excellent a man; nor was the Marquise de Créquy (the lady alluded to) less beloved by the duke's children, both of whom were wont occasionally to address her by the name of mother. It is from her pen that we gather the following details of the Prince de Lamballe's early love and its unhappy results. She tells us in her memoirs, that the artist Greuze having brought her some of his paintings to look at, she observed amongst them the portrait of a young girl, whose beauty was so naïve, and yet of so elevated a cast, that she desired to purchase it for her oratory, as a type of ascetic loveliness. Greuze, however, declined selling it to her, and excused himself by saying that it belonged to an eminent individual, for whom it had been expressly done, so that it was no longer his property; but the Duke de Penthièvre happening to enter at the moment, entreated the artist with such persevering courtesy to make a copy of the painting for him, that before a fortnight had elapsed, this angelic image was placed in Madame de Créquy's apartment, as a *cadeau* from her friend. Before fixing it in her oratory, she resolved to leave it for a while in her saloon, that others might share in the admiration with which she viewed this beautiful portrait.

'Two or three days afterwards,' she writes, 'I was reading in my oratory, when a visitor was announced, whom I understood to be the Marquis de Pomбал.—After a few minutes' delay, I entered my saloon, and found there, not the Portuguese ambassador, but the Prince de Lamballe, who was standing before my cherished picture, upon which he gazed with so strange an expression. . . .

"Dear mamma, who gave you this portrait? How does it happen to be here?"

"It was given to me by the Duke de Penthièvre, monseigneur."

"By my father! Is it my father?" and in another moment he fell senseless at my feet.

'His swoon terminated in a violent hæmorrhage, which left him in a state of utter exhaustion. As he wished to pass the remainder of the day with me, I refused admittance to all other visitors, and did my best to comfort and re-assure him. Poor young man! I loved him as if he were my own son. In the course

of the evening, he confided to me the following details:—

"You know that my childhood and early youth were chiefly spent at my father's château d'Armst, whose neighbourhood was full of charms for me, because of the boyish freedom I enjoyed there. Many a time I escaped from my tutor, and wandered alone through our wide Vexin forests. There I would sit dreaming away my mid-day hours on the banks of some shady rivulet, or go and eat brown bread and milk with the dwellers in some lonely cottage. Or, perhaps, I would follow to the grave a peasant's funeral cortège, or go and say my evening prayers with the hermit of Chesnaye.

"One day I overheard my father saying to the Abbé de Florian, 'Let him alone, and do not torment him, or else he may perhaps go so far away that we shall not know where to find him. He seems impelled by a spirit of restlessness which he does not know how to repress; but he never makes a bad use of his liberty—so watch him, my dear Abbé, but do not, I pray you, punish him.'

"I was about twelve or thirteen when these words of my father met my ear, and they were uttered in that tender and affectionate tone with which you are so well acquainted. I was smitten with sorrow for having disquieted so good a father; my rambles became less frequent; and I never indulged my passion for freedom, without lamenting it afterwards as a sort of lesser crime towards him.

"On my way home one summer's evening from an excursion of this kind, I paused a while on the summit of a craggy rock, just outside the bounds of our park, to gaze at the setting sun. At the same moment there passed close to me a charming little girl, who was leading along a goat. She was not strong enough to control its movements, and yet would not relinquish her hold of the rope, by which she was endeavouring to guide it; so that the animal dragged her among the rocks, where she fell down bruised and wounded. I ran to her assistance, and wiped her bleeding forehead with my handkerchief; but even in the midst of her tears, she smiled sweetly upon me, and assured me with the most silvery voice that it was nothing—nothing at all. I insisted on leading the stubborn goat home, and the rope breaking, I untied my scarf, fringed with gold, and fastening it around the creature's neck, was bearing off my prize in triumph, when I met my father on horseback with a numerous retinue. At first I felt confused at the rencontre, but told him simply all that had passed. My father desired one of his gentlemen to accompany me. 'I will not scold you to-day,' said he smiling. 'Monsieur de Fenelon was far your superior, and I have seen him, in his episcopal habit, driving home a cow which had escaped from the stable of a poor widow. Go! my son.'

"The little girl had stood timidly at a distance all this while, so that she heard not a word of our conversation. The mother of Geneviève Galliot was suffering from a pulmonary complaint. Poor young woman! . . . She was the widow of a carter on one of our farms, and her husband had been gored to death by a bull. He was spoken of among his neigh-

bours as a worthy good fellow, and one of the finest young men in the principality. The widow of Remy Galliot had no earthly possessions save her cottage, a small garden stocked with fruit-trees, some hives, and an acre of land sown with barley and rye. She would have gained a livelihood for herself and her daughter with her distaff, but that her illness incapacitated her from working. . . . Pardon all these little details concerning Genevieve's family, and do not be surprised, dear madame, at my dwelling on them. The merest trifles, you know, become important when they concern those we love.

"I told Baudesson, our gentleman, that I was weary, and that if he would go and order my carriage, I would meet him at the end of the lane leading to Fresnoy—so was the little hamlet called wherein stood the Widow Galliot's cottage. As soon as Baudesson was gone, I presented to Genevieve's mother the only louis-d'or I had about me, telling her (from an instinct of respectful love to her daughter) that my own mother had sent it to her, and that she would take care she should want for nothing during her illness. After invoking many blessings on our heads, she inquired who was my mother. This simple question filled me with perplexity. I felt that the answer to it might raise an insuperable barrier between these poor people and me; so I replied, with some embarrassment, that my mother's name was Madène, whereon the invalid rejoined languidly—"There are so many gentlefolks in these parts whom we know nothing about!" The young girl thanked me with an expression of grateful friendliness that filled me with joy.

"Genevieve Galliot came daily, as was her wont, to the Thymèrale rocks in quest of pasturage for her goat; and a day rarely passed throughout the summer without my meeting her there. We used to make rustic bowers among the interwoven branches of the trees, and would wave garlands of wild flowers, or pluck nosegays of them for each other. One day while giving Genevieve money for her mother, I told her that her present should be a gold cross.

"With a silver heart?" inquired she in a tone of innocent delight.

"With a gold heart like the cross! . . . I love thee so much, my Genevieve, that I would gladly give thee all I have, or ever hope to have?"

"And so would I too, Monsieur Louis! . . . But I have nothing to offer you," continued she, with an air of sadness, and yet of gentle, trustful resignation.

"I remember one day her bringing me a bunch of pale-yellow primroses, which she had gathered in the hedges for me. I have always preserved this nosegay: it is in a casket where I keep all that is most precious to me—a prayer written by St. Louis; a letter of our ancestor's, Henry IV.; a relic of the true cross; a pearl bracelet of my mother's with her picture; and the primroses of my poor little friend, my first friend, my sweet Genevieve!"

"One day towards the end of October she did not come to the rocks, where I waited in vain for her till evening. I returned home in a state of feverish excitement, undressed myself as usual, and let my two *valets-de-garderobe* retire, under the impression that I was going to bed. It was ten o'clock; my parents were absent at Rambouillet; my governor playing at trictrac in a distant apartment with the Abbé Florian; so that I resolved to open my window, and to

escape out of it in quest of Genevieve. This was speedily accomplished, and in a few minutes I found myself beyond the limits of the park, and bounding over the Thymèrale rocks like a young roe. I soon found myself close to the low hedge which separated the Widow Galliot's garden from the road. I stood there about half an hour, with my eyes fixed upon the door of the cottage. I did not dare to approach it; but I knew that she was there—that I was near her; and the painful, troubled feelings that had oppressed me, were stilled: and truly I had need of this inward repose, for the heart of man had beat within my boyish breast, and its power was too mighty for my frame. . . . It seemed as if nothing more were wanting to my happiness than to watch there until the morning, when she assuredly would come forth and relieve my anxiety.

"After a while, however, the door was opened, and an aged woman, holding in her hand a small lamp, came out. She approached the hedge, cut off the slender twig from a tree close to which I was standing, and returned to the house. Some strange indefinite fear took possession of my soul. I followed her into the cottage. Genevieve was kneeling by the bedside of her mother, to whom the old curate of Rouvers was administering extreme unction. I knelt down by her side, but she seemed scarcely sensible of my presence. Her eyes were mournfully fixed upon her dying mother. The good old priest began the prayers for the dying, and while he was pronouncing the last solemn absolution, the spirit fled from its earthly tenement.

"Depart Christian soul! return to thy Creator," were the old man's closing words; to which I responded a hearty amen! The curate, who had not before observed me, turned his head and exclaimed, "Is it you, monseigneur?"

"Yes, good sir, it is I," and pressing his hand cordially, I begged him not to leave Genevieve in this house of mourning, but to take her home with him, and that I would pay all her expenses.

"This charitable pastor at once accepted the charge, adding, however, that he would accept of no remuneration for his care of the orphan; thanking me the while for having suggested to him a duty, which otherwise he might not thought of fulfilling.

"Genevieve smiled gratefully upon me in the midst of her tears. She did not seem either surprised or pleased on hearing of my high rank: she had always known me to be a gentleman, and my title of prince did not appear a whit more exalted in her eyes.

"She was so anxious to remain near her mother's body, that there was some difficulty in prevailing on her to leave the cottage; but I expressed my desire for her removal with so much gravity and decision, that she yielded the point at once; looking at me, however, with an air of astonishment, as if struck by the difference in my tone and manner from what she had previously been accustomed to. A revolution had, in fact, taken place in my existence: I had the charge of Genevieve, and although only fifteen years old, I was become a man; one who must exercise his own will, and form his own plans; and from that moment I have never had a single childish thought.

"The curate being obliged to visit a sick person at the other end of the parish, Genevieve departed under the care of the old woman, and I was left

alone with the pale and lifeless body of her mother. I attempted to pray, but another sacred duty seemed present to me. I knelt by the bedside, and addressing the remains of Susan Galliot, I swore to respect and to watch over her child. 'I will marry her. Yes! Genevieve Galliot shall be my wife. I swear it in the presence of Him who is your judge and mine.' So saying I imprinted a filial kiss on the cold hand of the deceased. . . . And I have kept my word to thee, Susan Galliot; for thy daughter's husband is Louis de Bourbon, Prince de Lamballe and Corentin. Nor do I repent of my choice, for I love all things in my Genevieve, even the inferiority of her birth. All that concerns her family is become dear to me for her sake: you may imagine how dear, when I tell you that I have even removed the ashes of her parents from their humble burial-place, and interred them in the church of Dreux, between the mausoleum of the Duchess Diana and the cenotaph of Henry II. You may infer from thence, madame, how I love and honour my own inestimable Genevieve."

'M. de Lamballe had expected happiness, but he did not find it. It is almost needless to say that his marriage had been a private one. He knew that it would be impossible to gain his father's consent to so unequal an alliance, therefore he resolved to keep his union with Genevieve a profound secret, being painfully anxious not to wound the feelings of so beloved and revered a parent. The lovely Genevieve could not be established in Paris without attracting some degree of public attention, so it was decided that she should live in the country. Accordingly, her husband had purchased a charming little residence near Clamont sous Meudon, not far from his father's château at Suaux Penthièvre, where he contrived to spend as much of his time as possible.

'Madame de Saint Paër (this was the name bestowed on Genevieve, being derived from a fief of the principality of Lamballe)—Madame de Saint Paër began by believing herself happy; and if the fondest love could have secured happiness to her, then she would have been blest indeed. But however poets or romancers may extol the sweetness of stolen pleasures, yet, to a well-constituted mind, they involve more or less the consciousness of guilt, and consequently of fear and disappointment.

'The prince was obliged, by the duties of his station, to pass much of his time in Paris, and occasionally his visits to Madame de Saint Paër could not be prolonged beyond a few brief minutes. In those days the country posts were irregular and slow in their progress; and among the whole bevy of livery servants at the Hôtel de Penthièvre, there was but one to whom the prince could intrust a letter for his wife. By way of avoiding any unfavourable suspicions concerning his beloved Genevieve, he confided to this man the secret of their union, and also to his brother, who was valet-de-chambre to madame de Saint Paër. If this confidence was imprudent, it at least indicated a generous and noble heart, willing rather to incur a risk than to injure an innocent and helpless being.

'The gentle Genevieve now found herself too often a solitary being, and many a tedious day passed without her seeing or hearing of her beloved. Disquietude soon succeeded to ennui. A noble and handsome young man!—an irritated father!—a powerful and perhaps vindictive family! What might she not anticipate? . . . Tempting offers for him; severities

for her; and then desertion—forgetfulness! . . . Yes; these were the images which continually floated across her mind, until her life became a prey to tears and melancholy. The prince, during his visits, endeavoured to reassure and console her; but all in vain. Then he grew impatient at her suspicions; and his irritability added tenfold to the burden of her misery. He would occasionally come and pour out in my ear the tale of his sorrows and his difficulties.

"Suffer, and be patient," was my advice; "for never are we allowed to despise the obligations and duties of our position with impunity; that is for *you*, my dear prince; and as for Genevieve, innocent creature, whom you have made me love without knowing her, she too, alas! must suffer, for it is impossible to occupy a false position without disquietude and trouble. But I beseech you to remember that it is you who have brought her into this state of perplexity; for if you had truly loved, you would have carefully avoided her, instead of making her the unfortunate offer of your hand and heart. The fact is, that you are a man, a true man; so you thought of yourself alone, my prince: you believed yourself a generous lover when you married a country girl, whereas you committed only an act of egotism. But do not add to your error by being unjust to her who is the victim of it. I pray you to bear with her fears and complaints, remembering that she is a tender, lonely woman, and has no other earthly stay or counsellor but yourself."

'About this time it happened, unfortunately, that the Prince de Lamballe, who had for a long while been estranged from his brother-in-law, the Duke of Orleans, was induced to become reconciled to him, and in an evil hour was prevailed upon to share in the Orleans revelries at Mousseux, from whence he was carried home in a state of insensibility, which was followed by so severe an illness, that the Duke de Penthièvre became alarmed for his safety, and came to communicate to me his fears and anxieties. He told me that his son seemed overwhelmed with melancholy, and was continually inquiring for his favourite valet, Champagne, who, like himself, was in a most deplorable state since his return from the banquet at Mousseux, whither he had attended his master, and where, it would appear, they had both partaken of drugged potations. The Duke of Penthièvre added, that his son had received several letters stamped with the post-mark of Saux, and that the perusal of them seemed greatly to increase his feverish agitation.

'It was very painful to me not to respond to the confidence thus placed in me by my excellent friend; but my lips were sealed by the promise of secrecy imposed on me by his son; so I could only assure him of my truest sympathy, and promise that I would go and visit the young prince on the following day.

'On entering his apartment at the Hôtel de Penthièvre, I found him consumed by the most gloomy sadness. He was too ill to go to Clamont; and Madame de Saint Paër, not having seen him for a fortnight, had written to him in a delirium of jealous agony, saying that she could no longer endure the torments of suspense, and that she would, without delay, come and see him at the Hôtel de Penthièvre! . . . He had replied with severity—"Madame, I command you not to come here. My honour is concerned in the matter!"

"Ah! what have you done?" cried I. "You are

wonderfully careful of your princely honour. But poor Madame de Saint Paër!—methinks you might consider her a little. . . . And what fearful surmises must your conduct excite in her mind!"

"At this moment we were interrupted by the entrance of the Duchess of Bourbon, and soon afterwards I returned home, oppressed by the forebodings of coming wo.

"Two days afterwards, the Duke de Penthievre wrote to tell me that he could not call at my hotel, because the state of his son's health required his unceasing watchfulness. The prince had, during the preceding day, suffered from brain fever, and he was then lying in a lethargic stupor, which alarmed his medical attendants. The Duke ended by saying that his door was closed to every one but his daughter and myself. I had scarcely finished reading his note, when the trusty Dupont entered my saloon, telling me, with a disturbed look, that there was in the antechamber an elder brother of Champagne (the Prince de Lamballe's confidential valet), who earnestly desired to see me for a moment on a matter of life or death!

"It was the valet-de-chambre of Madame de Saint Paër, who, bursting into tears, told me that his mistress was poisoned—that he had vainly endeavoured to see the prince—and that, knowing I was his intimate friend, he thought it best to seek an interview with me. . . . "You have done right," said I to him; and sending off instantly for my surgeon Baudret, before another hour had elapsed, we were at Clamont, by the bedside of Genevieve. Her femme-de-chambre having almost lost her senses from fright, had called in the whole village to her mistress' aid, so that the apartment was filled with a crowd of idle lookers-on. They were a little abashed at my presence, but could not be induced to leave me alone with Madame de Saint Paër, until my servants imposed silence by telling them that I was the Marquise de Créquy, whereupon they submissively retired.

"Ah, madame, is it you? What excessive goodness! Ah, madame!"—and these were the only words to which the lovely Genevieve could give utterance—she whose days I would gladly have prolonged at the expense of my own! Alas! it was too late; for the poison was doing its deadly work so effectually, that Baudret told me she could not live beyond seven or eight hours longer, and that her present convulsive state would speedily be followed by one of languid torpor.

"With earnest cries she called for her confessor, the Vicar of Suaux; but he could not be found. . . . "Your husband," said I to her, "has great confidence in one of the priests of this parish.

"My husband!" she cried out with a bewildered look. . . . "You know, then, that he is my husband! He told you. . . . Ah, pardon me, merciful God! pardon my crime! . . . Ah, if I could only have known that he had acknowledged me. . . . And I have doubted thy goodness, gracious Lord! Oh, pardon my blindness—my want of trustfulness in Thee!" Then turning round to me—"Alas, madame, can you not get me cured? Or at least do not, I beseech you, let my poor body be buried on the highway! Every one knows I have taken poison. Alas! Alas!"

"My poor child," I replied, "do not let your thoughts dwell on such a painful idea. But rather

repent of the great sin, the crime you have committed, and leave the rest in God's hand."

"And monseigneur! . . . my husband?"

"He is as ill as you are."

"Ah," said she with a faint gleam of joy upon her pallid countenance—"ah, then, we may soon meet one another again. . . . Look at these, madame," continued she, presenting to me two letters which had been concealed beneath her pillow; "read them and judge of my misery."

"These infamous letters bore the Parisian postmark, and their contents curdled my blood with horror and indignation. The writer, while addressing "the adorable Madame de Saint Paër" in the most adulatory strain, hinted that a certain young prince, in whom she was deeply interested, was pursuing a most unworthy career; and that she must prepare herself for a speedy rupture with him, as he was about to form an alliance with one of the princesses of the royal family. Too well I could guess the quarter from whence this tale of calumny had sprung; but Genevieve, ignorant of the world and its wicked devices, almost a child in years, passionately attached to her husband, and left alone without friend or counsellor, had been crushed by the weight of miserable thoughts which beset her; and on receiving the prince's severe letter (already alluded to), her reason gave way, and she swallowed the deadly draught which was now consuming her vital powers.

"The Vicar of Suaux arrived; and on my preparing to quit the room, Genevieve besought me not to abandon her. "Stay, madame, I beseech you!—Leave me not to die alone! You may hear my confession."

"I must leave you for a while, my poor child; but you may depend on my speedy return, and I hope not to come alone."

"Genevieve! Genevieve! do you not hear my voice? (This was after an hour and a-half's absence, and the patient, just after receiving absolution, had sunk into a narcotic stupor.) Here is the Duke de Penthievre. He is come to Clamont to see the wife of his beloved and only son."

"Wife!" she articulated almost inaudibly. "His wife!"

"Perceiving that she was not yet insensible, and wishing to impart a consolation which, even at that moment would, I knew, be precious to her, "It is the Duke de Penthievre," repeated I in her ear. "He is by your side."

"She opened her eyes with difficulty, and her languid glance resting on the order set in brilliants which sparkled on the duke's breast, she smiled with ineffable sweetness, saying, "How have I—deserved? Pardon me, monseigneur—your son"—

"These were the last words breathed by the expiring Genevieve.

"My son had chosen you for his wife in the presence of God! you have received the blessing of our universal Father—of our Father in heaven; and now I am come to bless you, and to pray with you, my daughter!"

"Before his prayer was ended, she had yielded up her spirit; and there she lay, with an aspect of such pure and lovely serenity, that it seemed as if joy, rather than sorrow, had hovered over her departed moments.

"Genevieve Galliot is inhumed in the vaults of the

collegiate church of Dreux, by the side of Marie Therèse Felicie d'Est de Modène, the mother of her beloved husband. I never go to Montflaux* without stopping at Dreux to offer up within the church of St. Stephen a prayer on her behalf.

'M. de Lamballe had a long and serious illness, from whence he came forth purified as gold from the heated furnace; and amid his deep affliction he appeared calm and resigned.

'Two years later, he was induced to marry Made-moiselle de Savoie-Carignan. Inauspicious mar-

riage! Never shall I forget his pallid countenance in the chapel of the Hôtel de Toulouse, where he was surrounded by brilliant lights, and fragrant flowers, and glowing draperies; while his young and beautiful bride looked dismayed at the mournful aspect of her betrothed. He scarcely looked more deathlike after his decease, which occurred within a brief period after his second marriage.

'The Princess de Lamballe was beauty, amiability, and virtue personified; but her fate in marriage was by no means a happy one; and it need not be told here how fearfully tragic was her end.'

TO MISS D.

[ORIGINAL.]

I.

WHEN reclining in your bower,
Say, will you think of me;
I'll dedicate each twilight hour,
Alone, my love, to thee.

II.

When others try to win your love,
Will you then think of me;
Demons below, spirits above,
Can't win my love from thee.

III.

Others may sport their fairest charms—
Their charms are lost on me;
For ev'ry thought, my heart still warms,
The more, my love, to thee.

IV.

Some seek for wealth, some for power—
What's wealth or power to me;
I'll cherish still, that sweetest hour,
The hour I spend with thee.

V.

Tho' fairest forms and eyes so bright
Should still be proffered me,
My heart would fly, with fond delight,
To rest, my love, with thee.

VI.

In your fair bosom, let it rest,
'Tis bliss enough for me;
If with your love I still am bless'd,
I ever will bless thee.

THE HEART OF THE PEOPLE.

[ORIGINAL.]

God bless the Heart of the People! It meaneth
Eternally well—and it hateth all wrong—
And ever to goodness and nobleness leaneth,
And marmureth notwithstanding so long
It hath suffered from shackle and thong.

'Tis the Heart of the People first throbbeth indignant,
When despots would rivet our fetters accurst,
And fronts, with bold bosom, the tyrant malignant,
And swells, till with glorious burst,
Out gushes the flame it hath nursed.

'Tis the Heart of the People, with mighty ovation,
Flings chaplets of fame in the patriot's path;
Or grapples with Fraud on his mountainous station,
And showeth what terrors it hath,
When wrong shall awaken its wrath!

'Tis the Heart of the People, that lovingly weepeth,
When famishing nations cry wildly for bread—
And forth from that Heart how its sympathy leapeth,
Till banquets for hunger are spread,
And the living arise from the dead.

Then, God bless the Heart of the People, and arm it
With boldness, and goodness, and vigour, and light,—
Till Force shall not frighten—till Fraud shall not charm it,
And, shook by the sinews of Right,
Shall crumble the pillars of Might!

O, then shall the Heart of the People—an ocean
Of rivers commingling—each spirit a wave—
Roll on in one choral harmonic devotion,
The throne of the Father to lave—
One heaven, one hope—as one grave!

* One of the baronial residences of the De Crèquy family.

THE PLUME OF THE PROPHET:

A STORY OF THE BATTLE DAY OF WHITE PLAINS.

NO. IV.

[ORIGINAL.]

BESIDE the river Bronx, in the village of White Plains,* stood, in the time of the revolution, an old Indian wigwam, noted for its singular appearance, and the mystery which seemed to surround it. The water in its crystalline purity glided gently by the door, the "sunshine reaching down" to kiss it as it passed, and turning the playful ripples into forms of inconceivable brilliancy and beauty. For miles the river coursed through a delightful tract of country, but by far the most picturesque and beautiful spot on its banks was the one just mentioned, notwithstanding its apparent solitude and seeming loneliness. It was nestled quietly beneath a hill, whose summit overlooked the whole village and neighbourhood adjacent. Wild flowers and vines crept softly and gently over it in summer time, filling the air with their perfume, and making the old wigwam look more like a flower garden than a human habitation. The blossoms which hung upon the boughs like snow-flakes, looked down blushing at them for encroaching on the premises, though now and then they would themselves drop off and lightly rest upon the bosom of some modest little flower. Soft blue-eyed children, let loose in the fields and gardens, would often wander that way, and with their tiny fingers pluck the sweet-scented violets and daisies from the wigwam, and make them in chains and curls to adorn their golden hair.

A spot so like a lovely dimple on the face of nature, could not be better inhabited than by one of nature's own children, a child of the forest wilds, whose only teaching was from the book of nature, and whose great truths were written in indelible characters on his heart. He knew nothing of Homeric, Shaksperian, Miltonic, or Chaucerian pictures, but the essence of his soul could be found in the flowers, birds, mountains, sun and moon. He talked with the brook that wet the pearly pebbles at his feet, and the blood in his veins was of the violet, the clover, and the lily. In the deep, echoing woods, where the eagle soared so proudly over the giant oak and lordly sycamore, he was at home, and found it dearer to him than with men.

Many winters had passed over the red man's head in the old wigwam, and his locks were now lightly silvered by the hand of time. Summer had gone, and the month of October, 1776, was fast following in its footsteps.

Late in the afternoon, three days previous to the battle, the Prophet—for such was he called by all who knew him—might have been seen slowly ascending the hill to the right of his habitation, stopping occasionally to rest, and looking ahead as if to

discover something which seemed yet hardly visible. An old brown blanket, ornamented with variously coloured patches, was carelessly thrown over his shoulders, and his legs were encased in a pair of leather wrappers. An old hat, shaped something like a crown, and which, from all appearances, had either performed some especial duty for its master, or the State, rested with considerable dignity upon his head, which was of rather large dimensions, his forehead being broad and full, and exhibiting altogether what the phrenologists of the present day call an "active brain." In a belt on his right side he had a tomahawk, on his left he wore a large unsheathed knife, and in his hand he carried a fine looking gun, which he kept swinging about vigorously, and with apparent indifference.

Before he reached the summit of the hill the sun had shed its last lustre on the earth, and the sky was coloured with a crimson hue, bright and beautiful. The face of the red man bore a look of heroic and noble independence—of indomitable courage—of endurance, and of capacity to endure tortures without complaint. His looks and his gestures spoke of bravery and noble daring, yet beneath the surface there was a mildness, a gentleness, becoming a child.

As he looked at the crimson clouds, tears stole down his cheeks, and the red man bowed his head and wept. But it was not for the loss of power and place that those pearls of the heart issued forth, it was not for the loss of his tribe, for his followers had long since been scattered far and wide, it was not for fear of the pale face, it was not for the loss of hunting grounds, it was not for leaving the bright streams and sheltered valleys, amid which his spring-time of life had passed so happily, but it was for the loss of one who had been rudely taken from him when the early summer's blush first dawned upon her cheek, when her maiden heart was ripening into womanhood. It was for the loss of his beloved Naomkee* that he wept, his only child, whom he loved dearer than his heart's best blood.

It was his custom every evening at the going down of the sun to visit her grave, a green mound made by his own hands, and there pour out the feelings of his heart. He had reached the spot, dearest of all on earth to him, and he bowed his knees and wept like a child. And oh! what tears were those that fell so thick and fast down the old man's cheeks, as the lineaments of his loved and lost stole in upon his memory. For a time he seemed to have no control over his grief, and his manly heart throbbed as if it

* White Plains, in the County of Westchester, is situated about twenty-seven miles from the City of New York. It is now quite a large and flourishing village, but still contains many features connected with the revolutionary struggle. Part of the breast-work erected on Chatterton's Hill is still remaining, and the old house, occupied by Washington as his head-quarters, gives evidence of the architectural durability of those days.

* She was a most beautiful Indian girl, and was called by her tribe the Pride of the Flowers. When living, they said the prettiest bloomed alone for her, and when dead, the oldest to the youngest saw them weep as they carried her to the grave. The body of Naomkee was found one morning floating in the river Bronx by the old Prophet, and it was believed by him that she was murdered by the whites, although it was afterwards ascertained that she was killed by a young chieftain of her tribe, whom she had refused to marry.

would burst with very agony. At last the tears flowed no longer, and it appeared as if the tenant of that grave had opened her lips of dust and spoken to him the words of consolation. The anguish of his thoughts was still. He stood up, and his eyes were no more bleared with tears, and with the sweet breath of heaven which touched his cheek, there came, as it were, a new life and a new impulse. Forms in the shadowy future beckoned him away, and as he cast a lingering look at the mound, he turned his steps for his lonely wigwam.

For years he had been in the habit of visiting the grave of his beloved child, and every night he went away a wiser and a happier man. Who will say that this poor savage had not the lofty attributes of a god-like nature, the attributes of sympathy and soul, which, alas! too many in these days of highly polished civilization cannot boast of.

"The sky is very red," he half muttered, as he walked on, "and the Great Spirit is angry. Blood will flow shortly—it is written in the clouds. Be it so; the red man is willing—willing to die, perish by inches on his native hills rather than leave them for stranger plains!"

Half musingly he walked on until he reached a little grove of trees, and being somewhat wearied, he placed his gun beside a stump and stretched his frame upon the ground near it. The pale moon shed a silver light upon the earth, and as its rays fell upon his face, his features seemed strangely altered, and lit up with an expression of the deepest despair. His lips were parched and feverish, and his eyes rolled wildly in their sockets. A deep groan would ever and anon break upon the quiet of the grove, and the restless movements of his body denoted plainly his feelings and disposition.

Becoming less restive and more thoughtful, his eyes at last were attracted to the heavens by a big bright star, whose golden tints stole upon his vision like the lovely colours of the rainbow trembling in the clouds in June. As by some electric miracle, its brightness illumined his soul, and he fancied he saw in that star a little world, peopled by a diviner race than those of earth, and that of all his beautiful Naomkee was the queen. She was not seated on a throne, but stood in the centre of a flower garden, where grew and flourished ten thousand sweet and tender plants, of gold, and purple, and crimson. Angel forms of light and loveliness were hovering near her, etherealizing and making more beautiful the already enchanting scene. There was a fountain in the garden, whose waters gushed up with childish glee, pouring out a flood of golden light on the flowers, and blossoms, and trees, and plants, whose fragrance filled the air, and disclosing in the scene a thousand beauties almost surpassing the gaudy colours of the rainbow. He thought as she stood there, in her starry home, that there was a look of sadness on her brow, and that her mind wandered from the giddy scene back to earth, to the pleasant stream and the frail canoe, to the music of the birds and the wild forest, the hunting grounds and the old wigwam. Presently a sweet smile stole over her face, and as a wreath of orange blossoms fell upon her head, a hymn, simple and beautiful, reached his ear, and the thousand forms of light and loveliness bore her from his sight.

"She's happy, Naomkee's happy!" exclaimed the old man, starting up, and wondering why the lovely

vision had been so rudely taken from him. "The Great Spirit has taken her to his home."

At this moment there emerged upon the scene, from the concealment of a clump of bushes, a short thick-set figure, bearing in his hand a musket, and looking cautiously about as if to be pretty well assured of the condition of the neighbourhood before making any farther advances.

The old Indian turned his eyes quickly upon him, but did not move an inch from his position. "The pale face," he said, in a low whisper, "brings mischief with him," and reaching out his hand towards his gun he brought it to him, and carefully observed that the lock was in good order.

The stranger stood still after surveying well the neighbourhood, though, from his manner, he was evidently waiting for the arrival of some one. Just then he gave a shrill whistle, and in a moment or two a large curly dog issued from the thicket, and came bounding towards him. He had no sooner arrived than a tall robust looking man made his appearance, and at the same time the report of a gunshot in the wood adjoining was heard.

"You run like a deer," was his first exclamation after coming up with his companion; "I thought I was rather fleet of foot, but you have beaten me this time completely."

"It stands one in hand to be a little expert on such an occasion, particularly as time seldom waits for such as you and I. The briars and bushes I see have been as familiar with your garments as with mine. But, come, look at your gun; we must be off, for Paul has already given the signal."

With this they both listened patiently a few seconds, as if to ascertain whether their conversation had been overheard by any parties in the vicinity.

"Pooh, pooh!" said the short thick-set personage, raising his musket to his shoulder, "there's no danger of listeners being about these quarters; no danger of that, for too many of them know that Dick Hacket is a dead shot."

"The pale face threatens," muttered the Indian, "but he does not frighten!"

"Well, come along, Dick," said his companion, bringing his gun to his shoulder, and squirting a huge mouthful of tobacco juice on the head of the dog; "come along, and let's be after our game while the moon shines."

"My white brother never misses his aim," muttered the Indian, as he crept stealthily from his position, and followed them into the thicket, "he never misses his aim!"

In a short time they emerged from the bushes, and after traversing a meadow some two hundred yards in length, they reached a stream, the bed of which was filled with small rocks, which made it more convenient for those who wished to cross it. But notwithstanding these advantages, Dick Hacket and his companion did not reach the other side of the stream without several very awkward slips, and wetting to a considerable extent their homespun habiliments, while the old Indian sprang from rock to rock with the agility of an antelope, and reached the other shore without even as much as wetting the soles of his moccasins.

Although the dog made several mysterious movements which attracted the attention of Dick, and procured for the faithful animal sundry unmistakeable

marks of his disapprobation, neither of them imagined that they were watched; and as a matter of course travelled on as unconcernedly as if there were no such creatures as spies and hangers-on in the catalogue of animals. In this instance, the brute knew more than his master; for, with that peculiar instinct for which dogs are remarkable, he had, it would seem, discovered that all was not going on correctly, and intimated as much by his actions. But all his exertions were lost on his master and friend; for like a good many even at this late period who think that they cannot be taught, they rushed blindly on, not knowing or caring who might overtake them. As they reached the opening of a large wood, they both discharged their guns, and in return were answered by the sharp, quick report of a rifle, fired some three hundred yards distant.

"I feel as if I would like to have a scrummage with somebody now," said Dick, reloading his gun. "I never felt so much like fighting in all my life! These turns come on me once in a while, and it is as much as I can do to prevent my pickers* from making an attack on my own body. Strange feeling, aint it?"

"Yes, I understand!" replied his companion, who rejoiced in the cognomen of Bill Stebbins; "it's rather an awkward sensation, but I have felt that way sometimes, myself. I've tried all sorts o' remedies, but it's a complaint that won't be cured; it's stubborn, and will have its own way, no matter how well you treat it."

"Bill," continued Dick, "I am of the opinion that you and I were born under the same star, our natures so singularly assimilate."

"It must have been a fallen one, then," said Bill, for there's nothing good come of either of us."

At that instant a red light flashed across their path, and Dick Hackett jumped back with a look of surprise and astonishment.

"Did you see that?" he enquired of his companion, and motioning him to stop; "what does it mean? Are there others about, do you think?"

"None but Paul and his prize, I'll wager my head against that of a redskin! If you had thought a little quicker, you might have known what it was. No fear of being interrupted in our professional† duties here."

"Is it him, think you?"

"To be sure it is; and that light which you saw is the signal for us to understand our latitude."

The form of the old Indian could not be seen, but his solid proportions, like a huge shadow, could be distinguished by the flickering light of the distant fire, but Dick Hackett and his companion still passed on without being aware of his presence.

At last they reached the desired spot, and found an extremely uncouth and savage looking personage, who answered to the name of Paul Gates, collecting some brush and underwood, for the purpose, no doubt, of adding a little more flame to the fire which had been kindled outside the tent.

"Hurrah for Gates!" shouted Dick Hackett, as he discovered his form dodging about among the bushes, "hurrah for the gallant and glorious Gates!"

* We presume that Mr. Hackett alluded to his "fists," so called by "the fancy" of the present day.

† They belonged to a party of "skimmers," a class of men who infested Westchester county in those days. They lived by the depredations they committed on friend and foe.

"Whar's the feller as said that?" asked the individual alluded to, in a voice very far gone on the high pressure principle; "show me the critter, and I'll show you the picter of a ginerl with the bark off."

"Good evening," said Dick Hackett, somewhat flattered by the compliment, "I hope I see you well."

"To be sure you do! I am one of those chaps as can dodge a bullet or a bagnat as easy as any two-legged critter as ever lived, and I always manage to keep on the clover side of the fence. I reckon if any stranger catches me napping, he'll have to rise afore daybreak, considerable."

"But you have not said," continued Dick Hackett, "whether you were fortunate in getting the girl, or not. I am rather anxious to hear how you succeeded."

"She's in the tent," replied Gates, "and there's no two ways about it! I warn't on the spot just in time, but I caught the gal, and brought her without any living sinner being the wiser for it."

"Did she offer any resistance?"

"Why, for the matter of that, she scratched like a tiger, but I know'd too much for her, and the fright didn't last long."

"How did you manage it?"

"Why you see, I went to the house, found her alone, and commenced the attack at once. There was no cowardice about the inimy, but our side was a leetle the strongest, and matters was arranged by my putting a gag in her mouth and carrying her off. That's the way it was done I reckon," and with this Mr. Gates, whose head was as red as the fire, commenced making a noise with his mouth which sounded very much like the lamentation of a misanthropic frog.

"And she wouldn't tell you where this old man hid his gold?"

"Not she."

"Well then we must force that out of her. You must bring her from the tent, bind her to a tree, and by the light of the moon, we will all have a shot at her."

"But aint you afeard of killing her. She is a mighty putty gal, with curly black hair and all them fixins."

"Never mind for that, Paul—she must die or else tell us where the treasure is buried. A pot of gold is more to us now than a pretty face."

"Well, well, jist as yer like, this is no time to argufy. I'm one of them as fellers as is always ready and willing for any thing."

"Take a drop of this," said Dick, pulling from his belt a flagon of wine; "take a drop of this and it will put you in good spirits. Come Bill," he continued turning to Stebbins, "take a drink."

It is almost needless to add that his request was immediately complied with, and that between the three, the last drop disappeared before the flagon was returned to its former resting place.

"Lord bless you for that," said Gates, smacking his lips, "that's the stuff for trowsers, and no mistake. It's made me feel like handling my we'pon sartain quick. Fetch along the gal, I'll take first fire."

"No you don't," said Dick Hackett, "no you don't."

"Well I aint particular, s'pose we toss up for the first chance?"

"Agreed," replied Dick, "there's nothing like hav-

ing matters well understood, especially where life and death is concerned."

"Here's a bit of gold—heads I win—tails you win."

"Fire away," said Stebbins.

"Head!"

"Tail!"

"Twice more!"

"By thunder, Dick Hacket, you've won!" exclaimed Gates in a disappointed tone, "you're in luck, I reckon."

"I know that without you're saying it," replied Dick.

"Well I'm real glad of it, I am, that's sartain!"

By this time the fire blazed brightly, and their figures could have been seen fifty yards distant. Hacket and Stebbins proceeded to the tent, while Gates stood outside whistling snatches of ballads, and piling the wood on the fire as if he was burning it at so much per cord. Behind a clump of trees not far away, stood the old Indian, watching, and listening attentively to all that was going on. The dog had several times tracked him out, and still he remained in the same position, totally regardless of danger, but seemingly bent on the attainment of some purpose.

"Then you will not reveal the secret?" said Hacket, addressing a young and beautiful female, whom he led from the tent; "this is the last time I ask it, and you are aware, I believe, of my determination."

The young girl trembled as the ruffian seized her rudely by the wrist, and dragged her to him.

"I pray you desist," she murmured in feeble tones; "I am but a poor, helpless girl, and know nothing of the treasure of which you speak."

"Tell me where the old man has buried it, or you die!" almost shouted Hacket, the broad veins swelling in his forehead and his lips trembling with passion.

"Be it so, then," was her reply; "be it so, I am ready to die!"

"Bring me the strongest rope, Paul," said Hacket, walking with her to the foot of a large oak. "I'll bind her to the tree so that we can have a little steadier aim."

The rope was brought according to his order, and in a few seconds the form of the young female was laced tightly to the tree. With the exception of a pair of elegant moccasins on her feet, she was dressed in the usual manner, but in a style simple and becoming. Her figure was round and well developed, and seemed to have gained additional height by the proud and indignant manner with which she looked upon the movements of the ruffians around her. Her long, dishevelled hair fell in graceful ringlets down her snowy neck, and seemed trying to outrival her dark black eyes in brilliancy and beauty.

"Stand off, now," said Hacket, "while I measure the distance—count five slowly, and if she does not reveal the secret at the expiration of that time, give the signal, and I'll fire!"

It was a moment of awful suspense for the young girl—a moment of agonizing torture.

Every thing was ready, and Hacket raised the musket to his shoulder.

"One—two—three—four—fi—"

The sharp crack of a rifle was heard—a scream that made the woods echo with its piercing tones—a

cloud of smoke curling in the air, but as it cleared away the form of Richard Hacket was seen stretched upon the ground, a corpse.

"By all that's infernal," shouted Bill Stebbins, springing towards the body, "there is some foul work here—we are discovered!"

The bright blade of an unsheathed knife glittered in the air, and before he had time to utter another exclamation, it was buried deep in his bosom.

"The white man would kill his sister," muttered the old Indian as he grasped him with a giant's clutch by the throat, "but the white man perishes and his sister lives!"

"Help! help!" shrieked Stebbins, as he felt the deadly gripe of his savage foe; "help, h—he—hel—p," and he spoke no more.

The struggle for the mastery was now between Paul and the old Indian; but it was not of long duration—for the savage, peeling forth a ferocious whoop, buried his tomahawk in the head of Gates, and he staggered back and fell dead at his feet.

The interval of time in which these scenes occurred was hardly longer than that which we have taken to relate them, but the young girl had swooned, and was wholly unconscious of her situation.

The dog commenced a piteous howl, and couched himself at the feet of his dead master, while the Indian almost with the quickness of magic unloosed the cords which bound the young girl's form, with the blade of his hunting-knife, now covered with blood, and freeing her from her position, carried her in his arms away.

With the swiftness of a deer he soon bounded through the dense thicket, his brawny arms pressing tightly his lovely burden. He soon reached the meadow and the rocks and the stream he passed before, and was now within a short distance of his wigwam. There was a pleasant smile on the old man's face as he discovered hopes of returning consciousness in her features, and he continued his exertions with a swifter step and a lighter heart.

Reaching the door of his cabin, he entered without making any noise, and deposited his burden on some blankets and skins which served him for a bed. He bathed her temples with some cooling water, and applied to her nostrils the scent of some precious herbs which he had collected in the summer time, for medicinal purposes. She soon exhibited symptoms of recovery, and seemed to breathe more freely than she had any time before.

"How beautiful is the maiden in her slumbers," said the old Indian, bending over her face, while a tear trickled down his cheek. "The white man was a coward, and should die! The great Manitou heard the maiden, and he sent the red man to save her life."

There were thoughts rising in the breast of the rude savage, purified and beautiful thoughts that are born only in the breast of a pure child of nature. Unacquainted with the refinement and cultivation of civilized society, yet he had beating in his bosom purer principles of truth and honour than is oftentimes found with those who are blessed with the privileges of education and culture.

There were no ignoble motives, no casual impulses, none of the fever of passion in the old man's love; it was of a diviner creation, all affection, all sympathy, all truth! Her features brought fresh remembrances in his mind of his dead child; and as his thoughts

wandered back to the happy hours of her girlhood, he felt the dawn of happiness glimmering upon his soul.

The weary watches of the night passed on, and still he remained watching the troubled slumbers of the maiden. At last morning dawned, and the golden sun rose up in the sky in all its grandeur and magnificence. The tiny throats of the songsters of the forests and fields were heard warbling forth their sweetest notes, and the sunbeams danced and played about her cheeks as if for very joy. Pleasantly the old man watched the shadows as they kissed her rosy lips, and dallied with the raven tresses of her hair. Thoughts of Naomkee, his own dear child, came stealing back gently to his heart, and the glorious, golden sunbeams, as they floated around her, warmed him into a new life; and memory, with a winged odour, flew back to the happy days when they breathed together the sweet air of their greenest valleys.

"The white maiden need not fear," he said, as she gazed on his face with a look of surprise; "she is safe, no one will harm her."

"Where am I?" enquired the young girl feebly, rising and supporting her cheek by the palm of her hand. "That dream, how terrible!"

"It is passed away," said the Indian, "and those that would have killed the white maiden are rotting on the earth."

"Then it is not all a dream," she murmured faintly, "I was saved, and you are my protector!"

"The Great Spirit sent the red man to shield his child; the red man obeyed the Great Manitou's voice, and the white maiden is unharmed. The pale face that would have killed her, died—died like a dog! and will never roam through the red man's hunting grounds again."

"And in performing this generous, noble deed, for one, a stranger, have you not been injured? I fear I have taxed your kindness too much!"

"Fear not for me, I am unhurt. The sun's warm rays are not for the withered trunk, but for the tender bud and the summer flower. The red man will soon pass away; the sands of his life are nearly run; his hours are already numbered."

"You seem sad, you are unwell; speak, and I will bring you friends and comfort."

"No! no! Before the setting of to-morrow's sun, the red man will be in the happy hunting grounds of his fathers. The white maiden can do him no good, but she is good and beautiful!"

"Some refreshment would be of service to you I am sure, and your kindness to me must not go unrewarded."

"The great Manitou provides for the red man; he is not hungry, nor is he sick. The pale faces have broken his heart, but the white maiden has made him think well of them again, and he will fight and die on their battle-field to-morrow. The great Manitou says so; the red man's race is run!"

Before leaving the humble habitation of the old Indian for her home, she placed on his breast an elegant breastpin, bearing the name of "ROSE BURTIS," which she bade him keep as a token of her gratitude and love.

"The red man has no jewels to give the white maiden," he said, unconsciously pressing her small white hand; "he is poor!"

"Suppose," said the young girl cheerfully, "that

you made me a present of that red plume in your hat; nothing would please me more; I would love and cherish it forever."

"It is dyed in blood!" said the old Indian, "and the stain must be washed out to-morrow. The blood of the pale face is upon it, and it would not become the white maiden."

"Perhaps you have some other simple keepsake, then," said the young girl; "a flower, or a plant—have you not?"

The old man spoke not, but opening a little closet, he took from it a small bouquet with a wild rose set in the heart of it, and a spear or two of riband grass added to give it grace and point.

She thanked him kindly for his pretty present, and kissed it over and over again as proof of her esteem. The old Indian, seeing her, said that they were the last that would bloom before the coming of the snows, and the last that he would gather on his favourite hunting grounds; for the great Manitou had spoken, and would soon call him to his home. At noon they separated; the young girl to return once more to her happy fireside, there to relate what had befallen her, her peril and singular escape; and the old Indian to brighten the blade of his hunting knife, and sharpen his tomahawk for the battle-field.

Rose Burtis, for we have no doubt but that the reader has become somewhat interested in her history, was the only daughter of an old settler, whose parents fled from England somewhere about the beginning of the seventeenth century. Her father had amassed considerable property in trading with the soldiers and the country people of the surrounding towns and villages, and was looked upon in those days as a man quite well to do in the world. He was shrewd, possessed of a vast deal of business tact, though liberal and generous to a fault with those who required his assistance. He was justly proud of his daughter Rose, who was a beautiful, gentle, and affectionate girl, and loved by all who knew her. Her singular absence had frightened him, but judge of his joy and astonishment, when she returned, and told him, with her "sweet breath composed," of the various scenes she had passed through, and of the magnanimous conduct of the old Indian.

"God bless you, my child!" he exclaimed, straining her to his bosom, "a father needs no greater happiness than the knowledge that he possesses such a daughter!"

And if the old man had cause to be proud of his daughter, he had good and sufficient reason also to be proud of his son, who was a thoughtful and chivalrous youth, and from the ranks rose to a captaincy under General Lee. He was scarcely twenty-two, yet he had participated in several sanguinary engagements. Ever a true patriot, he dearly loved his country, and fought and bled in her righteous cause.

The day following the events narrated above, the battle of White Plains was fought on Chatterton's Hill, (the 28th of October, 1776,) by the American troops under General Washington, and the British under Lord Howe. The cannonading commenced at an early hour, and the shells and shot drove like a storm of sleet on both sides. The incessant flash of musketry, drowned now and then by the roar of cannon and shouts of men, told how fierce and deadly was the conflict. The soldiers fought with unparalleled bravery, and they were led on by as brave officers as

ever trod a battle-field. Each one seemed to think that it was necessary he should show an example of daring to his men, while every soldier fought as if he would outdo his leader in heroic deeds. The brave McDougall fought gallantly at the head of his command, and the deadly position of his guns told with fearful effect on the enemy. For a moment Generals Clinton and De Heister could have been heard urging their troops onward, then the thundering of the cannon, the shouts of men, the groans of the dying and wounded, drowned every other sound.

General Lee, with his noble charger, could have been seen in the thickest of the fight, encouraging his men, and urging them on to deeds of valour. A musket-ball passed through his coat, and one through his hat, but as the clouds of smoke cleared away he could still be seen in the most exposed portions of the field.

The detachment of the American army under Lee had to oppose a much larger force under Clinton and De Heister, most of whom were fresh and well disciplined troops, while those on the American side were but rough recruits, fatigued, and nearly sick with marching and privation. After some very severe fighting, the battle ended, neither party being able to claim the victory. The loss on both sides was considerable, although the British, by their own accounts, suffered the most. They had three hundred and fifty killed, and six hundred and seventy wounded and prisoners.*

The day wore away; the gallant old Indian lay dying, and scores of our brave men were stretched on the field of their fame, while hundreds of the enemy made the air echo with their cries and groans.

There had been a red plume seen waving in the thickest of the strife and carnage—and a stately figure battling on the American side; a figure that marked the red man well, and spoke of his bravery and his strength. The warrior stood forth in his glory! He heeded not the thundering of the cannon, nor the shot and shells as they whistled past his ears; his eye was directed by the finger of Fate, which pointed *onward*! There was no look back; the fatal stream had been passed, and he fought, till feeble and faint, he fell upon the battle-field. The Red Plume had been picked out, and fired at, during the early part of the contest, but it had not been carried away. The old Indian kept his position till late in the afternoon, when a musket-ball struck him in the breast, and he fell bleeding to the earth. A couple of soldiers bore his body to an apple tree, a few yards distant, where his wound was dressed, and he was taken care of by no less a personage than Rose Burtis herself; who, much against her father's will,

* A large number of Hessians and Waldeckers were captured by the Americans, and contrary to their expectations received very kind treatment. The British, in order to make them more cruel and ferocious, had made them believe that if taken prisoners by the Americans, they would stick their bodies full of splinters, and burn them to death!

had followed her brother to the field, and when there, expressed her determination of remaining and comforting, to the best of her ability, the wounded and dying.

It was a happy meeting for the old Indian, and he pressed and kissed her hand like a child. He was quite weak from the loss of blood; and the wound that he had received, it was evident, would soon terminate his pilgrimage on earth. His eyes grew dim as he pressed her hand, and looked at the crimson clouds, caused by the setting sun. He listened for a moment, as if some joyous music broke upon his ear; and then as she knelt over him, he said, in a soft, low voice, "The pale face has conquered—the red man will soon be at rest in fairer regions, where the Great Spirit dwells, in a home prepared for the brave. He shrank from no danger, and feared no hardship. The smoke of his wigwam has passed away, and the fires of his councils are extinguished." His voice grew weaker and weaker, but he continued, "The war-song is over, and the ashes of my tribe are cold on their native hearths; but this—" murmured the Indian—

"The Red Plume!" said Rose.

"She gave it to me when it was as pure and beautiful as herself! Bury it with me, and let it crumble with my ashes. This, this is the last of the red man!" There was a feeble moan, a slight tremor of the limbs, and his eyes were closed forever!

* * * * *

General Washington left his unsafe position on the night of the 30th, and retired to North Castle, about five miles distant. He left here seven thousand five hundred men, under General Lee; and then crossed the Hudson, into New Jersey. Part of the fortifications thrown up by the American troops, on the day of the battle of White Plains, are remaining to the present time, and are frequently visited by our curiosity-loving citizens, and others. The people of this little village we should judge to be possessed of unquestioned bravery; for not being satisfied with the valourous achievements of their ancestors, they have, we learn, cultivated a passion for fighting their battles over again, and manifest their warlike propensities by getting up "sham" representations of the great original.

Over the bones of the Prophet, stands a large and commodious hotel, bearing the name of "Oran-anpam," and which is held in high favour by the denizens of the city.

Rose Burtis was married shortly after the termination of the war to a gallant young American officer, by the name of Tompkins. Not very many years after the consummation of that happy event, there were several bright little faces beaming on her hearth, and they never looked so beautiful as when listening to her stories of the Revolution, and above all, one about THE RED PLUME OF THE PROPHET
New York, March 28, 1848.

THE TALISMAN OF AFFECTION.

THE TALE OF SAKALAH, THE CARAVANSARY-KEEPER.

NEXT to the coffee-house-keeper and the camel-driver, few in the East are thrown in the way of hearing so many strange stories as caravansary keepers. In a country where there are few or no books, the *khanji*, as he is called, is often the chief treasurer of traditionary history and romance. Sakalah, keeper of the great caravansary, which stands alone in its decay, without a house, or hut, or a tree in sight, upon the great plain that intervenes between Baghdad and Babylon, whether from the peculiarity of his isolated position, which gives to him more time to digest what he has heard, or from a natural turn of mind that way, is a perfect *Cræsus* of story. Let no traveller wend his way from the city of Bel to that of the Khalife, without stopping to hear one of Sakalah's eventful and characteristic stories. It is not that Sakalah is his real name; none ever knew that; and he has probably forgot it himself; but he has grown old in his solitude, and a patriarchal grey beard reposes at length upon his tawny chest. Hence is he known to pilgrim, wayfarer, and Bedouin, simply as "*Khanji Sakalah*, the bearded caravansary-keeper."

"Ya, Sakalah," I exclaimed to him, as I dismounted one sultry evening, at the door-way of his *khan*, "why don't you repair that talism (inscription, or talisman) over the gate-way?"

"*Hadratak!*" replied the old man, "that is more than I dare do."

"What!" I said, "do you believe in talismans, Sakalah?"

Sakalah took a whiff from his perpetual pipe, with a shrug that would have excited the envy of a gaul *badeau*. "You *Ferinjis* would not believe even in the signet-ring of Solomon—praise be to his name!"

"I beg your pardon, Sakalah. We, too, have a favourite champion, who destroyed a dragon, just as the open-mouthed *Azhida* was stopped short by Solomon's signet-ring. Although the lion is my national talism, I assure you I entertain a profound regard for the crescent on the cupola at Mecca."

"You may well, young man. It is bad to scoff at what we cannot understand. But come in and be seated, and I will tell you the story of a Persian talism. It was related to me by a venerable pilgrim, who has made his third journey to Mecca."

"My ears, oh Sakalah, are the little children of attention."

"Know then, *Ferinji*, that the affection which was borne in former times by the young Princess *Nafisah* for her mother, *Zahrah*, was the theme of admiration from *Bokhara* to *Morocco*. *Zahrah* was the favourite wife of the renowned *Khosrau Parviz*; and she was so beautiful, that the court poets had exhausted all nature and art in search of any thing that was analogous to, or that could be compared with her radiance. But when it was seen that *Nafisah* was growing up in child-like comeliness to surpass her mother, as much as the rosebud does the gaudy but perishing full-blown pride of *Sham*, their dilemma became still more manifest; and in order to extricate themselves, they declared, in courtly metre, that the reflection of this great love borne by the daughter for

her mother, had imparted to the maiden a new character of beauty, which had nothing like it. If the imagination of the court poets was at fault, their ingenuity to avoid confessing it, you see, oh *Ferinji*, was very great; and perhaps," he added, "this feature is not peculiar to the poet-laureats of the East only."

Like *Shakspeare*, Sakalah did not depend upon observation for knowledge of human nature. In his great solitude his heart was expansive as his caravansary, and he read in it what belonged to the whole world.

"The Persian Princes of the Sasanian dynasty," continued the old man, after a few appeals to his *chibuk*, "very foolishly did not observe towards the sex those rules of decorum, which have always obtained, and which are so strictly enforced by the followers of the true prophet. Hence it is that the halls of *Al Hadhr* are adorned with sculptures of female heads unveiled, the hair dressed with meretricious art, and, oh! most shameful to relate, the necks naked and adorned with ornaments. But *Al Hadhr* was a long time, like *Tadmor*, ruled over by a woman, and the folly and incapacity of *Arzemi-docht*, the daughter of *Khosrau*, left the kingdom of the Persians an easy prey to the faithful.

"*Nafisah* did not, then, from these circumstances grow up from a child to girlhood within the precincts of the harem; but she enjoyed the splendid scenery and was braced by the mountain air of the *Sahrai Sirwan* in *Luristan*; while at other seasons, and on state occasions, she sat with her beautiful mother in that miracle of architecture and art, the great hall of *Khosrau Anushiriwan*, where her fairy foot often tripped over that celebrated carpet of silk and gold cloth which was called *Baharistan*, or the abode of perpetual spring, from the curious and costly jewels with which it was wrought, being arranged so as to represent trees and fruits and flowers, with rivulets and fountains, and which was sixty cubits in length. What a prize was that for the invincible followers of the holy prophet!" exclaimed the old *Musulman*, as he took three long-drawn retrospective whiffs.

"So much loveliness, you may imagine, had not been looked upon unmoved by those warriors, whom *Khosrau* had so often led against the *Rum* (Romans) and even grave *mirzas* had acknowledged the influence of perfections which, to many hearts, had been productive of far more burning than was consistent with peace of mind or with the tranquil enjoyment of life. *Nafisah* was, however, so solely engrossed with affection for her mother that she had no eye for the admiration of any one else, and she neither knew nor saw the passionate admiration which her presence excited among others. Among these was a young scribe, to whom nature had been particularly niggard in the award of outward favours, but to whom she had conferred, in indemnification, a most astute and searching intellect. Unfortunately the *Mirza Adil* had allowed his heart to be embittered by the indifference that is too often manifested to ugliness, and he had devoted the whole powers of his mind to the study

of the occult sciences instead of applying them to the improvement of his fellow creatures, or even to those purposes of ambition, which the situation of a court mirza left open to him. Adil loved Nafisah, with a passion the more violent, as it was the first time that his whole intellectual energies had been concentrated in one resistless feeling, and the consciousness of the disadvantages under which he laboured physically, instead of teaching the fire-worshipper to be humbly resigned like one of the faithful, only filled his brain with jealousy and with malignant intents.

"The good and virtuous Zahrah sickened, and the wise men recommended a removal from the hot and unhealthy banks of the Tigris to the mountain regions. The change of air, the fragrant balsams and aromatics of Hadramant, exhibited by the Persian adepts, and the invocations addressed to Ormusd by the mobids of the court had no effect; the decrees of fate had gone forth, and it was evident to all that the days of the favourite were numbered. To the inexpressible sorrow of the good Khosrau the queen sank suddenly. Nafisah was for a long time insensible to the immensity of her loss, and when she did come to herself, the beautiful girl remained in strict seclusion—alone with her great grief.

"Beneath the palace of Sirwan, Khosrau Anushirwan had constructed a labyrinth of subterranean vaults, which he intended as a family mausoleum. Hither, after the customary forms and ceremonies, the body of Zahrah was removed, and at the mouth of the vault in which the body was deposited a talismanic tablet was placed, which it was inevitable death to attempt to remove. Nothing daunted, however, or rather guided by secret influences, Adil penetrated the same night into the vaults below, and without harm or hurt he removed the stone and entered into the abode of the dead. Once there, he lifted up the rich drapery with which the embalmed corpse was shrouded, and seizing hold of the cold hand, he removed therefrom a plain iron ring, so valueless in appearance that none of the attendants had thought it worth possessing.

"It was many weeks before the fair Nafisah made her appearance again in public. When she did so, she was pale yet beautiful as ever, and, to the astonishment of all, after kissing the hem of her royal father's robes, she turned to Mirza Adil, and courteously thanked him for his attentions to her mother during her last illness. The face of the swarthy scribe glowed almost to ruddiness at this unexpected mark of attention, and his eye lit up with a strange expression of gratitude mingled with malignant triumph. From that time forward the interviews between the young and uncouth but clever scribe, and the beautiful Nafisah, were frequent, and the tender inclinations of the maiden became the subject of general remark. The royal Khosrau loved her too much to thwart her wishes, but he wondered much how the mere kindness shown by the Mirza to her mother should have so won over his fair and innocent daughter as to conquer the indifference which she had always before shown towards the ill-favoured youth. He called her to his side and questioned her upon the subject. She avowed her affection as became a maiden of royal Persian blood, but said she could not account for it. The King said that since Ormusd had so ordained it, it should be as she wished, but as a Princess could not wed a scribe, Adil should be appointed to a com-

mand in the army, and when he had shown his worth on the field, he might return and claim Nafisah as his bride.

"Nor was an opportunity long in presenting itself. Heraclius had entered upon his third and last campaign against Persian dominion. Crossing the Armenian frontier in September, he pushed through Azerbaijan, with extreme rapidity, and only stopped to refresh his army after having crossed the mountain barrier between Media and Assyria. Khosrau hastened at the same time to despatch a large army under an experienced general to cut off the Roman Emperor ere he could pass the mountains. Adil was appointed to a post of honour, and ordered to accompany the troops which were to punish the audacity of the stranger. The great rapidity of Heraclius's movements, however, left the Persians in the rear. They had to follow the Emperor across the mountains, suffering at every step from intense cold, want of supplies, and the difficulties of the road. They came down upon the plain of Nineveh worsted and exhausted, and suffered at once an ignominious defeat at the hands of the Roman Emperor.

"The Persians fled beyond the palace of Dur, and crossing the Nahr-wan took refuge in Deskereti-i-Malik, a city which contained a large and strong castle, and was then the most considerable place in all Irak. Khosrau came there with reinforcements for his discomfited army, and Adil was despatched with a small body to recover his reputation by the defence of the castle and palace of Dur. The onslaught of the victorious Romans was, however, irresistible, and Adil perished in the flames of the burning palace which he had vowed to defend with his life. Khosrau was hurried away by his fears, and he occupied only three days in his flight from Deskereti-i-Malik to Al Madayin, the bearer of sad news for the fair Nafisah. What the maiden felt, none ever knew or witnessed, for she came no longer into the hall of her ancestors. Providence, however, befriended the Persians; the bridge upon the Nahr-wan had been destroyed, and when Heraclius was within eleven miles of the palace of Chosroes, when he had attained a point from which, indeed, he must have seen its high-vaulted roof towering out of the plain, he was forced to relinquish his intended conquests, and to retrace his steps across the mountains into Persia.

"Faithful to her affections after death, as she had been through life, the fair Nafisah withdrew after the departure of the Romans, to live by her lover's tomb in a small hut raised out of the ruins of the former palace of Dur. Morning, noon, and night, she prayed for the repose of the spirit of the enticer, but it appears to have been in vain. In the day-time, there were noises heard as of a restless spirit, or as of one who was in pain; by night, flames were seen playing over his grave, striped with black, emblematic of torture. The mind of the young girl acquired an infinite degree of susceptibility to those impressions, and she could even see things that were not visible to other eyes. At length her strength gave way before the conflict; she felt that she could not save the soul of the condemned, so she resigned herself to death, and enjoined, as a last request, that her mortal remains should be deposited by the side of his.

"Things remained in this state till it pleased Allah to send thither the successor to the only prophet, Ali, the vicar of God. The great Khalif had scarcely

dismissed his implacable enemy Ayesha, whom he had overthrown on the plains of Bassorah, to pass the remainder of her days at the tomb of the prophet, than he was called upon to wage war against Moawiyah, who had exposed the bloody shirt of Othman in the mosque of Sham. The great struggle took place on the plain of Siffin, in the north, and on his way, the successor of the prophet passed through Dur, where he gave orders that the tomb of Adil and Nafisah should be opened. The iron ring was found upon the bony finger of the scribe, and Ali having from that time appropriated it to himself, that is the reason why he is so beloved by all true believers.

"Oh, you abominable Shiah!" I exclaimed, seeing that Hassan had come to the end of his tale.

"Yes, and evil be to the unbelieving Sunnis!" retorted the caravansary-keeper, shaking out the ashes from his pipe with an energy that made me expect the cherry-stick on my back.

But after a short pause, he only muttered meditatively, "the unbelievers have erected on the same spot, a sepulchre to a holy man—the Imam Dur Mohammed—peace be to his ashes! So also in ancient times Nebuchadnezzar raised the golden calf in the same plain, but that is gone by, and the Imam Dur is fast crumbling to dust. The faith of Ali will alone remain."

THE ROBBER.

ROBBERIES in India are remarkable for the dexterity with which they accomplish their schemes of plunder. They are certainly, in this particular, exceeded by those of no other nation in the world. They have been known to enter a bungalow, and remove everything worth taking, leaving the party to whom it belonged and his wife upon the cane-work of the bedstead on which they slept, with no other covering except their night-clothes, and this without waking either. Achievements of this kind are matters of almost daily accomplishment by those dexterous marauders who infest the northern boundary of the Gangetic plain and many other parts of Hindostan. It is their custom to approach the tent or bungalow which they intend to rob, imitating, during their approach, the dismal howl of a pariah dog, or the cries of jackals, in order should their approach be heard, to lull suspicion, as the proximity of either of those animals would of course excite no alarm. They usually advance upon their bellies, make a slight incision at the bottom of the tent, through which they thrust their heads, and, having made the requisite observations, enter and secure their booty. Upon reaching a bungalow, if the wall be of mud they soon perforate it, and if of brick they undermine it with great skill and dispatch, seldom failing to carry off everything valuable within, if once they can effect an entrance.

About the beginning of the present century the northern part of the province of Delhi was infested with robbers of the most desperate character. They occasionally formed themselves into numerous bands, which defied the tribunals of the towns near which their depredations were committed, and kept the native law-authorities in such awe that they were afraid to take cognizance of their atrocities; these, therefore, were committed with perfect impunity. The public peace was continually violated, and no traveller had any security except in his own courage. Many of those gangs were regularly organized, being subjected to so strict a discipline as rendered them formidable even to the native armies, whom they occasionally attacked with no indifferent success. Indeed at one period a confederacy of these vagabonds, under the direction of a desperate but brave fellow, who had been already branded for some grave offence

against the laws, cut their way through a considerable detachment of sepoy, commanded by British officers, which had been sent to apprehend them. Their success gave them confidence, and they became at length so formidable as to keep the entire district in perpetual terror. From long practice they possessed an intimate knowledge of the intricacies of the jungles whither they retired the moment they perceived themselves likely to be overpowered by a superior or no less determined foe. All the fords of the Ganges they were equally well acquainted with; this affording them certain means of escape when pursued by an enemy which far outnumbered themselves; for they seldom declined a contest where there was a tolerably fair equality of numbers. Their conflicts were extremely sanguinary, as they gave no quarter, nor desired to receive any, and their ferocity so terrified the inhabitants of the villages most exposed to their depredations, that they could with difficulty be induced either to act against or proclaim them.

One of their bands amounted to four hundred men, well-armed and appointed, and in Hindostan it is astonishing how soon a force of this kind is augmented by ruffians and vagrants of all descriptions, with which almost every province abounds, eager for plunder and leading a lawless life. The dreadful destitution to which the lower castes, especially the ordinary farm-labourers, are reduced, urges them to plunder, as the readiest if not the most certain, means of relief from their truly dreadful privations. A couple of pice, less than an English penny, is often as much as they can procure to provide rice for a large family. Multitudes of them perish in the most horrible destitution. Rendered desperate by such frightful social bereavements, and the almost universal absence of sympathy with their miseries from those superiors for whom they drudge upon wages frequently less than three half-pence a day, they readily yield to the irruptions of their fierce passions, arraying themselves with implacable hostility against the peace of society, because their own has been destroyed by the heartlessness of those who ought to take a pride in securing it to them.

The banditti which infested the district of Moradabad, forming part of the province of Delhi, to the north,

during the early part of the present century consisted almost exclusively of the Jaut and Aheer castes, who are generally common labourers. Added to these were numbers of the lower orders calling themselves sepoys, or soldiers, and the poorest classes of ryots, or farmers of small patches of land, who sell the produce in anticipation for a mere trifle, and when this poor modicum is expended are compelled to resort to the perilous contingencies of plunder as a means of subsistence. Many of these latter are driven to robbery by the tyranny of the zemindars, who are large landholders. Taking advantage of the destitution of the ryots, those unfeeling tyrants purchase the produce of their little farms for a sum immensely below their value, when the miserable victims of such base injustice, reduced to the lowest imaginable state of privation, congregate in gangs, levying in their turn, upon their unsuspecting passenger, a tribute, virtually imposed by the mercenary conduct of those who have compelled its necessity.

"Between the Jaut and Gooyes castes," says Hamilton, "there exists an animosity of such duration that its origin cannot be discovered, but it appears to be utterly implacable, descending from generation to generation. A Jaut leader of banditti is consequently sure to find refuge and succour from the whole tribe, while he restrains his depredations and cruelties to the property and persons of their antagonists."

The plain of Moradabad labours under considerable disadvantage from the contiguity of the independent Jaghire of Bampur, within the limits of which robbers and other public offenders can evade the pursuit of justice. The Mewatay and Aheer tribes, also dwelling on the northwestern border, had long been accustomed to predatory descents on the plains, which they ravaged, pillaging the villages, and driving off the cattle. Military force had often been employed against them, but, owing to the insalubrity of the jungles and other impediments, always without effect, until Mr. Seton tried the plan of conciliating the chiefs by assigning them lands and money, and employing them and their adherents to protect the country which they had been habituated to plunder. At first they accepted the occupation rather reluctantly, but gradually became attached, by which expedient the district was reclaimed, at a very small expense, from an evil which greatly annoyed the inhabitants and injured the revenue. The average number of prisoners under confinement throughout the years 1813 and 1814 was three hundred and ninety-one, and in 1816 the number was still greater; the police of Moradabad, notwithstanding the strenuous exertions of the magistrates, continuing in an inefficient state.

The organized bands of robbers in this district continued so formidable as to be the terror of all the peaceable inhabitants, until about the year 1813 and 1814, when by the commendable and unceasing exertions of the British magistrates, and especially of Mr. Oswald, these desperadoes had, for the most part, been dispersed and their leaders executed. The peace of the district, however, was again interrupted after an interval of several years by these lawless hordes, and though not to the same extent as it had formerly been, nevertheless sufficiently so to render travelling at all times dangerous, as will appear from the following narrative. A friend of the writer's, a Captain of the Bengal Native Infantry, was proceed-

ing from Delhi to the Himalaya Mountains, in the year 1827, when he was placed in a situation of much difficulty and equal danger by one of those contingencies to which travellers are, more or less, exposed in every part of India. The cries of jackals at night are among their most common annoyances, but they soon become so familiarized with these wild and discordant sounds that they cease to regard them. They may be frequently heard a distance of several miles, and upon first entering the country a foreigner can obtain no rest from the incessant uproar made by those restless creatures, which, being gregarious, go in immense packs, positively infesting every region of the east.

Captain A — had pitched his tent in the neighbourhood of Hurdwar, a place eminently celebrated for its sanctity as a place of Hindoo pilgrimage, situated on the western side of the Ganges, where it issues into the plains of Bengal from the northern hills. This place of sacred concourse is a hundred and ten miles north-east from Delhi. Fatigued with a long and harassing march, the gallant officer had retired early to rest, having pitched his tent under a tope, or grove of trees, a short distance beyond the boundaries of the town, northward. Having placed his pistols, which were loaded with ball, under his pillow, and his sabre upon a chair by the side of his bed, he addressed himself to sleep. As usual the nightly serenading of the jackals was heard, but he had been too well seasoned to such interruptions to be diverted from his repose. He was, however, rather struck by the fact of these creatures being much nearer the tent than it was usual with them to venture; still, he was suffering too severely from fatigue to allow a circumstance so trifling to arrest his slumbers. Aware that he had nothing that could become the prey of jackals, he resigned himself to sleep in perfect security, and slept soundly for several hours. Towards morning he awoke greatly chilled, and found himself lying upon the bed, to his utter amazement quite uncovered, without even a curtain to protect him from the mosquitoes, which, during the night, had held carnival upon his body, particularly upon the soles of his feet, the palms of his hands, and his face, which were all stiff and painful, besides being so swelled and irritated by the poison of those tormenting insects, that he could scarcely either walk or see. He immediately summoned his servants. The light suspended from the pole of his tent in a globe lamp had been extinguished, they were consequently obliged to obtain a fresh light, which, after considerable delay, was procured.

Upon examining the tent it appeared that the bed was entirely stripped, nothing remaining but the mattress and bedstead. The pistols and sword were missing. Everything of value had been carried off, nothing in fact being left but a few changes of wearing apparel and the tent furniture, which had no doubt been found by the robber too cumbersome to remove. This really was a grievous loss to the sufferer, from the difficulty existing in supplying the necessaries of which he had been so unexpectedly deprived. It was quite impossible to proceed without certain essentials, but how to obtain these was the question, as they are not usually found in Hindoo towns.

Our traveller had fortunately given his writing-desk in charge of a confidential servant, who slept in

his master's palankeen, outside the walls of the tent, and, he having the desk with him, it escaped the scrutiny of the bandit. The latter had, however, secured a considerable sum, which had been locked up in one of the trunks, which Captain A—— had undertaken to convey to an officer then at Serinagur, capital of the province of Gurwal, about forty miles to the north of Hurdwar. This was a most untoward circumstance. The idea of representing to his friend that robbers had taken possession of money with which he had been entrusted, distressed him exceedingly, as he had not at this moment the means of replacing the sum stolen. In fact, he had not more than sufficient to cover the expenses of his journey. This, however, was not a moment to dwell upon the most unfavourable aspect of circumstances. He saw that the best thing he could do would be to use his best endeavours to repair his losses, and accordingly as soon as he had taken his breakfast, he entered the town of Hurdwar to try how far he should be able to supply the necessaries of which he had been so untowardly deprived. He luckily found, at the shop of a Hindoo dealer, a pair of horse pistols in tolerably good order, together with a heavy native sabre. These he purchased for a few rupees, with some powder and matchlock balls, which though too small for the pistols, would, nevertheless, no doubt kill a robber at a reasonable distance. He was more successful than he had expected in replacing his most essential losses, excepting the money, though he was obliged to be contented with very awkward substitutes for some of them. It was several days before he was able to proceed conveniently, and having travelled thus far with considerable dispatch, he was not sorry to take advantage of a few day's rest.

On the third day after his disaster, Captain A—— was joined by an officer from the station of Cawnpore, some leagues down the Ganges, then on his way to the hills, on a journey of investigation. This meeting was no less unexpected than agreeable to both parties, and they determined to proceed together. Confiding in their strength, they had little apprehension from banditti, being both resolute and well armed; imagining too, that those vagabonds who generally commit such depredations, and are almost invariably the refuse of the lower castes, would scarcely venture to attack a tent so well guarded, and likely to be so resolutely defended, the two officers having resolved to occupy but one during the remainder of their journey. On the second day after their junction the two officers proceeded. They both passed the night in the same tent, being each armed with a pair of pistols and sabre, their servants sleeping just outside the walls of their canvass habitation. The loss sustained by Captain A—— was a frequent subject of conversation, and of occasional jest by the younger officer, who rallied his companion upon his misfortune, and not having himself suffered, thought it a good joke to be merry at the expense of him who had. As they proceeded they were informed that robberies had been frequently committed in the neighbourhood, sometimes by organized gangs, though more frequently by small parties, who obtained by stealth and stratagem what they wanted courage to attempt by open force. The dexterity, however, of those fellows was more frequently attended with success than the open daring of their more resolute competitors. These latter had in several instances ventured

to attack the petty princes of the district in their palaces, and had forced them to surrender their property. Such accounts were not of a nature to tranquilize the minds of the travellers, who, as they proceeded, had good cause to feel assured that their danger rather increased than diminished.

The second day after the Captain and his young companion had quitted Hurdwar a native of the lowest caste came up with the bullock drivers, and entering into familiar conversation with them, joined the homely cavalcade. Captain A—— happened at this time to be in the rear of his palankeen, on horseback, having set out some time after the bullocks which conveyed the baggage. He had suffered so severely from headache the previous night that he did not feel disposed to start so early as his followers. He observed the man join the bullock drivers, but as they seemed readily to enter into discourse with him as if he were an old comrade, there was nothing in this at all singular; it therefore excited no suspicion, though our traveller was somewhat struck by the peculiarity of the man's air, and the inquisitive manner in which he appeared to survey every thing that arrested his attention.

The officious stranger occasionally assisted in urging on the oxen, sluggish from over fatigue and bad feeding, and once or twice forwardly aided the drivers in adjusting some portions of the baggage, which having become loose chafed the poor animals' backs. Still there was nothing in his manner positively to excite suspicion, such being matters of very common occurrence on all the public routes through Hindoostan; the earnestness of the man's actions, however, might have indicated to a quick observer intentions not very evident to ordinary scrutiny.

The young officer had ridden forward in search of game, so that Captain A—— had no opportunity of consulting him upon the subject of the stranger's intrusion, even if it had made sufficient impression upon his mind to suggest such a desire; but it really had never entered his thoughts that the half-naked pariah was actuated by any sinister purpose. The man remained with the bullock-drivers during the greater part of the day, but towards evening disappeared. They had represented him as a person of their own caste on his way to Napaul, who being without food, had offered to assist them during the day for a small quantity of rice, to enable him to pursue his journey without suffering the extremity of hunger. This tale was sufficiently plausible to be credited, it being a circumstance of such frequent occurrence. It is moreover a universal custom among the Hiandoos to relieve members of their own tribes when in distress, and especially travellers, whom they treat generally with most commendable hospitality.

When asked if any of them were acquainted with the stranger, the men who had charge of the bullocks unanimously declared that he was unknown to them, but that, they observed, did not signify, as he was a brother, meaning one of their caste, and had on that account a claim, acknowledged by all Hindoos, to be received by them with kindness. There was really nothing in all this to excite apprehension, and indeed, before they arrived at the next halting-place for the evening, the whole matter had passed from Captain A——'s mind. The tent was now pitched under a fine tope of trees, about two hundred yards from a small dirty village, flanked on one side by a deep

thicket, and on the other by a tank of foul turbid water. There was a small but handsome pagoda on the edge of the tank and not many yards from the grove which the travellers had fixed upon for their encampment. It was occupied by a single Brahmin, as filthy as the water consecrated by the proximity of this sacred edifice to the purposes of Hindoo superstition. Hundreds of persons took their morning baths in this stagnant and offensive reservoir, and thousands drank daily the polluted element with a most earnest longing, imagining that it purged their wretched souls for Indra's paradise. But have not Christians been similarly deluded?

The young companion of our traveller had been very successful in his sporting pursuit during the day, having shot a brace of jungle fowl, half a dozen brace of partridges, a fine peacock, several quail, and a hare. These fruits of his success were brought upon the shoulders of a native follower, who was almost bent to the earth with his burthen. The game, however, was welcome, as it often happens that nothing better than rice and ghee, which is clarified butter, but often so rancid as to be disgustingly unpalatable, was to be obtained in the miserable Hindoo villages through which their route lay. In the evening they halted at the base of the hills which seemed to rise from the vast plain, and to dart their summits into the very skies. Some of the peaks, prodigiously colossal in their height and magnitude, appeared as if they were the mighty barriers of this world, beyond which all human progress was interdicted. About sunset the travellers sat down with jocund spirits and sharp appetites to a sumptuous dinner of game, washed down with pale ale and claret. The situation chosen for their encampment, though extremely picturesque, was more than usually dreary, there being no town of any importance within a distance of less than two leagues; neither was the locality very wholesome, as the fumes from the tank continually stunk in their nostrils.—They were obliged to seek water at a distance and filter it before they could make use of it even for culinary purposes. This was speedily done through the porous jars which almost every hamlet supplies.

Captain A—— and his companion retired early to rest in the same tent, the one being feverish and wakeful, the other fatigued and sleepy. The former was excited and restless; his thoughts reverting to the late robbery, kept him in a state of irritable excitement, and every sound that reached his ear caused him to apprehend the approach of an enemy. The young officer, on the other hand, fatigued by his exertions during the day, slept soundly without the slightest apprehension of danger; his companion envying him his profound and placid slumber. For a considerable time after he had thrown himself upon his couch all was still; nothing disturbed the intense silence, save the discordant cries of jackals, with which he had become too familiar to be disturbed. The night was extremely dark, and the neighbourhood abounded with beasts of prey, but the tent was too well guarded, being surrounded by at least thirty persons, including bullock drivers and servants, who slept under the awning, to allow any cause for apprehension. They were, however, all accustomed to take opium before they retired to rest, so that they were not always easily roused, except when the effect of the drug had ceased, and then the least movement instantly rivetted their attention. In order to divert

his restless thoughts, Captain A—— had taken a book, but the light of the lamp being too faint, he was obliged to cast the volume on one side and endeavour to solicit sleep by shutting out exciting reflections. Time passed slowly, but his watch at length showed him, when consulted, that it was rapidly verging towards midnight. He still lay feverish and contemplative, but sleep mocked his wooing.

About an hour after midnight, the attention of the wakeful man was challenged by a noise, something like the baying of a hound; he listened. It was singularly unnatural, though utterly remote from anything human. It approached perceptibly nearer, continued for an interval of several minutes, and then ceased altogether. What could this mean? For some time all was still, nevertheless, the eye of the traveller wandered cautiously and watchfully round the tent, as he now began to feel a painful apprehension of danger. The recent robbery made him the more suspicious, still, not choosing to provoke needless alarm, he determined patiently but guardedly to await the issue, which could not now be remote. A lamp suspended from a silken cord, attached to a bracket and pulley fixed in the pole of the tent, burned so brightly as to render everything clearly distinguishable. After a while he perceived the canvass, on one side of the tent near the ground, gently stirred, as if by a gradual and cautious pressure, and almost immediately a black head was protruded through an incision made by a knife, the bright blade gleaming in the lamplight. The head was withdrawn for a few moments and again protruded. This was several times repeated, an interval of perhaps a minute intervening. None of the sleepers outside were disturbed; that hard sonorous breathing which indicates profound slumber was heard within the tent. It was evident that none but the stranger was awake without.

Captain A—— could no longer entertain any doubts as to the intention of the villain, whose head he had seen through the cleft canvass, still he was anxious to capture the robber; he lay perfectly still, determined either to kill or secure the intruder, should he enter the tent for the purpose of plunder, which was clearly his intention. This was, more than probably, the same fellow who had plundered him a few days previously, and he was resolved, if possible, to visit him now with merited retribution. Again the head was protruded, when Captain A—— distinctly recognised the features of the man who had joined the bullock-drivers and so officiously forced his services upon them. He had a different turban bound tightly round his forehead, but the features were not to be mistaken. Once more the head was withdrawn. This cautious process had been repeated several times, until it was evidently presumed that the occupants of the tent were asleep, when the elder, who with tremulous anxiety had kept his eyes upon the spot from the first moment he had perceived the canvass move, saw the man, whose head had been protruded, slowly drag his body through the opening. He was perfectly naked, and armed only with a knife, pointed at the end and having a broad double edged blade like a dagger. The intruder approached the couch on which Captain A—— lay, he pretending the while to be in a profound sleep, which he feigned in order that he might attack the robber in the act of plunder. Considering that he was at least a match for a single

native only armed with a knife, he forbore to awake his companion, who was still wrapped in profound slumber. Since the robbery already mentioned, he had nightly concealed his pistols under the mattress upon which he lay, so likewise had his companion.

The robber having minutely examined the pillows of either couch with so gentle a hand as would not have shaken the dew from a rosebud, and being persuaded that there were no arms under either, proceeded to the bed of the younger officer, and having satisfied himself that he continued asleep, commenced his operations of plunder with the deliberate skill of a practised pillager. His adroitness in his calling was not to be mistaken. Every lock was opened in a few seconds, so that there should be no occasion for halting after he once commenced operations. Having arranged everything apparently to his satisfaction, he examined each article with great care, but without the slightest embarrassment, and then promptly making up his mind what was worth securing, he rapidly collected the approved moveables and placed them together in the centre of the tent. All this was done without the slightest noise; their owner still feigning sleep and breathing laboriously in order the better to keep up the illusion. As soon as the bandit had made his selection, he took the palampore, or counterpane, from the couch nearest at hand, and spreading it open, deliberately placed the things upon it and tied them securely ready to carry off. He searched carefully for money, but was disappointed, as our travellers had taken care to place their rupees with their swords and pistols under the mattress of their beds. Though foiled in this particular, the man had collected sufficient plunder to provide for his wants for a full year to come. Having carefully looked over the trunks he made a salaam towards each couch, as if to thank its occupant for his easy success.

Being now prepared to decamp with his booty, the robber took a towel, and, steeping it in the water-ewer, which was on a stand near the pole of the tent, pitched it dexterously into the glass globe containing the lamp. Fortunately, the globe being a very large one, the towel slipped down the side and escaped the wick, this being fixed in a high glass within the crystal receptacle. Nothing perplexed, the bandit took a second towel, and having soaked it with water as before, was in the act of throwing it upon the light, which, had he succeeded, would have secured his escape, when Captain A——, who had by this time grasped his sabre, started suddenly from his couch and rushed upon the intruder. The man, not at all dismayed at being thus unexpectedly discovered, sprang behind the pole of the tent, grasping the knife with which he was armed, firmly in his right hand. The first stroke aimed at his head by a strong and active arm he adroitly parried, gliding round the tent-pole, so as completely to baffle the efforts of his foe.

At length Captain A——, after many vain attempts to strike a successful blow, observing a favourable opportunity, struck impetuously at the intruder's neck, which the latter suddenly depressed, when the stroke, dealt with a vigorous hand, fell on the pole with such violence that the blade of the avenger's sword snapped off at the hilt. He was now unarmed, though not at the mercy of the enemy, for without a moment's delay he cast the bladeless hilt from him, and attempted to seize the robber, who, being oiled all over and quite naked, easily slipped from his grasp, and at the same moment striking him in the side with his knife, darted towards the opening through which he had entered. Capt. A——, though bleeding copiously, rushed after him, dashed off the fellow's turban, and seizing him by the hair, drew him backward into the tent. The bandit still grasped his knife, and, being extremely active, was quickly on his feet. His antagonist, though severely cut, laid his hand upon the murderous instrument, which the man instantly relinquished, and by a sudden movement again freed himself from the clutch of his excited enemy. Feeling himself free, he plunged through the opening, but his escape was arrested by a surer hand.

The young officer, having been awaked by the noise, had secured one of his pistols, and, quitting his couch, discharged it at the robber just as the latter was in the act of effecting his escape. The bullet, true to the aim and purpose of him who directed it, struck the luckless wretch on the head, which it passed completely through, and he rolled backward in the fearful struggles of death. After a few frightful convulsions, a spasm, and a groan, he expired. He proved to be, as had been previously concluded, the man who had shared the bullock-drivers' hospitality, as already recorded. Upon examining the turban which lay on the tent-floor, Capt. A——'s gold watch, and the money of which he had taken charge, a hundred gold mohurs, was found curiously secreted between the folds, which sufficiently identified this with the former robber.

On the following morning, shortly after sunrise, his body was suspended from the branch of a tree that overhung the tank, as a warning to his associates. The wound which he had inflicted upon Capt. A—— was fortunately slight, considering with what energy the blow had been dealt. The knife had happily been arrested by the ribs; the stroke, nevertheless, had been sufficiently heavy to fracture one of them, the pain of which produced so much fever that the wounded officer was obliged to return to Delhi, where he could have medical advice, there being some troops quartered in that neighbourhood, leaving his young companion, who now took charge of the money, though with much reluctance, to perform the remainder of his journey alone.

ANADYOMENE.—A SONNET.

[ORIGINAL.]

Still music floats along the deep-lulled sea,
Preluding sweetness to the full-voiced breeze,—
The sound of harps far down played tremblingly
By waters through the slender coral trees :—
And lo! 'mid shaken silver bells of foam,
Glides VENUS upward from the clinging waves,
That show'r in tears back on her ocean home ;

The Nereids leave their whitely-sanded caves,
And sing to merry Triton's wreathed shell,
While Echo, faintly glancing, bounds away.
Thus when ecstatic thoughts in music swell,
Dim BEAUTY rises, veiled in Love's array ;
The Passions circle near, and Memory
Will waver round and echo still for aye.

SCENES IN THE CAMP OF ABD-EL-KADER.

ALL that relates to the personal history of Abd-el-Kader, whose gallant deeds, and heroic conduct, have gained for him considerable renown, must (we feel assured) be perused with considerable interest at the present time. We have, therefore, collected from various sources, some of the most interesting events in the life of this renowned chieftain, which we now place before the readers of HOLDEN'S MAGAZINE, under the title of "Scenes in the Camp of Abd-el-Kader." M. A. De France, a Lieutenant in the French navy, in his work, entitled "Five Months Captivity among the Arabs," thus describes an interview with Abd-el-Kader. The Sultan was seated on some cushions in his tent, with his secretaries and some marabouts crouching in a semicircle on either side of him:

"The Sultan, with a smile of the greatest kindness, bade me be seated, and asked me, in Arabic, my name and where I was taken, and on my answering his questions, told me to fear nothing so long as I was with him.

"He then began to talk about our Generals who have commanded in Africa, and was very curious to know what had become of them all. On hearing the name of General Trézel, he flew into a violent rage, and cried, 'He was author of all our misfortunes; it was he who broke the peace and caused such endless disasters!' I saw that he alluded to the battle of Tafna, by which General Bugeaud made up for the defeat at Macta, where we lost five hundred men.

"How many horsemen did you lose at Tafna?" asked I.

"How many?" cried he, furiously. "How many? What is that to thee? The Arabs were not killed at Tafna as the French were at Macta: you have never retrieved my great victory over you there. Five hundred of our men did not return from Tafna."

"Now, as the Arabs are the greatest liars in the world, one may fairly presume that General Bugeaud killed at least twelve hundred of them at Tafna; but I took very good care to make no further remark; and after a few moments of silence the Sultan smiled again, and said—

"Dost thou desire any thing more to-day?"

"I am quite naked, give me some clothes," said I; and immediately, at a sign from Abd-el-Kader, I was taken to the store tent and furnished with a skull-cap, a very thin haick, a shirt, and a pair of slippers: my trowsers were also returned to me, and I put them on, though all in rags, as no others were to be had."

BRUTAL CONDUCT OF ABD-EL-KADER'S NEGRO GUARD.

"After staying some time at Mascara we went to Abd-el-Kader's camp, which was then in the neighbourhood of Tafna. The Sultan received me kindly and bought me of my captors. He was very melancholy and completely cast down by his recent defeat by General Bugeaud at Shikak. He had confidently predicted his own victory, founding his prophesy upon a passage of the Koran, which foretold the defeat of the Christians during the seventh year of their settlement in Africa.

"Defeat destroyed all his influence; the Arabs forsook their Sultan and denied his authority; several of the tribes declared that they would no longer fight under his orders, but would undertake their own defence. They fled in all directions and destroyed every thing that lay in their way; they did not even respect Abd-el-Kader's camp, where they cut off and carried away half his tent, and pillaged the provisions. It is a great pity that we had no light cavalry at that time, for it would have enabled us to seize Abd-el-Kader's camp.

"Immediately after this defeat, the Sultan threw himself into Mascara with fifty horse and a hundred foot, all inhabitants of the town and the sole remnants of his army. A report of a countermarch of General Bugeaud's had spread a panic. Abd-el-Kader's stores were pillaged, and he would never have recovered the blow but for the subsidies of all kinds which he constantly receives from Muley Abd-el-Rachman, Emperor of Morocco, without whose assistance he would be utterly unable to support an army.

"When he saw that the Arabs, who but the day before had blindly submitted to his command, were now prepared to shake off his authority, the Sultan knew that the prisoners who remained in his camp were doomed to destruction. He resolved to save them, and commanded the thirty negroes who guard his tent to escort M. Lanternier a colonist, his wife a woman of forty, his daughter a lovely girl of fifteen, a German lady of about forty, another of about twenty, who was taller and as handsome as M^{lle} Lanternier, and myself, as far as Droma, and to protect us from the violence or the insults of the tribes we should pass on our way.

"We started full of gratitude towards Abd-el-Kader, and of confidence in our negro guard, but scarcely had we gone five hundred yards, when the negroes suddenly halted, seized M. Lanternier, and myself, and bound us to a tree with our hands tied behind our backs. The scene which we were then compelled to witness is too hideous to describe; suffice it to say, that the four wretched woman became the victims of the brutal desires of our negro guard. Even now I often hear in my sleep our imprecations and cries of rage, the howls of the savages, and the sobs of the wretched woman. Such is the obedience shown to the commands of the powerful Abd-el-Kader.

"The band plays three times a day before Abd-el-Kader's tent; three musicians standing play the hautboy, three others, also standing, beat the tambourine with a stick, and three seated on the ground, play with small sticks upon bows covered with goat-skin. Their repertoire is very scanty. I never heard more than three tunes, which they performed till the Sultan is tired and dismisses them by a sign.

"Each chief has a coffee-maker in his retinue. These coffee-makers erect a tent to which the Arabs go to drink coffee and smoke very bad green tobacco."

PULPIT PORTRAITS; OR SKETCHES OF EMINENT LIVING AMERICAN DIVINES.

REV. HENRY SLICER, CHAPLAIN OF THE UNITED STATES SENATE.

NO. 4.

[ORIGINAL.]

VIGOROUS, genuine talents, whenever they have had a suitable theatre, have seldom failed of acquiring for their possessor that appreciation and substantial reward, ranked paramount to every thing in the estimation of the world. Envy, base and malignant, bearing with its poisoned breath the jealousies and worst passions of the human mind, can not crush them, nor take one shining, glittering spark from their ethereal beauty. As they rise slowly and patiently from obscurity, wrestling with a giant's strength with poverty and despair, to that lofty grandeur and towering sublimity which crowns them with the halo of greatness, the transient misrepresentations of traducers and demagogues, the rancor of impotent spleen, and the false and feeble accusations of base calumniators, steeped in the gall of direst enmity, fade away and are lost in their own littleness.

The stream of glory which hovers around the head of the great man, dazzles with its brightness the flickering flame which flashes in the hearts of the corrupt and envious, while its celestial fire burning with a vivid lustre, illumines and beautifies with an additional ray of splendor all else that comes within the circle of its brilliancy. By the boldness, the force, and the range of his thoughts, he weaves a mystic web around his mean detractors, and before they are hardly conscious of the potent spell which is lulling them into inactivity, he crushes them in his huge grasp with the ease of a Hercules.

Efforts have been made on hundreds of occasions to overpower and subdue the humble aspirant for distinction, whose soul thrilled with harmony and the divine attributes of a loftier creation; wit with its potent sarcasm and biting irony, has been used, together with disdainful sneers and backbiting epithets in general vogue with those weak and imbecile creatures, who would be considered something, but lack even the physical energy to carry out their detestable schemes. The studied contrivances of speech, the power of rhetoric, the eloquence of oratory, the pomp and power of high places, have all been brought forward to annihilate and destroy his dawning hopes, but all in vain. Genius, gigantic, irresistible, god-like genius, is triumphant, and all attempts to extinguish it are as unavailing as would be a human effort to quench one ray of the glorious, golden noon-day sun. Its coming is like the outbreaking of a fountain from the earth, whose waters gush up by the force of their own greatness, pouring a fresh flood of light on all around, and whose brilliant tints and varied transformations create in the air itself a thrill of joy.

In the human breast there is a feeling of selfishness which oftentimes overpowers and weighs down the promptings of a better nature. It abhors in its deepest depths, the fortune of one who has obtained a position by patience, perseverance, and energy, and paints with petty malice the shadows that have for a time obscured its pathway. It laughs over the mis-

fortunes of others, if by those mishaps it is itself successful, but writhes in very agony at the appearance of some new born star, whose radiant light dims the dawning of its planet. The people in whose breasts this passion most predominates, miser-like, hug all their pleasures to themselves. They accumulate and heap together, but greedy and voracious, they devour all, sometimes with a single gulp. Fault-finding and grumbling are their chief sources of entertainment, which are varied by squirting the saliva of their venom and malignity, whenever places and opportunities corresponding with their desires are discovered. Such people, in our opinion, have the happy consolation, however, that if they are not really diamonds of the first water, they can be correctly and properly classified as most prodigious paste.

Adversity, instead of quenching the rays of thought, oftentimes enkindles a new spirit in a man. True, as society is constructed, poverty is full of humiliations and pains, and difficult to endure with cheerfulness. But the cold openly sneer, and the haughty insult, though they sting, and bite, and harrow the soul with misery, sometimes penetrate into the bosom of the poor, penniless wanderer, and as he feels its cold, withering, blasting touch on his heart, there is a change, lofty and instantaneous, in his whole being; his finer feelings, so long crushed and trodden under foot by the butterflies of fashion, and of fashionable follies, rise with his whole soul and strength, and proclaim to all, to the world, that he is a freeman in thought, that the sun, the sky, the fields and the flowers are as much for him as for the pampered minion who drives his princely equipage, glittering with gold and tinsel through the streets, and that the God of nature has stamped upon his being the divine attributes of Man. The wind falls, and serenity succeeds the storm. From that moment he resolves henceforward not to lean on others, but to walk self-confident, and with a manly and courageous heart do battle with the world. That moment seals his triumph. He "bides his time," and ere long the shackles of tyrannous poverty have dropped from his limbs, and he stands upright, in all the might and majesty of his soul.

Look not mournfully into the past, if you would behold a brighter and a better future. "Thick coming fancies" crowd on us fast enough without calling up dark ancestral shadows, to frighten away the little of hope and manly courage that we may possess. The leaves in the book of human life are growing fewer every day, and if we would write on their pages characters of ever during greatness, *now* is the time for the accomplishment of such a purpose.

In reading the histories of the great men who have occupied a conspicuous position in the eye of the world, you will find that the most of them commenced their career at the bottom of the hill, and that by toil, patience, and perseverance, they at last reached the acclivity, loaded with the honours of an admiring

world. The vain, the giddy, and the ignorant, may be laughing at the humble mechanic to-day, and to-morrow he may be teaching them truths which never before had an echo in their hearts. His rough hands do not hide the kindly feelings of his nature, nor the noble aspirations of his soul. Perhaps the last look you gave him made him think better of himself, and before you are aware of the transformation, you are admiring the great mechanic, for he was great even in his tattered garb, though you did not know it, and commending him for his talents and accomplishments to your circle of acquaintances.

How many of that circle would have been seen walking with him in the street, or chatting familiarly with him on the wayside when his hands were blistered with honest toil, and his garments were not fashioned by the whim of fancy? But reputation covers a multitude of sins.

The subject of this sketch was once a poor mechanic, and he rose by his own individual exertions from his humble sphere as an apprentice, to the proud position in which we now find him. Unaided by fortune and friends, he triumphed over the "uses of adversity," and gallantly fought his way, overcoming every obstacle with a manful spirit, and at last reaching his present niche in the temple of merit.

The Rev. Henry Slicer, Chaplain of the United States Senate, was born in the ancient city of Annapolis, (where his parents still reside), on the 27th day of March, 1801. He enjoyed but a plain English education, and on the 11th of June, 1816, being then in his sixteenth year, he came to the city of Baltimore, and entered the establishment of John Finlay & Co., as an apprentice, in order to learn the trade of a fancy-furniture painter. He remained five years with this firm, and during the whole time he enjoyed the esteem of his employers, and was likewise a general favourite with all who knew him.

In March, 1817, he became a subject of the awakening and converting grace of God, and united himself to the Methodist Episcopal Church. Being satisfied, in 1821, that he had been called of God to "preach the unsearchable riches of Christ," he commenced a short course of Theological reading under the direction of the late Bishop Emory, then stationed in the city of Annapolis—he received a license to preach in December, 1821, and in January following he commenced his itinerant labours on the Baltimore circuit, under the direction of the Rev S. G. Rorzel, the then presiding elder of the Baltimore district.

In April, 1822, he was admitted on trial in the Baltimore Annual Conference. In the same year he travelled Harford circuit, Md., and in 1823, received his ministry in that garden spot of Western Pennsylvania, called the "Redstone Country." In 1824, he was stationed in the eastern part of Washington city, in charge of the Ebenezer station. In 1825, he was stationed at Fredericksburg, Virginia.

At the termination of the fourth year of his ministry, he attended the conference at Baltimore, and was appointed to the Baltimore station, under the charge of the present Bishop Waugh. At the close of that year he was married to the daughter of the late Rev. Dr. George Roberts, of Baltimore, whose name is, with that of Rev. Jesse Lee, so closely interwoven with the early history of Methodism in the New England States. In 1827, he filled the Carlisle station, Pennsylvania. In 1828, 1829, 1830, and 1831,

he was in Baltimore County, successively in charge of Great Falls and Baltimore circuits—during those years his position was responsible, and his labours arduous, those being the years of the church controversy in regard to discipline and government, and the field of his labours being greatly agitated.

In 1832, at the beginning of the tenth year of his ministry, he was appointed Presiding Elder of the Potomac District, embracing the District of Columbia and Virginia, from the Blue Ridge Mountain to the Chesapeake Bay, the most southern territory of the Baltimore Conference. During his term of service as Presiding Elder, he felt called upon to state and defend the views of his own and other *Pedo-Baptist* Churches, as regard to Christian Baptism. A written controversy which he had at the time with Elder W. Broadus, of Virginia, resulted in the production of a volume, called "An Appeal to the Candid of all Denominations on the obligation, subjects, and mode of Baptism." This book has gone through several editions, and thousands of copies have been circulated on both sides of the Mountain. In 1836, he was appointed to the Georgetown station, and re-appointed in 1837.

In the month of September, in the last mentioned year, he was elected Chaplain to the United States Senate, (at the called session of Congress) over some seven or eight competitors, on the fourth ballot. In December, he was re-elected without opposition, and again elected in December, 1838. Some idea of his popularity may be formed by his repeated re-elections.

In February, 1838, the memorable duel occurred at Washington, between Hon. Wm. Graves, of Kentucky, and Hon. Mr. Cilly, of Maine, which proved fatal to the latter. Mr. Slicer felt it to be his duty to discuss the subject, and to endeavour to enlist the public sentiment, *in and out of Congress*, against that murderous practice, which had robbed the country of the service of some of her most valuable men.

His sermon-upon the "History, character, causes, and consequences of Duels, with the means of prevention," has been published in pamphlet form, and is a bold and able discourse. We have only room for a single paragraph, which speaks for the whole:

"And every man before he consents to read or accept a challenge to fight a duel, should consider well how he shall settle the account with his own conscience, how he shall avoid the malediction of Jehovah, and how he shall escape the presence of the ghost of his victim, which will pursue him in solitude and in company, in his night dreams, and in his waking hours the balance of his days. 'A wounded spirit who can bear?' And although many and strenuous efforts may be made to stifle conscience, and silence its painful voice, it will point to the blood spot, and his victim ever and anon, arising in his pathway, shall 'shake his gory locks at him;' and despite all his efforts at cheerfulness and gaiety, there will be a worm that shall gnaw at his heart's core; and in his imagination, he will hear the wail of the widow, and the scream of the orphan, and the death groan of the father and husband; and in all future time, when he reads or hears of death by duels, there will come up the sad recollection of his own guilt. It would have been easier, far easier, to have borne the imputation of cowardice, with a good conscience, than to feel through life 'afraid to think what he has done,'—conscious that all the waters of the great ocean is not sufficient to wash a brother's blood clean from his hands."

In 1838, and 1839, he was stationed at the Foundry station in Washington.

In 1840, and 1841, at Carlisle, Pennsylvania.

In 1842, 1843, 1844, and 1845, stationed in the East and North Baltimore stations.

At the session of the Baltimore Conference, in March last, he was appointed to Washington city, and stationed at the Wesley Chapel.

In December, 1846, he was re-elected Chaplain to the United States Senate.

From a little sketch which we have before us, we extract the following. It says, "before speaking of Mr. Slicer's standing, or characteristics, as a pulpit orator, we will view him for a moment in an auxiliary sphere. He occupies a very prominent position, as a temperance advocate. He entered the field as early as 1830—and that in a spirit in admirable keeping with that of the present new movement—which relies upon *facts*, rather than theories. In 1837, he introduced market-house meetings in Georgetown, with powerful effect upon the intemperate. "Experience meetings" became the order of the day there—and a total-abstinence society of four hundred members, was the blessed fruit. He represented Pennsylvania, in part, at the great Saratoga Convention in

1841, and has, from time to time, proved a bold and efficient labourer in the temperance movements of Baltimore.

As a preacher Mr. Slicer is acknowledged to be among the most successful. He labours with great energy and power. Revivals are the certain results of his agency. In delivery he is peculiar. At one moment you find him talking to the audience in tones so low and tender, that they scarcely exceed a whisper. Then, his voice may be heard in thunder-tones, which shall well nigh start you from your seat—and these, in turn, give place to words of gentlest suasion. His gestures are frequent, and his perambulations of the sacred desk, indicative of a soul 'ill at ease' where the work of salvation is yet incomplete."

Mr. Slicer is one of the most popular Chaplains ever in the Senate, and we trust that he will live long to enjoy the fruits of his industry and genius. He is in his forty-seventh year.

REV. J. P. K. HENSHAW, OF BALTIMORE.

NO. 5.

DR. HENSHAW was born in Middletown, Connecticut, in June 1792, and graduated at Middlebury College, where he at the early age of sixteen, received the degree of A. B. He was ordained on his twenty-first birthday, and for sometime held the rectorship of a church in Marblehead, Massachusetts. Thence he removed to Brooklyn, N. Y., and officiated there, as the rector of St. Ann's Church, for the period of three years. He was quite popular in Brooklyn, and had, and still continues to have, many warm-hearted friends in our sister city. It was not merely by his eloquence that Dr. Henshaw rose into notice; it was by his devotedness, the earnest zeal with which he laboured, and the liberality and kindness he exhibited to all. In the spring of 1817, he removed to Baltimore, where he has since remained, and where we now find him, enjoying the respect and esteem of thousands. His congregation, quite small at the commencement of his labours, soon gave evidence of a larger growth, and is at the present time one of the largest and most respectable in the city of Baltimore.

Dr. Henshaw has been conspicuous as a member of the state and general conventions of the Episcopal Church, and is now actively employed at the head of her leading benevolent associations. A Baltimorean in speaking of the merits of Dr. Henshaw, says:

"As a writer he is prominent. In a religious way—and theological particularly—he may be classed as the most voluminous and useful of the city. He has produced a great number of pamphlets and books. He is the author of "A Minister's instructions to his people on the subject of Confirmation;" a selection of hymns for social meetings and private devotions; the Communicant's Guide, which has become a standard book; Sheridan's Elocution, with directions for reading the church service; Theology for the People, an octavo of 574 pages, and highly instructive; and Lectures upon the Second Advent of our Redeemer,—a subject which is attracting a great share of attention, not only on the part of Miller and his monomaniacal followers, but

the most learned and pious divines of the country. The last named volume has been much lauded by some of the exchange papers. Like all his books, it is penned in a style of simplicity and succinctness. To the above catalogue must be added a volume now in the Philadelphia press. We allude to his life of the late Bishop Moore of Virginia. This work will be awaited with impatience, and hailed with delight. The author has been fortunate, indeed, in the selection of his subject. The Bishop was, in many particulars, a very extraordinary man. Called to the diocese in the days of its feebleness, he lived to witness its firm establishment. In its extended field he found the most ample employment for the noble powers of his mind. He brought, withal, to the work, the advantages of a constitution of iron-like durability. Often have we gazed, in days long past, upon his then venerable form and silvered head, and wondered how one so aged had escaped the prostration of physical nature, which his immense labours might be expected to produce."

The subjoined extract is from a sermon preached by Dr. Henshaw on the death of Bishop Moore. It is a sparkling gem that should have a setting in every heart:

"We live in a world which has many attractions. Whether we look upon the august and sublime scenery of *nature*—upon the lofty mountain—the foaming cataract—the rolling ocean—at the heavens—now agitated and blackened by the wild fury of the tempest,—and then, in the mild lustre of a summer's midnight, lifting its sparkling canopy above us; or, whether we look upon the calm and seductive landscape, as it spreads before us in the verdant meadow, with its smooth stream or gurgling brook—upon the gently swelling hills—the noble forests clothed in the mellow tints and variegated hues of its autumnal foliage—here a field waving with golden harvest, and there a parterre redolent with flowers of surpassing beauty;—we see on every hand loud calls for gratitude to the Author of our being, and much to attach us to the fair planet which he has allotted us for a habitation."

Dr. Henshaw is just in the prime of life, and though his labours are severe, enjoys, we are happy to hear, excellent health. His church is always well attended, and his name stands prominent, both as a preacher of the gospel, and a man whose disposition is replete with the finest attributes of our nature.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON, March 23, 1848.

If Marshal Bugeaud were to invade us now, he need not have to look out for the inscription of "*Ici on parle Français*," over the doors, as suggested by Punch, when a short time ago, the Duke of Wellington and Lord Ellesmere frightened the old ladies of Great Britain with their night-mare visions of French invasion, and of Lord Mayors and Aldermen flying before the Gallic horse. They speak French every where now, and of nothing but the French anywhere. To say that the excitement for the last three weeks, has been intense, seems a very inadequate phrase; it has been boiling, screeching hot. The intelligence of the overthrow of Louis Philippe, and of the magnanimous forbearance of the gallant French in their hour of triumph, has diffused immense gratification through all classes here; except perhaps a few of the *haut noblesse*. No sooner was the intelligence received, than his very obstinate and somewhat silly Grace of Wellington proceeded to the French embassy, to make a call of condolence upon the Duke de Nemours; this call was significant in a manner not expected by any one, and the facts that attended it, though expressive of the popular feeling on the subject, were carefully kept back by the leading journals. The Duke was not only not cheered on his ride, as has for some years been the custom of the people when he goes abroad, but was hooted, hissed, and saluted with cries of "Down with Louis Philippe!" and had it not been for the nerve and address of a few gentlemen present, it is probable that his presumed French oligarchical predilections would have subjected him to a manifestation of popular antipathy, somewhat like that directed against him during the crisis of the Reform Bill.

This revulsion of feeling towards the Duke, has shown our aristocracy the propriety of moderating the ostentation of the sympathy which they have so freely proffered to the ex-Royal Family of France. The English people naturally demand it from its obvious importance to the ratification of the assurances of amity exchanged between the two countries, and the preservation of peace. Hospitality to refugees is all very well, nor are there a dozen men in England who would not rather encounter war, than withhold it, at the wish of any foreign government, but this is a very different thing. The reception at the palace, of all the members of the Orleans family who have yet arrived, the attendance of the Prince Consort upon them, and the placing of English Royal equipages at their disposal, are something very far beyond what Charles X. experienced, and the circumstance of some of the exiles being Coburgs—a family not very popular among our people—has tended to increase the popular disgust against such unnecessary display of sympathy. The matter has been taken up pretty warmly by some of our journals, and Lord Palmerston has deemed it prudent to forward to Paris, a dispatch disclaiming on the part of the British Government, any intention to cast an oblique reflection upon the conduct of the French Republic, and assuring Lamartine that these manifestations of sympathy are nothing more than acts of hospitality considered due to the misfortunes of the exiles.

Meanwhile, the Duke and Duchess Montpensier have made a somewhat hurried exit from London, and intend to honour Spain with their residence. The town is full of rumors as to the cause of this. The one most generally credited, is that some secret papers disclosing a diabolical plot against the life of the Queen of Spain, have been forwarded to Lord Palmerston, whereupon an intimation was forwarded to the Duke Montpensier from the Foreign Office, that his "room would be liked better than his

company," and that, in fact, he would be safer elsewhere than in England. The morning journal that gave this secret to the world, cautiously denied its truth immediately afterwards, but our people choose to persist in the belief that Louis Philippe was willing to add to his long list of delinquencies, the crime of Lucrezia Borgia, and clear the way to the Spanish throne for his son, by poisoning her who stood in his path.

The sympathy of our people with the events in France, is well illustrated by the avidity with which the Continental news was sought for during the period of their transaction. Edition after edition of the morning, mid-day, and evening papers, seemed only to wet the desire for more. Forty-five thousand copies of the Times were sold daily, and still impatient newsmongers cried for "more." A corresponding number of other papers were sold, and yet imprecations on editorial tardiness were prolonged far into the night of Saturday, by many an indignant citizen who clamored in vain for a late impression, wherewith to edify his domestic circle on the Sabbath. All Sunday, the offices of the seventh-day prints were opened, and swarmed with horny-handed mechanics, eager to know how the French sons of toil struck down the armed despots, who denied them the rights of men, as well as the privileges of freemen.

The hardest thing, however, seemed to persuade oneself to believe, that a real French Revolution had taken place at all, and even now, when we are getting used to it, the notion will repeatedly come over one, that the whole thing is but a dream.

Only thing of Jerome Buonaparte, who led the last fruitless charge of the Old Guard at Waterloo, proclaiming his republicanism at this time of life, and demanding that the proscription of his family be officially declared a disgrace to France! Prince Louis Napoleon also followed his uncle's example, or rather took the initiative, in eulogizing the Revolution and soliciting employment for his patriotism. However unlike his Imperial relative he may be in intellectual capacity, there cannot be a question that he has courage enough at all events. The moment he heard the serious turn affairs had taken in Paris, he hurried off regardless of the dangers he was exposing himself to, as well from Louis Philippe, on account of his escape from Ham, as from any faction which might momentarily have resumed power, and to whom the presumed influence of his name among the soldiery was likely to render him obnoxious. The news of his departure for the scene of alarm, created consternation infinite in the fashionable circles at the West End, not only because he himself is a prodigious favourite therein; but because of the intelligence, that he was accompanied by the Count D'Orsay, the dandy, the sculptor, and the man of almost universal genius, who languishes in lazy luxury rather than exert his gifts, and with whom your readers are doubtless well acquainted through the writings of Mr. Willis.

With the exception of one or two trifling rows kicked up by a set of worthless vagabonds, England is quiet enough. It is well that it so, for in case of a general insurrection, or the occurrence of the long-bruited "Invasion of the French," I fear we citizens of London "who live at home at ease," would make but a sorry show. The fact is, and there's no denying it, we Cockneys are the arrantest cowards alive. Only fancy, a week ago a double military guard mounted at the Bank, business at a stand still through the main streets,—domiciles put in a state of defence as if menaced with a regular siege—and Catos, Brutuses, and Scipios, calling aloud in placards to their brother calico sellers, and small-ware dealers, to nail their colours to the mast and die

for the Crown, and the laws, and the etcetera; and all for what? Why, because a parcel of vagabonds, not being allowed to hear an ex-banjo player and rejected candidate for the representation of Westminster, talk seditious nonsense at Charing Cross, ran about the town breaking windows, and exchanging broken heads with the police! The sound of a smashed square of glass seems the crack of doom to a metropolitan shopkeeper, and has proved the very knell of Cockney valour during the past fortnight. Had there been expected an irruption of cannibals, people could not have exhibited more unequivocal symptoms of terror, than were exhibited among our bourgeoisie at the cry of "Here's the mob," and the news was rendered more appalling when accompanied by the tidings that the police were also coming, for those guardians of the public just sufficed to give a headlong impetus to Parthian thieves retreating, who fronted the enemy, and plundered as they fled with greater expedition and effect, than if allowed to suit their own convenience.

These facts are awakening public attention, and a committee is now engaged to see what saving can be accomplished in the miscellaneous expenditure of the country. The public has become disgusted that the immense pensions annually paid to the various branches of royalty, are not subjected to the income tax of five per cent., to which every man is liable whose income reaches £150. It is said that neither the Queen nor Prince Albert have paid their share. The King of Hanover, who draws £16,000, is also believed to be exempt. So with the Duke of Cambridge, who receives \$16,000 more, so with the Queen's mother, who has £30,000, of which she cannot expend one half, considering her style of living, and the infrequency and scantiness of her public charities. Five per cent. off the Queen Dowager's £100,000 would be an item worthy of national consideration under existing circumstances, even though the public are disposed to be not very exacting in this particular, bearing in mind Adelaide's queenly liberality whenever she is appealed to.

Since I last wrote you, the long pending trial between Jenny Lind and Bunn, the manager of Drury Lane, has come off. I was present and regret to say the whole affair was so tame, so destitute of the incidents and materials for pen-and-ink portraiture, that it is hardly worth my while adding anything to the details which will reach you through the newspapers. For I take it for granted, all the musical and theatrical world will read with interest what appertains to the Swedish nightingale. The plaintiff's statement simply resolved itself into this—that she had agreed to sing twenty nights for him at £40 a night, in the *Camp of Silesia*, and didn't, her excuse being that she couldn't learn English, though he offered to allow her to sing the part in German. To this her defence was that he could not have produced the opera had she been willing to come to Drury Lane, as he had not the music and was not otherwise prepared. None of the counsel on either side had any knowledge of musical or dramatic affairs, and considering the public interest excited, and the amount of money spent on the case, it was melancholy and mortifying to see how slovenly the whole affair was managed. Many of the *élite* of the fashionable world attended, but all were miserably disappointed in the amusement they expected to derive from a trial, the merits of which have been long agitated in their different coteries, and have divided them into musical factions.

After considerable talking and bandying of legal arguments by the counsel, and the summing up, which showed the Judge was willing to leave a wide latitude to the Jury for the formation of an opinion, without expressing any of his own, a verdict for £2,500 damages was returned for Bunn, which, in the opinion of all dispassionate auditors, seemed to meet the justice of the case.

There is little doing worth recording in the theatrical and operatic world just now, and if it was not for the anticipation of street squabbles and the news from abroad, London would be unprecedently dull. Business is at an utter stand-still, and it

seems criminal to think of pleasure in times like these. Yet the few fashionable assemblies that are announced seem to be crowded to an unusual degree, especially those of Lady Palmerston, where nineteen-twentieths of all the foreign singularities in the world appear to congregate for the purpose of identifying each other, and seeing that they really are the persons they pretend to be. Somebody seems to have given the majority of these people a hint as to the decency of their abstaining from mingling in public amusements, as many of them unblushingly did last week at the Opera House, including some of the French fugitives, among whom may be named a certain illustrious nobody—the French Queen's Neapolitan cousin, the Prince of Syracuse, who has been making an immense fuss about escaping from Paris in the disguise of a laborer, though he evidently might have remained there till doomsday, if he pleased, and no one have troubled their heads about him. None of them, however, were present at the opening of the Covent Garden Opera, the most remarkable incident in which appears to have been the remarkable tameness of Alboni's performance. This was evidenced in an unmistakable way by the non-encoring of the never sufficiently to be repeated "Di tanti palpiti," which used to be called for three and four times over from Pasta when she had almost ceased to have a note in her voice, such was the charm of the remembrance of it when she could sing, and that never was a tenth part as well as Alboni. The fair contralto is said to have been altogether unstrung by the occurrences at Paris, and the same cause is known to have extremely agitated the Queen, though her spirits have since resumed their buoyancy.

A genuine negro, with crispy hair, and a flat nose, as well as a pair of flat feet, has been astonishing the habitués of the Surrey Theatre, by his performances of Zanga in Dr. Young's tragedy of *Revenge*, and of Mungo in the *Padlock*. I have not yet seen this dark dramatist, but shall try to get across the river and take a look at his black impersonations. His name is Aldridge, and I have been told that he is a native of one of the southern States. The theatrical critic of *Jerrold's* paper, says of this black swan: "he is not a great, but he is a very good actor. He reads with much feeling and appreciation of the author; and there is a force and vigor in his enunciation that is stirring, and perfectly free from rant. He especially possesses a freedom of gait and natural dignity of movement, desirable, probably from the unconfined nature of his early life." As Douglas Jerrold's paper is rather of an abolition character, it is quite probable that the theatrical critic has judged more favourably of the power of your coloured gentleman, than you would do in New York. It is a proof of the modesty of the coloured gentleman, that he did not select the character of Othello for his *début*. The Surrey has passed from the management of Bunn, and in the place of music, treats its audiences to the legitimate drama.

The papers will inform you that Her Majesty has presented the nation with another pledge of her regard, in the shape of an infant Princess; we have become so much accustomed to these things that we look upon their occurrence without interest—as mere matters of course.

The news from Ireland continues to be of an exciting character, though all danger of general insurrection has vanished. The branch from the Repeal party—known as the advocates of physical force—seems to be growing less popular every day, and the more reasonable advocates of Repeal by moral force will doubtless ultimately attain their end without whelming the country in civil war, which must inevitably prove detrimental to the objects they seek. The three principal leaders of the party have been arrested, and held to bail for seditious and inflammatory writings and speeches, calculated to disturb the peace of the nation. The details of Irish and French affairs will, however, reach your readers through the London journals, which will render it unnecessary for me to do more than allude to them.

HOLDEN'S REVIEW.

A Home for All: or a new, cheap, convenient, and superior mode of building; By O. S. Fowler. New York; Fowler & Wells. 1848. pp. 96.

An architectural work from Mr. Fowler is not exactly the kind of book that we should have anticipated, if we had been told that he had a new work in the press. But, here we have a treatise on house building, and a very novel as well as excellent one we must pronounce it, according to our own perception. Mr. Fowler's architectural aphorisms are sensible, but peculiar. He has thought a plan for himself, and instinctively hit upon a very good one, without having had recourse to any of the old authorities in building. He well observes that no invention can be of greater practical utility to man, than that which enables him to live in a cheaper and better house than he had before been accustomed to. Mr. Fowler's plan relates first to the form of the house, which, of course, is not new, and secondly, to the manner of building, which he claims to be the inventor of, and we are of the belief that he is fully entitled to the credit which he claims. In respect to the shape of the house, he contends that an octagon or circular is much preferable to a square or parallelogram. No one will dispute the soundness and accuracy of his opinions on this point. As to the manner of building we are not competent to give a decided opinion, never having seen an example of his method, which is extremely simple and economical. It consists simply in laying a wall of boards, which are pinned or nailed together, and left with an uneven surface that admits of being plastered without the addition of laths. One of the great advantages of this manner of building is, that there is no necessity of a frame; the walls are laid with boards as though they were stone or brick.

The work contains a great many valuable suggestions, and hints, and will be found a "real blessing" to house-builders in a new country, where wood and land are abundant, and labour is scarce, and where the great point to be settled, is, first, what to build, and then how to build. We give a few extracts from Mr. Fowler's book, which we think will become immensely popular in the West, and be of great service even in the older settled parts of the country.

MAN'S REQUISITION FOR A HOME.

EVERY living thing has its HOME. "Foxes have holes," and squirrels, rats, reptiles, and all burrowing animals, excavate habitations in the earth, in which they shelter themselves from the merciless storm and the piercing cold, to which they flee for safety from the face of danger, and where they bring forth and rear their young. Ants, bugs, beetles, crickets, and even worms, dig themselves holes, in which to live and breed, while the more ingenious bee builds its six-sided cells for storing its winter provender, and reproducing its species. Bears and wolves have their homes in deep hollow trees or dark caverns; and even fishes deposit their spawn in crevices among the rocks, which serve as temporary habitations for their young.

Fowls, endowed with a higher order of Constructiveness, choose their domicile, and erect their habitation, strengthened by timbers of twigs, plastered with mud, and softened with down, and there live together in love till they produce and rear the children of their happy union. Eagles build in the rugged crag, hawks in the high tree, and ducks in the miry marsh; but all build themselves HABITATIONS, each after its own taste.

This home-providing principle equally pervades the entire vegetable kingdom. Every tree has its home in the cleft of the mountain rock, or by the rich banks of the running stream, and every species of herb appropriates to itself a place where it plants its roots and builds its cylindrical walls and leafy roof. So, too, the stem of the apple, or the nut, is the home of its birth and it

youth, till it becomes sufficiently matured to put forth in search of some permanent residence, where it can reproduce its kind. Even every seed has its own chamber and bed in its parental homestead—every ear of corn its home on its stalk, and its husky walls for shade and shelter, while every kernel of grain has its own nest, and every seed its temporary place of abode. The very hills make themselves residences, and the waters have their places of abode, while the earth and the planets traverse their own cycles in the fields of space, which no foreign foot molests. Thus every thing in nature has its home, and in turn becomes the abode for life, enjoyment, and development.

And is man an exception to this great HOME law? No; but, on the contrary, he is its most perfect exemplification. Endowed with the primitive faculty of Inhabitativeness, he seeks and craves a home just as he does food or friends, and for a kindred reason, namely, the restless longings of a primitive element of his mind, implanted for the purpose of COMPELLING him to seek an abiding-place, which shall be the centre of most of the joys of life. Nor ought any to deny themselves homes; but all should provide themselves with a temporary or permanent residence, as much as with food or clothes—which are only cloth houses fitted closely, so that they can be carried about with us. As we set apart no inconsiderable portion of our time to procure food—or what is tantamount, to earn money to pay board—so all should appropriate as much time to procure and improve homes, and furnish them with the comforts of life. More especially ought every MARRIED pair to procure a permanent RESIDENCE for themselves and families, because, without them, one powerful faculty must suffer perpetual abrasion, and most of the rest a great diminution of action and consequent pleasure. This "moving" every few months or years is alike destructive of property and enjoyment, besides the enormous costliness of rent. It greatly diminishes planting, and cripples all sorts of husbandry, prevents setting out trees, and keeps tenants from having things GROWING, besides obliging them to go, money in hand, for every little thing wanted in the family, the expensiveness of which is ruinous even to the healthy, but death to the sickly. None can ever know the worth of a home but those who have once had one and lost it, and, after having been long cast out upon stone hearted landlords, finally re-obtained a comfortable domicile, and set down under their own grape vines and fruit trees. Father, mother, whoever thou art, heed this important advice—PROVIDE A HOME, whatever else you may do or leave undone. However great your privations, however astringent your poverty, get a HOME FIRST, and the greater your destitution, the more need have you of providing a home—no matter how homely—merely as a means of escaping that poverty.

A POOR MAN'S HOME.

But you plead utter inability. In this you err. You are far better able to get you a residence, if it is only a turf hovel, than to live without one. Say to some land-owner, "Lease or sell me a piece of your land." If you cannot get a lot on the public highway, take up with one in the fields or woods, and pay your purchase money or rent in work, if you have no money. Then bank up with dirt, if you are too poor to procure boards, and live on bread and water, or boiled wheat and corn—you will not starve, nor your children, on this fare, but be all the better—till you can earn a few dollars to render your hovel passable for the time being. Plant some pear and apple seeds, and peach and cherry pits, and, when grown, bud and transplant them. Lay by all you now pay for rent, and all you save by having a place to raise vegetables and keep a cow, and in a year you will have enough to BUY your leased land, and put you up a small house on the plan proposed in this work. I speak now of those who have not a dollar in the world with which to begin. And the poorer a man is, the greater the need of his adopting this home policy in some form—of course, in the best form he can. You greatly mistake when you think yourself too poor to have a home. The poorer you are, the better able you are to procure one, or, rather, the LESS able to do WITHOUT one. Your poverty is the very reason why you should build.

But perhaps you, or your wife, or your daughters, are too proud to live in a house as inferior as your present stringent circumstances would compel you to build. This is, doubtless, where the shoe pinches. Then let it pinch on. Those who, whether in high life or low, are too proud to CONFORM TO EXISTING CIRCUMSTANCES, are quite welcome to endure the pressure of adversity on the horns of pride. Do as you like, but "hear my opinion." I consider it no disgrace to BE poor, but I do consider it disreputable to REMAIN so any great length of time. He who,

in a country of liberty and plenty, cannot rise from the deepest poverty to comparative comfort, lacks either the wisdom to plan, or the energy to execute, his liberation from his galling yoke. Sickness—his own or that of his family—may retard his deliverance; but he can and should know how to RESTORE AND PRESERVE HEALTH. Any healthy, industrious, and intellectual man, however large his family, can, by due FORETHOUGHT AND MANAGEMENT, soon rise from poverty to comfort, and then to affluence.

"But I have nothing with which to BEGIN," is the discouraged response. Then MAKE something. I know that "the destruction of the poor is their poverty," but, granted that you have nothing but your hands and to-day's provisions, with to-day's work bring home a bushel of corn: get no tea, or coffee, or sugars, or spices, or meats, but live WHOLLY ON BOILED CORN till it is gone. Meanwhile you can earn several bushels more—probably a month's supply. Or, if you prefer a change, substitute beans, wheat, rice, hommony, Indian in its various forms, brown bread, etc. But live on one or two kinds of food, without even butter; for hunger makes the best sauce. If you can afford fruit, stewed or raw, so much the better; and grain and fruit will support life and strength in all their vigor for months, and even years. Indeed, you will probably feel stronger and better able to work on them than on your present fare. All these extras, instead of being essential to health, only impair it. You can hardly live too plainly. Boiled wheat or corn alone, with apples, will relish first rate, and keep you strong and hearty for months and years. By living in this plain way, you can save at least THREE FOURTHS of your wages for a house. In a month you can save enough to buy a few square rods of ground, sufficient for a home; and in another month you can save enough more to build a rude hut, sufficient to stop rent and set things to growing; and in a year you can build a house on the plan here proposed, and in an other year fill it with furniture and comforts. I repeat, there is no need of a man's being too poor to own a homestead, and the poorer he is, the more able he is to pursue some such home erecting policy; and a home once created, he can soon turn himself as he likes.

But, to return from this partial digression with this sacred injunction: Let every one set apart as much of his time and means for a home as he does for food or clothes, as the best means of providing the latter; and then let him grow things, instead of buying them.

The Architect, Vol. 2. No. 2. By W. H. Ranlett. Published by W. H. Graham, New York. 1848.

The work of Mr. Fowler which we have just noticed, can lay no claim to the peculiar excellencies of the architect, as an assistant to builders; in fact, we know of no architectural publication that contains so much valuable information, and so many beautiful illustrations, as Mr. Ranlett's. We commended the first number of the second volume in one of the early numbers of our review, and would now simply add that the present issue more than sustains the promise of the first number of the work. The illustrations to this number consist of three different views of a superb villa, in what is called the Anglo-Italian style, which the author has erected for a gentleman on the shore of Lake Ontario, near Oswego. There is also a neat wood engraving of a marine villa, erected by the author at Long Branch, for a gentleman of New York. The plans, directions, and estimates in the *Architect* are full, clear, and exact; the reading matter is by no means the least valuable part of this most excellent work.

Old Hicks the Guide: Or Adventures in the Comanche Country in Search of a Gold Mine; By Charles W. Webber. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1848.

Mr. Webber has acquired a considerable reputation by the spirited sketches of adventures in Texas, which he published in the *American Review*. The present volume will add to his deserved popularity. Next to the French Revolution, there is no subject so replete with romantic interest as Texan adventures. The following extract will give a good idea of Mr. Webber's style, and the quality of his book.

We promised ourselves to have some rare antics out of the doctor in the wild chase we were going upon; for the hard running we should have to do was just suited to his headlong humour. But soon after our start, much to my annoyance, I missed him, and, looking back, saw him dismounted, stooping and peering around a little clump of timber. Some new specimen hunting freak, I supposed; and knowing it would be useless to attempt to call him off, we rode on.

Within an hour we saw a fine flock of antelopes.

And now commenced the most exciting of prairie sports. We managed in this way.

We were six men; the man who had gone to camp with the buffalo having returned. The first object, after their discovery, was to get the party on every side of them, though we were half a mile apart, and no one nearer than a quarter of a mile of them.

One of the men then showed himself, and quick as light they darted off in the opposite direction. There a man showed himself, and the timid things would dart off at another angle, to be frightened at the same apparition in that quarter. They now became confused; and as the effect of their fright, on seeing one of us was always to rebound them in a straight line exactly in the opposite direction, we could form a correct estimate, from the moment of their wheeling on this side of the ring, what point on the other they were going to make for, and by riding with great speed, so as to present one's self in front of them there again, the man opposite would drive them back at another angle. They invariably crossed near the center from which they started.

We were thus enabled to play shuttlecock with them through their fears, and keep them dashing for several hours across the same circumference of a mile or so, until they were worried down, and we could gradually close upon them.

Their movements were so inconceivably rapid that it required great exertions of speed and activity, in dashing back and forth, on the part of our horses, to keep up this game.

The excitement became intense as we neared them gradually, they becoming more and more confused and electric in their action, darting here and there, always in a body, and wheeling again when we crossed the line of their course, though at several hundred yards, and making back for the center, as if that spot were charmed.

You will perceive that if, instead of wheeling square on the opposite line, they had merely deviated slightly from the original direction—as deer or any other animals would have done—they must have escaped directly; but, by playing thus cruelly upon the very vividness of their fright, after nearly two hours' tremendous work, we had them standing, huddled and panting, in the center of a ring of about a hundred yards.

We now dismounted, and commenced deliberately firing into the squad. We did not fire all at once, but I first; the man opposite next; and so, whichever way they headed. We thus fired two rounds into them before even, in their case, despair became bold, and they rushed by us.

They are exceedingly dangerous when they make this break. The hair on their backs stood up like bristles, and they charged in a body on the poor horse of the Scotchman, which happened to be standing across the line of the course they had chosen, and ripped his haunches severely as they went by with their small, sharp horns. They left seven of their number behind, though. We took what we needed of them, and set out for the camp.

Such is the method of that most curious of all sports, 'ringing antelopes.'

Though the action of these animals is surpassingly graceful, and almost bird-like, yet they are not so poetically handsome, on a close survey, as I had expected to see them.

The outline, like that of all very swift animals, is too angular for our ideas of beauty. Indeed they looked most like a tall, fine specimen of the goat, as they in reality are.

We got into camp early, and found the process of 'jerking' fully under way. The buffalo had been cut up into long, thin slices, about the width of your two fingers. These had been laid across a scaffolding of poles over slow fires, and, after drying there a while, removed and hung on the surrounding bushes, to be dried by the sun and air. The curing is thus very rapidly completed; for such is the singular dryness and preservative qualities of this atmosphere, that a bulk of fresh meat will lie about the camp for several days without becoming tainted, when no grain of salt has touched it; indeed, the use of salt is never thought of for curing our meat.

The doctor came in about sundown, and threw at our feet, with a great air of triumph, the carcass of a brown badger, which he claimed to be a new variety.

So here was the secret of his desertion. He had seen this fellow slide into its hole in the mott, and, stopping behind a tree, had watched nearly all day until it came out, when he shot it. He deserves vast credit for his indomitable patience, at any rate. Our festoons of meat were gathered up before the dew fell, and covered with skins to protect them from it.

Such an infernal serenade of wolves as we are having I never heard before. The scent of meat has drawn them from all quarters!

January 21.—Not off to-day until the afternoon. The scoundrelly wolves 'chawed' the lariats of several of our horses during the night. It took us all the morning to catch them.

These wretches are much in the habit of doing this; and the wonder is they have not been at it heretofore. I suppose their teeth became so much whetted by the tantalizing odor of good things which were out of their reach that they were obliged

to find some employment for them; and the raw-hide of our lariats, as they probably thought, was better than their own nails.

The doctor's mustang was among the missing; and when we recovered him the owner swore he meant to have his revenge before night, and pistol one of the marauders.

Some time after we started, I noticed two large yellow wolves were sneaking after us on our trail. I pointed them out to him; and handing me his hair gun, he borrowed my holsters—for they are more convenient in this kind of chase—and, putting spurs to his horse, turned toward them.

They stooped, crouching and staring at him doubtfully, until he got pretty close, and then with a quick bound dashed off in opposite directions. He selected the one which made for the open prairie, and had a hard chase after him in full view of us.

In about a mile he had closed within a few paces, and the wolf squatted flat upon the ground; as his horse leaped over him, the doctor gave him the contents of one pistol. Flirting its bushy tail in the air—for it was struck—the wolf was up and off again on the back track, and, before the doctor could rein up and turn, had considerably the start, so that they were nearly back to us before he closed on it again.

This time the doctor stooped from the saddle and held the pistol within a few inches of his head, as it lay flat on its belly, and, firing, killed it dead.

We gave him a cheer, while he sprang from his horse to get the 'brush,' as he always did, and came whooping and waving it over his head to join us. 'The rogue sha'n't bother my lariat with impunity,' he said, as he fell quietly into line. So our sports run. Camped at good water.

January 22.—Our day's march has been over high, ridgy prairie, with a scattering growth of musquit timber in the valleys, and here and there a solitary live-oak hung, as usual, with moss. The nopal, a species of cactus, was to be seen occasionally in small patches.

Here we saw the great-eared rabbit, one of the swiftest animals, as the hunters say, in the world. They are thrice the weight and size of the common rabbit, with silvery white sides, and ears enormously disproportioned.

As soon as we saw the first one, Old Hicks mentioned the fact of their remarkable speed. My curiosity was excited to test this. Very soon one of them bounced up from behind a cluster of nopal, within a few paces of us. My horse was very fast; I could easily catch a deer in a mile's race on him. I instantly struck off after the rabbit. He had not more than ten paces the start, so that it was a fair test. It seemed to me that he almost doubled the distance between himself and my horse—the latter going at the best gait he knew—every few moments; and I never was more surprised.

It appeared to be shod with wings instead of feet, moving, in long bounds, with such incalculable ease and speed over the wide, undulating plains, that it reminded me of a white gull gliding past a ship, and up and down the long swell of waves, after a storm.

I soon gave up the race; for I perceived that I should lose sight of it directly, and that it could easily beat me something like a half in every mile I ran with it.

The Thousand and One Nights, or the Arabian Nights Entertainments: translated and arranged for family reading, with Explanatory Notes. By E. W. Lane, Esq. From the Second London Edition. Illustrated with six hundred wood engravings, by Harvey, and illuminated titles, by Owen Jones. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1848. Part I.

We need say nothing in praise of the Arabian Nights—next to the Bible, it is the book most universally known and read; it is read with equal delight by young and old, educated and ignorant, and will doubtless remain for all time to come the most popular of romances. This illustrated edition is the most beautiful one that has ever been published. The designs by Harvey are neatly reproduced from the original edition, and have a positive value as illustrations of Eastern manner and costumes, beyond their intrinsic merit as pictures. The illustrated title pages from the designs of Owen Jones, are exceedingly rich and characteristic of the subject. The Literary World is publishing a series of articles on the origin of the Arabian Nights, which evince a good deal of Oriental learning, from which we extract the following in relation to the mythology of the Arabians, upon which the greater part of these enchanting tales are founded.

"It was after one of Solomon's journeys, in which these wonders were presented to his notice, that the monarch, finding himself somewhat fatigued—whether from the length of the

route, or the magnitude of the wonders he had witnessed, is not stated—the genii, at the 'command of royalty,' produced from their united labours, the wondrous 'flying carpets,' which are said to have been so serviceable to this king in all his future journeys.

"Of the size of these carpets, some idea may be formed, when it is stated that Solomon's travelling equipage not only included his throne and councillors, but the whole of his personal attendants. The patriarchs and doctors of law, as has already been shown, numbered twenty-four thousand; a correct census of the 'royal household' is not found on record; but, supposing them to have been equally numerous with the councillors—and every allowance must be made for the minute division of labour in the East, where it has been said 'a pair of gloves is a burden for two coolies' (porters)—it may be safely hazarded that the largest 'power-loom' of the present day would be wholly inadequate to produce a fac-simile of any of these wondrous carpets in breadth, however successful its accomplishment might be in regard of length.

"It may be observed here, that the whole of the obedient genii were marked on their necks from an impression by Solomon's signet-ring, in token of their submission to his commands. The male genii were chiefly employed in the erection of public buildings, palaces, gardens, &c., and the female genii in the various duties of domestic life.

"The daily consumption of food amounted to thirty thousand oxen, and as many sheep. Fish and fowl, though of the rarest kinds, were not considered by this 'small family' in any other light than as 'provocatives,' and were, therefore, eaten by these gourmands 'à discretion'!

"This license, as regards the fish particularly, there was no danger of infringing, as by the virtue of their master's ring they were attainable, of every quality and in any quantity, however distant he might have been from the ocean.

"The tables, which literally 'groaned under the good things' of those days, were, we learn, about two leagues in length, and the same in width. The genii and demons were served on tables of iron, while the chiefs of the people and the military leaders sat at those of gold and silver, the 'service' being of the same material, with goblets and 'lordly dishes' of emeralds, rubies, 'gems, and Indian pearl.'

"The reason given for Solomon's daily supporting this great number of genii is, 'that he trusted them so little he desired to have them constantly in his presence;' and 'that he always drank out of crystal cups that he might not lose sight of them, even when he was compelled to satisfy his thirst.'

"In his journeys, some of the genii and demons were commanded to fly in advance of his throne, while others acted as messengers, couriers, shade-bearers, &c.

"The famous Kaf of the Arabian tales, it has already been noticed, is the Caucasian chain of mountains of modern geography. The credulous imaginations of the Orientals have, however, not only imbued this region with the wildest pictures of Eastern romance, but are firm in their belief that they encircle the entire globe, forming the boundary of the whole habitable world; hence, the expression from 'Kaf to Kaf,' is the synonymical figure for 'from one extremity of the earth to the other.'

"From the vast height of these mountains, parts of which exceed in altitude those of the Alps, it is ignorantly supposed by some of the Mohammedans that the sun rises from among its recesses, and sets in an opposite part of the same mountain at the close of day.

"A very singular astronomical phenomenon may possibly have given rise to this supposition by the Orientals, who attribute the 'two appearances of day-break' to an opening in 'Kohi Kaf' (the mountains of Kaf), through which, the sun's rays being conveyed as he arises, it produces the *Sobhi Cazim*—the first, or false dawn. As the sun ascends, the earth is again veiled in temporary darkness, till it appears above the mountains, bringing with it the *Sobhi Sadig*, or real morning.

"Among the superstitions connected with these mountains, is the belief that they are founded upon a stone called *Sakhrat*, 'one grain of which,' say the Moslems, 'would enable the possessor to perform the most incalculable wonders.' This extraordinary stone is described, by the Easterns, as the pivot or axis of the earth. 'Were it not for this emerald,' states the Persian *Tarikh Tabari*, 'the earth would be liable to perpetual commotions, and unfit for the abode of mankind.'

"Many of the Mohammedans, however, as we learn from the Koran (c. 16), suppose that the earth, when first created, was smooth and equal, and liable to a circular motion as well as the celestial orbs; and that the angels inquiring who could be able to stand on so tottering a frame, the Creator on the following morning threw the mountains on its surface, in order to give it a 'fixed stability.' In the 31st chapter of the Koran this reason for thus placing the mountains is again referred to, and one of the Moslem commentators has imagined that the passage in Psalms 104, 5, 'He laid the foundations of the earth, that it should not be removed for ever,' points out this particular act of the Creator.

"The phenomena of nature, earthquakes, volcanoes, &c., it is further said, are caused by the movements of this *Sakhrat*, the fibres of which, acting as the nerves of the human organization, being excited at the command of the Creator, that part of the earth immediately in connexion, quakes, is convulsed, and frequently expands.

"In this belief of the 'foundations of the earth,' we may easily trace the supposition of the Hindus, in whose mythology it is recorded that the terrestrial globe is supported on the back of a tortoise.

"The peculiar connexion of Kaf with the Arabian tales, however, is founded on its being the principal abode of the ginn, afrites, and other spiritual creations, who are believed to have created in the fastness of the mountains, cities, palaces, gardens, and all the imaginary receptacles for enchantments, talismans, sorcery, and magic."

The Minstrel Pilgrim; By T. W. Field. New York; Clark & Austin. 1848.

The manner in which this small volume of Poems is published, strikes us as exceedingly appropriate, and worthy of imitation. Poetry should always be printed on fine paper, with a good wide margin, and a certain luxury of typography, but without extraneous ornament. We would have no engravings, no gilding, no illuminations in a volume of poetry. Books which require such additions to give them currency, had better remain unpublished, if not written; as pictures which require illustrating with the pen, had better remain unpainted. Books and pictures should tell their own stories. We never yet saw a book of poems which was improved by illustrations. *The Minstrel Pilgrim* is the largest poem in the volume before us, it has too strong a resemblance to Gray's *Elegy* for the author's credit, and the other poems in the volume are not sufficiently distinct in character to enable us to form a very clear idea of his talents.

A Discourse on the Constitution of the United States; By John Quincy Adams. Berford & Co. 1848.

This discourse was delivered before the New York Historical Society, on the 30th of April, 1839, being the fifteenth anniversary of the inauguration of George Washington, as President of the United States. It is published most opportunely, at this time, when so much interest is felt in the illustrious author, and the merit of the oration itself will render it at all times a most valuable and acceptable work.

The Life and Public Services of Henry Clay; By Epes Sargent, Esq. New Edition, brought down to the year 1848, by the Author. New York; Greely & McElrath. 1848.

Let people differ as they will in respect to the probabilities of Mr. Clay's election to the Presidency, in the event of his being nominated by his party, there is no difference of opinion respecting the greatness of his talents, and the value of his services to the country. As one of the recognized great Statesman of the Nation, one whose name is interwoven with its history, it is desirable that the particulars of his life should be known to the rising generation, and we believe no history of the great Statesman has been written, better calculated to answer this end, than that by Mr. Sargent.

The North American Review, for April, 1848. Boston; Otis, Broaders & Co.

The North American Review well sustains its reputation. It is the only quarterly Review, of the many that have been established in this country, that has been able to keep itself alive. How it gained its principle of vitality, by what daring Prometheus the warmth of life was infused into it, we know not. It was the first quarterly established on this side of the Atlantic, and, perhaps, in this circumstance, might have at the outset absorbed all the patronage and talent that the country had to bestow upon such objects. The present is its 139th number. A prodigious age for an American periodical. The great feature of this number

is a review of Browning's Poems, an article which contains a masterly criticism on Critics. We have rarely read a review containing so much shrewd observation, good sense, and genial humour, since the days of Sydney Smith's contributions to the Edinburgh Review. We make the following extracts from this article, and would gladly copy more if we had space, and it were not an injustice to the proprietor. Our readers will find the remainder well worth their attention:

"Here we found an old man in a cavern, so extremely aged as it was wonderful, which could neither see nor go, because he was so lame and crooked. The Father, Friar Raimund, said it were good (seeing he was so aged) to make him a Christian; so we christened him." The recollection of this pious action doubtless smoothed the pillow of the worthy Captain Francesco de Ulloa under his dying head; and we mention it here, not because of the credit it confers on the memory of that enterprising and Catholic voyager, but because it reminds us of the manner in which the world treats its poets. Each generation makes a kind of death-bed reparation toward them, and remembers them, so to speak, in its will. It wreathes its superfluous laurel commonly round the trembling temples of age, or lays it ceremoniously on the coffin of him who has passed quite beyond the sphere of its verdict. It deifies those whom it can find no better use for, as a parcel of savages agree that some fragment of wreck, too crooked to be wrought into war-clubs, will make a nice ugly god to worship.

"Formerly, a man who wished to withdraw himself from the notice of the world, retired into a convent. The simpler modern method is, to publish a volume of poems. The surest way of making one's self thoroughly forgotten and neglected is to strive to leave the world better than we find it. Respectable ghosts find it necessary to cut Shelly till the ban of atheism be taken off, though his son is a baronet,—a circumstance, one would think, which ought to have some weight in the land of shadows. Even the religious Byron is forced to be a little shy of him. Mr. Gifford, the *ci-devant* shoemaker, still sends a shudder through the better classes in Elyseum, by whispering that Keats was a stable-boy and the friend of Hunt. Milton, to be sure, was seen shaking hands with him on his arrival; but every body knows what he was. Burns sings rather questionable songs in a corner, with a parcel of Scotchmen who smell of brimstone. Coleridge preaches, with Lamb for a congregation.

"Ever the same old story. The poor poet is put off with a draft upon Posterity, but it is made payable to the order of Death, and must be indorsed by him to be negotiable. And, after all, who is this respectable fictitious paymaster? Posterity is, to the full, as great a fool as we are. His ears differ not from ours in length by so much as a hair's breadth. He, as well as we, sifts carefully in order to preserve the chaff and bran. He is as much given to paying his debts in shinplasters as we. But, even were Posterity an altogether solvent and trustworthy personage, it would be no less a piece of cowardice and dishonesty in us to shift our proper responsibilities upon his shoulders. If he pay any debts of ours, it is because he defrauds his own contemporary creditors. We have no right thus to speculate prospectively, and to indulge ourselves in a posthumous insolvency. In point of fact, Posterity is no better than a Mrs. Harris. Why, we ourselves have once enjoyed this antenatal grandeur. We were Posterity to that Sarah Camp, the last generation. We laugh in our sleeves, as we think of it. That we should have been appealed to by so many patriots, philosophers, poets, projectors, and what not, as a convenient embodiment of the eternal justice, and yet be nothing more than the Smiths and Browns over again, with all our little cliques, and prejudices, and stupid admirations of ourselves!

"We do not, therefore, feel especially flattered, when it is said, that America is a posterity to the living English author.

Let us rather wish to deserve the name of a contemporary public unbiased by personal and local considerations. In this way, our geographical position may tend to produce among us a class of competent critics, who, by practice in looking at foreign works from a point of pure art, may in time be able to deal exact justice to native productions.

"Unfortunately, before we can have good criticism, it is necessary that we should have good critics; and this consummation seems only the farther off now that the business has grown into a profession and means of subsistence."

The Bachelor of the Albany; By the author of the Falcon Family. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1848.

It certainly was not the superior quality of this novel that caused the publishers to bring it out in the very unusual form, for a book of its class, in which it appears, for they have published a great number of infinitely better novels in a much cheaper form. *The Bachelor of the Albany* is meant to be satirical and humorous, but the satire is only irony, and the humour smartness. It is written ambitiously, and with a good purpose but it is lacking in impersonations, and the intent of a well-constructed plot. It is mere surface work, and there is nothing in it that penetrates beneath the mere surface shows of society. The principal scenes are enacted in Liverpool; we believe it is the first time that that great commercial depot has figured in a novel.

The Mexican War: A History of its Origin, and a detailed account of the victories which terminated in the surrender of the Capitol: By Edward D. Mansfield, Esq. New York. A. S. Barnes & Co. 1848. pp. 323. Illustrated.

Perhaps the best thing that we can say about this very handsomely printed volume, is that it fully justifies its title. It is a history of the origin and conduct of the Mexican War, up to the time of the surrender of the Capitol. It is well written, and all the principal facts succinctly and honestly set forth.

Neander's Life of Jesus Christ: In its Historical Connection and its Historical Development. Translated from the Fourth German Edition, by Professor McClintock and Blumental, Dickinson College. 8vo.

The Harpers have published this important work, in a very handsome style, which is now translated into English for the fourth time. It does not suit the character of our Review, to give an elaborate notice of this work, which, probably all who desire, know the merits of by report already. The following extract will give a just idea of the style of the translator.

RELATION OF MIRACLES TO THE COURSE OF NATURE.

"Omnipotence is *always* as directly operative in nature as it was at the creation; but we can only detect its workings by means of the law of cause and effect in the material world. Under this veil of natural laws, religious faith always discovers the Divine causality, and the religious mind, although it may, indeed contemplate natural phenomena from different points of view, and may distinguish between *free* and *necessary* causalities in nature, will always trace them back to the immediate agency of Almighty love. Just so in miracles, we do not see the Divine agency *immediately*, but in a veil, as it were; the Divine causality does not appear in them as coefficient with natural causes, and therefore cannot be an object of external perception, but reveals itself only to Faith. But the miracle, by displaying phenomena out of the ordinary connexion of cause and effect, manifests the interference of a higher power, and points out a higher connexion, in which even the chain of phenomena in the visible world must be taken up.

"Miracles, then, presents themselves to us as links in that great chain of manifestations whose object is to restore man to his lost communion with God. As her new and higher powers enter into the sphere of humanity, there must be novel effects resulting from them, which cannot be explained apart from the accompanying revelation, but point out to the religious consciousness their self-revealing causes. Such effects are the miracles which, from the considerations we have mentioned, lay claim, even as inexplicable phenomena, simply, to a religious interest. And although, from their very nature, they transcend the ordinary law of cause and effect, they do not contradict it, inasmuch as nature

has been so ordered by Divine wisdom as to admit higher and creative agencies into her sphere; and it is perfectly natural that such powers, once admitted, should produce effects beyond the scope of ordinary causes. In the Divine plan of the universe (of whose fulfilment the connexion of causes in the visible world manifests only *one side*), miracles stand in relations of reciprocal harmony to events occurring in accordance with natural laws. From the chain of causes involved in that great plan, indeed, no events, natural or supernatural, are excluded; both circles of phenomena belong to the realization of the Divine idea."

The Seamstress. A Guide to Plain and Fancy Needle-Work, Baby Linen, Millinery and Dress Making, Embroidery and Lace Work, Knitting, Netting, Crotchet Work, and Tatting. With numerous Illustrations. New York: J. S. Redfield. Clinton Hall, 1848.

Here is a neat little pocket volume of near four hundred pages, which we must confess our inability to review understandingly for lack of practical knowledge on the subject of which it treats. We know very well what plain sewing means, but "Tatting" puzzles us. On the subject of knitting and netting, our author discourses pleasantly and learnedly, as witness the following, in which will be found the romantic origin of knitting machines.

"The art of knitting is supposed to have been invented by the Spanish; and would, doubtless, form in connexion with needle-work, an agreeable relaxation, amid the stiff formality, and unvarying mechanical movements which made up, for the most part, the lives of the ancient female nobility of that peninsula. The Scotch also lay claim to the invention, but we think upon no sufficient authority. Knitted silk hose were first worn in England by Henry VIII., and we are told that a present of a pair of long-knitted silk stockings, of Spanish manufacture, was presented to the young prince (Edward VI.) by Sir Thomas Gresham, and were graciously received as a gift of some importance. Clumsy and unsightly cloth hose had been previously worn, and though we are told by Howel that Queen Elizabeth was presented with a pair of black knitted silk stockings, by Mistress Montague, her silk woman, yet her maids of honour were not allowed to wear an article of dress which her royal pride deemed only suited to regal magnificence. We believe the first pair of knitted stockings ever made in England, were the production of one William Rider, an apprentice residing on London Bridge, who having accidentally seen a pair of knitted worsted stockings, while detained on some business at the house of one of the Italian merchants, made a pair of a similar kind, which he presented to the Earl of Pembroke, 1654. The stocking-frame was the invention of Mr. W. Lee, M. A., who had been expelled from Cambridge for marrying, in contravention to the statutes of the university. Himself and his wife, it seems, were reduced to the necessity of depending upon the skill of the latter in the art of knitting, for their subsistence. And as necessity is the parent of invention, Mr. Lee, by carefully watching the motion of the needles, was enabled, in 1589, to invent the stocking frame, which has been a source of much advantage to others, though there is reason to believe the contrivance was of little service to the original proprietor.

"Many ladies, including some in the ranks of royalty, have employed their hours of leisure in the fabrication of articles, the produce of which have gone to the funds of charity, and have tended to the alleviation of at least some of

"The numerous ills that flesh is heir to,"

and among these, the labours of the Hon. Mrs. Wingfield, upon the estate of Lord de Vesci, in Ireland, ought not to be forgotten.

"Netting is another employment to which the attention of the fair has been directed from the remotest times. Specimens of Egyptian network performed three thousand years since, are still in existence; and from this time, the art, in connexion with that of spinning flax, was there carried to a high state of perfection. With these specimens are preserved some of the needles anciently used in netting. They are preserved in one of the museums at Berlin. The Egyptian nets were made of flax, and were so fine and delicate, that, according to Pliny, 'they would pass through a small ring; and a single person could carry a sufficient number of these to surround a whole wood. Julius Lapsus, while governor of Egypt, had some of these nets, each string of which consisted of one hundred and fifty threads.' But even this fineness was far exceeded by the thread of a linen corset, presented by Amasis, king of Egypt, to the Rhodians, the threads of which, as we learn from the same author, were each composed of three hundred and sixty-five fibres. Herodotus also mentions a corset of a similar texture.

"The nets, of which the ancient specimens remain, were then employed in fishing, and the taking of the feathered tribe, but it is beyond a doubt that the art was also employed for other purposes, as the instances above testify."

Wuthering Heights. A Novel. By the Author of Jane Eyre. New York, 1848. Harper & Brothers.

The Author of *Jane Eyre* has achieved an unusual popularity in this country, albeit he still remains a "great unknown;" *Wuthering Heights* is a singular production, as *Jane Eyre* is, but less meritorious than that most powerfully written novel. By the kindness of the publisher we are permitted to make some extracts in advance of its publication. We give one chapter entire from the first volume, from which the general style of the work may be judged.

"What vain weathercocks we are! I, who had determined to hold myself independent of all social intercourse, and thanked my stars that at length I had lighted on a spot where it was next to impracticable. I, weak wretch, after maintaining till dusk a struggle with low spirits and solitude, was finally compelled to strike my colors; and, under pretence of gaining information concerning the necessities of my establishment, I desired Mrs. Dean, when she brought in supper, to sit down while I ate it, hoping sincerely she would prove a regular gossip, and either rouse me to animation, or lull me to sleep by her talk.

"You have lived here a considerable time," I commenced; "did you not say sixteen years?"

"Eighteen, sir; I came when the mistress was married, to wait on her; after she died the master retained me for his house-keeper."

"Indeed."

There ensued a pause. She was not a gossip, I feared, unless about her own affairs, and these could hardly interest me.

However, having studied for an interval, with a fist on either knee, and a cloud of meditation over her ruddy countenance, she ejaculated,

"Ah, times are greatly changed since then!"

"Yes," I remarked, "you've seen a good many alterations, I suppose?"

"I have: and troubles too," she said.

"Oh, I'll turn the talk on my landlord's family!" I thought so myself. "A good subject to start—and that pretty girl—widow—I should like to know her history; whether she be a native of the country, or, as is more probable, an exotic that the sturdy indigènes will not recognize for kin."

With this intention I asked Mrs. Dean why Heathcliff let Thrushcross Grange, and preferred living in a situation and residence so much inferior.

"Is he not rich enough to keep the estate in good order?" I inquired.

"Rich, sir!" she returned. "He has nobody knows what money, and every year it increases. Yes, yes, he's rich enough to live in a finer house than this, but he's very near—close-handed; and if he had meant to flit to Thrushcross Grange, as soon as he heard of a good tenant, he could not have borne to miss the chance of getting a few hundreds more. It is strange people should be so greedy, when they are alone in the world!"

"He had a son, it seems?"

"Yes, he had one—he is dead."

"And that young lady, Mrs. Heathcliff, is his widow?"

"Yes."

"Where did she come from originally?"

"Why, sir, she is my late master's daughter; Catherine Linton was her maiden name. I nursed her, poor thing! I did wish Mr. Heathcliff would remove here, and then we might have been together again."

"What, Catherine Linton!" I exclaimed, astonished. But a minute's reflection convinced me it was not my ghostly Catherine. "Then," I continued, "my predecessor's name was Linton?"

"It was."

"And who is that Earnshaw, Hareton Earnshaw, who lives with Mr. Heathcliff? are they relations?"

"No; he is the late Mrs. Linton's nephew."

"The young lady's cousin then!"

"Yes; and her husband was her cousin also—one on the mother's—the other on the father's side—Heathcliff married Mr. Linton's sister."

"I see the house at *Wuthering Heights* has 'Earnshaw' carved over the front door. Are they an old family?"

"Very old, sir; and Hareton is the last of them, as our Miss Cathy is of us—I mean, of the Lintons. Have you been to *Wuthering Heights*?—I beg pardon for asking, but I should like to hear how she is!"

"Mrs. Heathcliff? she looked very well, and very handsome; yet, I think, not very happy."

"Oh dear, I don't wonder! And how did you like the master?"

"A rough fellow, rather, Mrs. Dean. Is not that his character?"

"Rough as a saw-edge, and hard as a whinstone! The less you meddle with him the better."

Well, the conclusion was that my mistress grumbled herself calm; and Mr. Earnshaw told me to wash it, and give it clean things, and let it sleep with the children.

Hindley and Cathy contented themselves with looking and listening till peace was restored, then both began searching their father's pockets for the presents he had promised them. The former was a boy of fourteen, but when he drew out what had been a fiddle, crushed to morsels in the great coat, he blubbered aloud; and Cathy, when she learned the master had lost her whip in attending on the stranger, showed her humor by grinning and spitting at the stupid little thing, earning for her pains a sound blow from her father, to teach her cleaner manners.

They entirely refused to have it in bed with them, or even in their room, and I had no more sense, so I put it on the landing of the stairs, hoping it might be gone on the morrow. By chance, or else attracted by hearing his voice, it crept to Mr. Earnshaw's door, and there he found it on quitting his chamber. Inquiries were made as to how it got there. I was obliged to confess, and in recompense for my cowardice and inhumanity was sent out of the house.

This was Heathcliff's first introduction into the family. On coming back a few days afterwards, for I did not consider my banishment perpetual, I found they had christened him "Heathcliff." It was the name of a son who died in childhood, and it has served him ever since both for Christian and surname.

Miss Cathy and he were now very thick; but Hindley hated him, and to say the truth I did the same, and we plagues and went on with him shamefully, for I was not reasonable enough to feel my injustice, and the mistress never put in a word on his behalf when she saw him wronged.

He seemed a sullen, patient child; hardened, perhaps, to ill-treatment; he would stand Hindley's blows without winking or shedding a tear, and my pinches moved him only to draw in a breath, and open his eyes as if he had hurt himself by accident, and nobody was to blame.

This endurance made old Earnshaw furious when he discovered his son prosecuting the poor fatherless child, as he called him. He took to Heathcliff strangely, believing all he said, (for that matter, he said precious little, and generally the truth), and petting him up far above Cathy, who was too mischievous and wayward for a favourite.

So, from the very beginning, he bred bad feeling in the house; and at Mrs. Earnshaw's death, which happened in less than two years after, the young master had learned to regard his father as an oppressor rather than a friend, and Heathcliff as a usurper of his parent's affections, and his privileges, and he grew bitter with brooding over these injuries.

I sympathized awhile, but when the children fell ill of the measles, and I had to tend them, and take on me the cares of a woman at once, I changed my ideas. Heathcliff was dangerously sick, and while he lay at the worst he would have me constantly by his pillow; I suppose he felt I did a good deal for him, and he had not wit enough to guess that I was compelled to do it. However, I will say this, he was the quietest child that ever nurse watched over. The difference between him and the others forced me to be less partial; Cathy and her brother harassed me terribly, he was as uncomplaining as a lamb; though hardness, not gentleness, made him give little trouble.

He got through, and the doctor affirmed it was in a great measure owing to me, and praised me for my care. I was vain of his commendations, and softened toward the being by whose means I earned them, and thus Hindley lost his last ally; still I could not dote on Heathcliff, and I wondered often what my master saw to admire so much in the sullen boy, who never, to my recollection, repaid his indulgence by any sign of gratitude. He was not insolent to his benefactor, he was simply insensible, though knowing perfectly the hold he had on his heart, and conscious he had only to speak, and all the house would be obliged to bend to his wishes.

As an instance, I remember Mr. Earnshaw once bought a couple of colts at the parish fair, and gave the lads each one. Heathcliff took the handsomest, but it soon fell lame, and when he discovered it, he said to Hindley,

"You must exchange horses with me; I don't like mine, and, if you won't, I shall tell your father of the three thrashings you've given me this week, and show him my arm, which is black to the shoulder."

Hindley put out his tongue, and cuffed him over the ears.

"You had better do it at once," he persisted, escaping to the porch, (they were in the stable), "you will have to, and if I speak of these blows, you'll get them again with interest."

"Off, dog!" cried Hindley, threatening him with an iron weight, used for weighing potatoes and hay.

"Throw it," he replied, standing still, "and then I'll tell how you boasted that you would turn me out of doors as soon as he died, and see whether he will not turn you out directly."

Hindley threw it, hitting him on the breast and down he fell,

but staggered up immediately, breathless and white, and had not I prevented it he would have gone just so to the master, and got full revenge by letting his condition plead for him, intimating who had caused it.

"Take my colt, gipsy, then!" said young Earnshaw, "and I pray that he may break your neck, take him, and be damned, you beggarly interloper! and wheedle my father out of all he has, only afterward show him what you are, imp of Satan—and take that, I hope he'll kick out your brains!"

Heathcliff had gone to loose the beast, and shift it to his own stall—he was passing behind it, when Hindley finished his speech

by knocking him under its feet, and without stopping to examine whether his hopes were fulfilled, ran away as fast as he could.

I was surprised to witness how coolly the child gathered himself up, and went on with his intention, exchanging saddles and all; and then sitting down on a bundle of hay to overcome the quail which the violent blow occasioned, before he entered the house.

I persuaded him easily to let me lay the blame of his bruises on the horse; he minded little what tale was told, since he had what he wanted. He complained so seldom, indeed, of such stirs as these, that I really thought him not vindictive.—I was deceived, completely, as you will hear.

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

The one sole topic of the month, which has swallowed up all others in its immensity, and almost diverted men's thoughts from their personal interests in sublunary and eternal things, has been the French Revolution. This stupendous event was justly pronounced by Mr. Calhoun, in the Senate, the greatest that had ever occurred in the tide of history. We are not going to indulge in a retrospect of the causes which led to the overthrow of monarchy in France, nor speculate on the possible results of the stupendous occurrence. Our readers will have had quite enough of such things before our Magazine reaches them. Nothing has been talked about, sung about, preached about, or written about, since our last issue, but the French Revolution; boys in the street have made as free with the name of Louis Philippe as though he were an old acquaintance; young ladies have discussed the merits of De Lamartine; merchants on 'Change have suspended their bargainings to converse about Ledru-Rollin; barbers, while they lathered their customers, have kept up a running commentary on the Provisional Government; lawyers have left off quibbling to praise Odillon Barrot; and Wall street brokers have done nothing but talk about French finances and the Paris Rothschild. Nobody has been too high nor too low not to feel an interest in the event that has given political freedom to thirty-five millions of Frenchmen.

[The following letter from Paris was written by a lady who was an eye-witness to the scenes she describes; it was not intended for the public eye, as the reader will discern, but the little personalities which it contains will not render it less interesting.]

PARIS, FEBRUARY 23, 1848.

My Dear Friend.—Though I wrote you a very long letter by the last mail steamer, we have had such stirring times here since, that probably this may not be unwelcome.

Paris is in the greatest state of excitement. The newspapers will give you an account of the political matter better than I can explain here. Yesterday was the day appointed for the long expected Banquet; it did not take place, and serious fears were entertained that we should have another revolution. For the last two weeks the government has been making preparations for defence; cartouches distributed, all the garrisons strongly reinforced, and a quantity of heavy cannon deposited at Vincennes. All Monday night ammunition carts were passing up the Boulevards, conveying supplies to the different guard-houses; picks and hatchets were supplied for the use of the National Guard, and in fact every preparation made for defence. Yesterday, about 9 o'clock, the crowds began to throng the Boulevards, on their way to the Place de la Concorde, and by 1 o'clock it was one mass of human beings, ripe for mischief, but without a leader. Not a policeman nor a soldier was visible, until some of the mob scaled the wall of the Chamber of Deputies, when a company of municipals arrived and endeavoured to disperse the mob. This was enough: stones were immediately levelled at them, and

they answered by charging pell-mell with the butts of their guns, and their bayonets. The fighting continued all along the Champs Elysees; the chairs were taken for barricades, as also the omnibuses and carriages that were passing—the drivers of which were made to descend from their seats, and were sent off with their horses only.

There has been lately erected in the Champs Elysees a new Post-house, in front of which the sentinel was very gravely marching. The people commanded him to surrender, and as he would not, were about to attack him, when a troop of municipals coming to the rescue, met such a reception in the shape of sticks and stones, that they were obliged to take refuge in the Post-house. Thereupon the mob broke up a large quantity of young trees which had been prepared for planting, and strewing them round it, set fire to them; and in a few moments all were in flames, and it was with much difficulty and hard fighting that the poor soldiers escaped.

Part of the crowd was making its way to the Tuilleries gardens, when suddenly the gates were shut, and a strong detachment of soldiers appeared behind the buildings. The persons who happened to be within were obliged to remain for about three hours before they could get out, (how pleasant!) In the Rue St. Honoré the streets were barricaded, and in all directions the poor coachmen were seen going away on the backs of their harnessed horses, their vehicles having been taken to barricade. In all this, the municipal guard only were called upon to act actively, although a very strong body of regulars are on the spot ready, but only as yet spectators. The cry of the people is—"vive la ligne a bas les municipaux!" The National Guard had not been called out until about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, when the "rappelle" was beat through the streets. Just at this hour a band of blouses passed our house, singing the "Marseillais," snatching the lamp at our corner, and divers windows within their reach. At their approach, terror seems to enter into the hearts of the peaceable inhabitants; and it is curious to see the simultaneous shutting of all the doors and window shutters, even as high as the third stories. Not a vestige of glass remains in the lamps on the Champs Elysees, or those at any of the places where the assemblage were at night. A grand bonfire was made of the materials used in the day for barricades, to which was added the wooden horses and other games on the Champs Elysees; when these combustibles were consumed, the cry was, "allons a la grille!" (the white fence adjoining the Elysees Bourbon); when fortunately a company of soldiers, and soon after a troop of National Guards, arrived, and prevented any more mischief.

24th.—MORNING.—Rumour says that the fighting was going on in the faubourgs; at this end of Paris all is quiet, though the streets are lined in some parts with soldiers, armed as for war. Added to the usual arms, they are supplied with hatchets and hoes, I presume to destroy barricades, and repair the

streets, in case of need. Yesterday this happened; the mob began tearing up the pavement, when to their surprise the soldiers off with their coats, and fell to work repairing! Certainly the greatest forbearance has been shown on the part of the authorities, and I understand that strict orders have been issued to that effect. I do not think that this tumult will amount to anything like revolution; every thing has been too well prepared beforehand; yet it is to be deplored—for were it only the injury done to commerce, that is incalculable; several lives have been lost! This morning, in the Rue St. Denis, the soldiers fired upon the people. The king says he can rely upon the army, but it is said that if it came to the pinch, the troops of the line, (in general,) would not fire upon the people. A company of dragoons this morning refused to obey the order to drive their horses among a crowd in order to disperse them, and the crowd gave them three cheers. The cry is, "down with Guizot! The Reform! the Reform!"

7 o'clock, EVENING.—The fighting is over now. The reform is granted, and all is rejoicing. Mr. M. and my brother have just come home from the place of action. From the Boulevards St. Denis and St. Martin, to the Place de la Bastille, barricades are formed with the pavements. Omnibusses and all kinds of vehicles stopped by the way, furniture from adjacent houses, in fact any thing that could be laid hold of. The fighting is now between the Guard Municipal and the mob only; the troops and guard quite passive spectators until about 2 o'clock, when the Nationals declared for the people against the Municipals. The fighting was pretty hot, when about 4 o'clock news arrived that the king had acceded to the people's wishes; Guizot and company were dismissed. The streets are crowded with the people, mingled with the National Guard, singing, and calling for illuminations. The whole city is illuminated.

11 o'clock.—Alas! what a change has come over the spirit of the people since I wrote the last phrase. The songs and shouts of joy and triumph have turned to cries for "*vengeance!*" We have just come from the scene of action, and I will relate you what I have witnessed. We directed our steps towards the Boulevard Madeleine, and met in our transit a band of about thirty persons, (I think none were over twenty years of age,) with a few torches and flags, making, to be sure, rather noisy demonstrations of joy, but quite *harmless*. A troop of dragoons drove full tilt through them, and scattered them, but they immediately re-united and continued their route; we followed them to the Boulevards. In the middle of the street were stationed, from the Madeleine to the Rue Neuve St. Augustine, rank after rank of dragoons, and all along the curbs of the pavement a double row of soldiers. No carriages on the stations, no omnibusses. The Hotel du Ministere was completely surrounded; no passage on that of the street in Rue Neuves Capuchins.

At the corner of the Rue de la Paix, we met the mass coming down the Boulevards, singing, hurraing, and shouting, "*Vive la Reform!*" "*A bas Guizot!*" "*Vive le Roi!*" "*Alumine! Alumine!*" The windows that were not lit up, at their demand immediately placed lights out; astrals, carrels, candelabras, &c. The crowd, hurraing, passed to the Timbre, where they knocked and called for lights for about five minutes before any lights appeared; then *two candles* having been placed over the gate, they gave three cheers, and continued their route to the "Chancellerie," Place Vendome. Here all was dark; they knocked and called in vain. At last, having sent away the sentinel, they attacked it in earnest, breaking the windows, tearing the wooden railing which you may remember surrounded it, and breaking away the iron grating of the windows. This continued full twenty minutes, when collecting together all the combustibles, including *sentry-box*, they made a bonfire. A troop of dragoons then came galloping through the crowd, and aided by the soldiers from the "Etat Major," extinguished the fire, and at the

same moment the shutters were opened above and the windows illuminated, and with cheerings the crowd passed on. Can you imagine any thing so ill placed as the obstinacy shown in this instance? The Etat Major, and all the ambassadors, on the Place Vendome, and every other house, had illuminated immediately—why not the Chancellerie?

THURSDAY.—Having met some friends, we turned our steps towards the Boulevards. We had got as far as the "Hotel Mirabeau," Rue de la Paix, when we were startled by the loud report of a volley of artillery! We rushed into the gate of the hotel, not knowing what to expect next; here we staid about ten minutes, when some persons came in and said that the soldiers at the Ministere des Etrangiers had fired upon the people, killing or wounding about sixty. This was too true! and this was the cause of the revolution; for previous to it, all were satisfied by the change of ministry—*now* the people think that they have been betrayed, and the cry is for vengeance!

When we thought it safe, we left the Hotel Mirabeau, and as we came out, saw several men running down the street, shouting, "*To arms! we are betrayed!*" One of them snatched the gun from the sentinel at the guard-house of the Pompiere, opposite the Timbre. We crossed the Boulevards, we met a party carrying one of the killed, and vowing vengeance! We were horrified at this event.

FRIDAY.—I will not continue the history of events, but send you two newspapers, which contain accounts of all that has happened. I went to the Tuilleries at four o'clock on Thursday; the devastation was dreadful at the beginning, but now what remains is strictly guarded by the Guard Nationale, and some of the "people;" not a fragment is allowed to be carried away, though a quantity of private property of the royal family has been *burnt*. The palace at Neuilly is sacked and burnt, only one wing remains; one hundred and twenty bodies have been taken from the cellars, where they had drank until they were incapable of escape from the flames! The number killed in Paris, I am told, was one thousand and sixty. For two days not a vehicle could circulate in Paris. You cannot think how strange it seemed.

The trees are all cut down on the Boulevards, and the iron railing on the side of Rue bas des Ramparts entirely gone. I passed by on Thursday morning where the people had been fired on; the pavement was in puddles of blood. The wide gutter in Rue basses de Ramparts, though it had been raining, was a dark red—it was awful to see!

Paris is quiet now, but the commercial affairs are in a dreadful state. Green, the banker, will pay no one for the present; Guoin has stopped, and the panic is general. The "Government Provisionale" has promised so much to the work-people, that I fear the proverb, "*set a beggar on horseback,*" &c., will be verified to their sorrow. The general opinion is that all is not over yet.

On Saturday the victims were buried with great honours; the procession reached nearly from the Madeleine to the Bastille, where they were buried. It is impossible to give an idea of the procession; half of it was composed of the "people," such a *dirty tribe!* They marched to their own music, the "Marseillais" and "Girondins" sang in chorus; the effect was very exciting; all Paris was on the Boulevards, the pavements both sides one mass of people, *every* window open, (fine weather,) and crowded balconies, roofs, and even the tops of some of the chimneys covered! Never did I see half such a mass; but the most extraordinary of all is, that although there was *no police*, not a single accident has been heard of! Truly the French are a wonderful nation.

Yesterday was "Mardi Gras," but there was no procession, no "fat ox." There were a few masks in the streets, but the balls are said to have been but thinly attended—all very orderly.—Handbills were posted, requesting every good citizen to keep order in the absence of other police. The French can be *flattered* into

almost anything; but with all this, Paris does not seem like Paris. The people are everywhere; the Boulevards look very like the *Boucery*. A sudden stop has been put to fashionable gaiety; but few carriages rolling through the streets, and no long files in front of the houses, announcing a grand party or private ball. The general feeling is, that so far we have only the *beginning* of events, and that the calm at present is unnatural; the effect of the revolution is not felt immediately.

The news from the manufacturing provinces is not only sad, but alarming; not only from the almost total suspension of commerce, and financial pressure, but the work-people are demanding *great* increase of wages, and committing all kinds of excesses and violence. The newspapers say as little on the subject as possible, but private accounts are frightful. In Paris, the paviours demand eight francs per day instead of four, so the government has been obliged to employ *masons* to re-pave the streets after the barricades.

I have written you a strange, rambling letter. I had commenced with the intention of sending it by the last steamer, on the last day, but no mails went from Paris on Thursday. The day previous, (Wednesday,) I sent a newspaper; I hope you received it. I have heard since that the steamer waited a day later, and carried the news of the Republic.

I send you two weekly papers (illustrated); they contain the best and most comprehensive accounts of all that has occurred in this eventful two weeks.

I have had nothing from you since your letter dated 31st December; no newspaper! Why do you not send me a paper by each steamer? I do not miss one without sending to you; this is not fair.

Mr. M. is still with me, but goes, in all probability, about the 20th, or perhaps by steamer; I remain here for the present. We have several new settlers on our land. Have you seen my sister? You are a bad correspondent—are you selfish? I shall wait to hear from you; I am half angry with you, but am easily conciliated.

What an obstinate old fool Louis Philippe has proved himself! I am sorry for the downfall of the family, not for *him*! Were I in his place, I would go to America.

My dear friend, I am really ashamed of this letter; it is late, and I must finish, or it cannot go. Pray do excuse it! out of the mass, there may be part of it acceptable; at any rate, take the will for the deed, and pray answer it without delay. I will try and have more order in my next.

Good bye—God bless you!

Truly your friend, W.

Mr. M. sends his best regards, and hopes to see you as he passes through New York.

PARIS, FEBRUARY 19, 1848.

Dear Friend.—I begin my letter by times, intending to note, as they pass, the incidents which I think may interest you. First, then, in the way of *Theatricals*, we have several pieces in the style of "Poudre Catton;" that is to say, a farcical review of the past year's productions. I have been to see two of these pieces the "Fin-du Monde," at the Port St. Martin, and the "Enfer," at the *Delaissement Comique*, (so small a theatre, that one hardly dare confess having been there!) The first named is magnificent, as far as the eye is concerned; but that is all that can be said of it—the plot is nothing, and the wit is far-fetched. Of the "Belle au Chevaux d'or," another piece which has had a great run at the same theatre, may be said the same, excepting that its scenery is still more gorgeous. The "Enfer" is better in plot and "esprit;" we have a very good idea given of the Devil in a fit of the blues, and quite inconsolable because he has *lost his tail*! he is on the point of committing suicide, by swallowing a compound of some of the humbugs of the earth, when a Genius presents herself and prevails on him to visit this world and

seek diversions, of which, she tells him, there is no lack. Thence follows some very funny scenes; Chloroform, Ether, Grip, Kermise, Villes de France, &c., are dressed up for the occasion. I really laughed to the value of fifty sous, (the price of our places in an *avant scene*.) But the best piece of this kind is said to be the "Bare d' Huitre," at the Palais Royale. I have not been there.

I have been to the "Historique," to see "Monte Christo," which is played in two parts, and in two evenings. This piece is exceedingly interesting, though not gay. It is very well rendered, and all the actors at this theatre are good, each in his way; but the piece is rendered tedious by the long interval between the acts, and some of the scenes are rather prolonged. The "Hamlet" of this theatre was short-lived; I believe I wrote you in my last that it had been crippled and murdered. Thus much for what I have seen; now for what I have not seen.

The "National Opera," (ci-devant Cirque Olympie,) is in great favor; the chorusses are said to be much better balanced than at the "Academie." At the "Italiens" we have *Alboni*, who has almost given poor *Grisi* the jaundice, from jealousy! At the Opera (Academie,) we had, a short time since, "Jerusalem," a splendid, *showy* opera, with some good music, and fine, full chorusses; but, as a whole, not spoken of by true connoisseurs as an opera of the highest order.

As a foil to "Jerusalem," we have a new Ballet, called the "Cinq-Sens," (Five Senses,) in which Carlotta Grisi is said to excel herself! The plot has some resemblance to that of Lalla Rookh—a Princess in disguise, who charms the five senses of her proposed husband, in spite of himself. Nothing, it is said, can be more fairy-like than the *ensemble* of this Ballet. The music is by Adam, the composer in vogue now. So much for theatres.

20th.—I have been to no masked balls this year. The "Jardin d'Hiver" is the ball-room, par excellence, this winter. There has been given the ball for the "Liste Civil," well attended; the "Bal des Artistes," (very mixed, after two o'clock!) the Ball for the benefit of the poor English in Paris, (said to have been a poor affair.) Here is to be given the Polish Ball; but previous to that, the "Bal du petit Bourez," an institution for poor orphans. Of this ball I must speak to you as something worthy of notice, besides the decorations, (more beautiful than can be described,) the King, who has subscribed five hundred francs, has put at the disposal of the director for the occasion, the magnificent "*Mobilier de la Couronne*!" At midnight, bouquets are to be distributed to all the ladies who shall have arrived before that time, which they take from large baskets; in some of these bouquets are concealed tickets, which entitle the owners to the prizes which have been given for this purpose. They are—

- 1st. An antique Algerian casket, given by the Duke d'Angmale.
 - 2d. A picture by Henri Scheffer, value - - 5,000f.
 - 3d. A cameo bracelet, (stone,) encircled by diamonds, 2,000f.
 - 4th. An India cachemire shawl, given by Gagelin, Rue Richelieu, - - 1,500f.
 - 5th. An upright Piano, of rosewood, value - 1,000f.
 - 6th. An antique clock, given by Mons. Bro, - 300f.
- As a 7th prize, one of the tickets will give the holder the right to enter an orphan into the Institution. All these beautiful things are to be seen at the Jardin every day previous to the ball. The orchestra is under the direction of Strauss, and consists of two hundred musicians.

21st. There are serious fears of trouble to-morrow about the question of the right of *Banquets*. The above-named Ball is postponed. We are, as it were, on a crater! Ten thousand persons have, it is said, quitted Paris from fear. The price of gold has increased six francs on the thousand!

EVENING.—The panic increases; the streets are placarded with ordinances forbidding the National Guard to attend the Deputies to the Banquet, as invited.

Great fears have been expressed, in certain upper circles, that the Revolution would put an end to French fashions, and a good many young ladies have been apprehensive that there would be no more French shoes, French gloves, French bon-bons, or Eau de Cologne. The booksellers have been in a consternation lest there should be no more French novels, and a few of the old tipplers that are still left of the old *regime* of hard drinkers, have been almost frightened into signing the teetotal pledge, under the apprehension that there would be no more French brandy. There will be no more French kings, for a certainty; but as the king was not the nation, and as the nation has not been revolutionized in character by a change of their form of government, it is quite certain that there will be no failure in the supply of French finery for the future. Indeed, it is quite probable that we shall be favoured with a greater amount of French importations than ever, for the people being free, and in the enjoyment of a greater degree of liberty than even we enjoy in America, they will rise to a greater pitch of manufacturing refinement than ever, and the fresh impulse given to trade by the removal of the unnatural restrictions which have so long weighed upon the prosperity of France, will cause a greater consumption of our own products, and consequently an increased demand for French gimcracks.—There will not be an end of finery because the French have become Republicans.

The demonstrations of delight in New York, on the receipt of the news from France, exceeded all reasonable bounds. The people fairly went mad with joy. The French, and Swiss, and German, and Poles, and Italians, and Irishmen, resident in the city, the majority of whom had been republicans at home, and many of whom had been expatriated for their liberal opinions, held a grand festival, and did all that could be done by illuminations, and speeches, and flags, and songs, and toasts, and harangues, to express their sympathy for their brethren who had achieved their freedom so nobly. The first wild enthusiasm having a little subsided, the romance and glory of the Revolution having passed away, the prose of the event will come next, and the difficulties of passing from monarchy to democracy will be divested of all the brilliant incidents which have made the accounts of this third and last French Revolution, read like a French romance. Many people believe that Louis Philippe will come to the United States, and make this country his home, but he is now very comfortably domiciled at a snug little palace near London, which was once occupied by his son-in-law, the present King of the Belgians, and he will probably remain there for the rest of his life, unless there should happen to be a Revolution in England, an event by no means improbable, when he would doubtless take passage in the first steamer, and come over and live in one of the numerous houses which Mr. Lafarge, his reputed agent, has been building in New York. One of the most remarkable circumstances of this great governmental overturn is the important part which is played by the literary men of France. The great men of the movement are poets and philosophers, newspaper writers and novelists. The chief actor in the Revolution, the most influential man of the Provisional Government, is Lamartine, the poet, who had been looked upon as a dreamer, and called the Byron of France; but he is likely to prove the Jefferson of the Revolution. The poets and authors of England and America have responded the most heartily, and with the greatest enthusiasm, to the republicans of France, of any class. The most noble outbursts of genuine poetical enthusiasm that we have heard, came from one of the truest poets of America, James Russell Lowell, who published an Ode to France in the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, from which we extract the following spirit-stirring lines:

As, flake by flake, the beetling avalanches
Build up their imminent crags of noiseless snow,
Till some chance thrill the loosened ruin launches
And the blind Havoc leaps unwarned below,—

So grew and gathered through the silent years
The madness of a People, wrong by wrong;
There seemed no strength in the dumb toilers' tears—
No strength in suffering; but the Past was strong;
The brute despair of trampled centuries
Leapt up with one hoarse yell and snapt its bands,
Groped for its right with horny, callous hands,
And stared around for God with blood-shot eyes:
What wonder if those palms were all too hard
For nice distinction?—if that maimed throng,
They, whose thick atmosphere no bard
Had shivered with the lightning of his song,
Brutes with the memories and desires of men,
Whose chronicles were writ with iron pen,
In the crook'd shoulder and the forehead low,
Set wrong to balance wrong
And physicked woe with woe?

And if it be a dream,
If the great Future be the little Past
'Neath a new mask, which drops and shows at last
The same weird mocking face to balk and blast—
Yet, Muse, a gladder measure suits the theme,
And the Tyrtæan harp
Loves notes more resolute and sharp,
Throbbings as throbs the bosom, hot and fast!
Such visions are of morning,
Theirs is no vague forewarning,
The dreams which nations dream come true,
And shape the world anew;
If this be a sleep,
Make it long, make it deep,
O Father, who sendest the harvests men reap!
While labour so sleepeth
His sorrow is gone,
No longer he weepeth,
But smileth and steepeth
His thoughts in the dawn;
He heareth Hope yonder
Rain, lark-like, he fancies,
His dreaming hands wander
'Mid heartsease and pansies;
" 'Tis a dream! 'Tis a vision!"
Shrieks Mammon aghast,
"The day's broad derision
Will chase it at last;
Ye are mad, ye have taken
A slumbering kraken
For firm land of the Past!"
Ah! if he awaken,
God shield us all then,
If this dream rudely shaken
Shall cheat him again!

Since first I heard our Northwind blow,
Since first I saw Atlantic throw
On our fierce rocks his thund'rous snow,
I loved thee, Freedom; as a boy
The rattle of thy shield at Marathon
Did with a Grecian joy
Through all my pulses run;
But I have learned to love thee now
Without the helm upon thy gleaming brow,
A maiden mild and undefiled
Like her who bore the world's redeeming Child;
And surely never did thy altars glance
With purer fires than now in France;
While in their bright white flashes,
Wrong's shadow, backward cast,
Waves cowering o'er the ashes
Of the dead, blaspheming Past,
O'er the shapes of fallen giants,
His own unburied brood,
Whose dead hands clench defiance
At the overpowering good:
And down the happy Future runs a flood
Of prophesying light;
It shows an Earth no longer stained with blood,
Blossom and fruit where now we see the bud
Of Brotherhood and Right.

Punch, the arch-enemy of Louis Philippe, has, of course, been in clover, since the Revolution commenced; the mad wag has revelled in fun at the expense of the poor runaway King, and has been full of biting satire, and ridicule of royalty. The Paris papers, too, as a matter of course, have been full of caricatures of royalty and hits at poor devils of Kings, who can find no place where to flee for safety. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a

crown," now. We saw a caricature in the *Semaine*, a Paris paper, which represented a scavenger sweeping the street, and among the rubbish that he had collected together, were three or four crowns. One of the odd effects of the Revolution, is the rise of American stocks, occasioned by the anxiety of European capitalists to invest their money in our National securities, as the only safe means of insuring an income. Yet it is only a year or two since England was calling us a nation of defaulters, and Sidney Smith was raising a laugh throughout Europe at our expense by his witty letters on repudiation. He was not allowed to have all the fun to himself, however. It so chanced that when the first letter of the reverend joker appeared, Captain Morgan, of the packet ship *Hendrick Hudson*, a regular Yankee, and as favourable a specimen of an American ship-master as our merchant service can furnish, was in London, and feeling his pride touched by the wit's thrusts at American repudiators, he wrote a letter to the gentleman, assuring him that Pennsylvania, which was the State that the clerical wit selected for the object of his satire, would pay every cent of her indebtedness, but begged that he would accept of a barrel of Newtown pippins, as his share of the indebtedness of his countrymen. Smith wrote a characteristic letter in reply to Captain Morgan, stating that he accepted the fruit as apples of concord, and not of discord. He afterwards wrote another letter to Captain Morgan, complimenting him on his honesty of purpose, and expressing his delight on tasting the pippins, which he shared with the Duke of Wellington and other friends.

Captain Morgan has just added another magnificent ship to the line of London Packets, for which Mr. Griswold is the agent. The *Devonshire* is the name of this superb vessel, and if we were not so decidedly republican in our tastes and feelings, we would call her noble commander the Duke of Devonshire; but he is doubtless satisfied to be known as the Captain. The *Devonshire* is one of the largest merchant ships belonging to our marine, and one of the finest packets sailing out of the port of New York; her tonnage is nearly 1500, carpenter's measurement, and her accommodations for passengers the roomiest and most luxurious that we have yet seen in a sea-going ship. Her main cabin is finished with mahogany and gilded carvings, like a piece of cabinet work, and in all the fittings up she equals the most elegant parlours of our best residences. Among the beautiful furniture of her cabins, we noticed some elegant argand lamps, manufactured expressly for the purpose by Messrs. Deitz & Brother, of William street, whose extensive establishment turns out some of the richest articles in the form of lamps that we have seen. The last news from Europe announce that Louis Philippe intended coming to New York with his family; the *Devonshire* will arrive in London just in time to bring the royal fugitive over, and if we had the privilege of whispering a word in his ear, we would advise him, by all means, to put himself under the charge of Captain Morgan, who will be sure to land him here in safety, and treat his fallen Majesty in a truly regal manner during the passage. Whether Louis Philippe should come to New York or not, nothing seems more probable now than that the United States will for the next half century be a general stopping place for abdicating kings, runaway ministers, and broken down noblemen.—Every kingdom in Europe is in a turmoil; the people have taken into their own hands the power that rightfully belongs to them, and there will be no repose, no quiet, no peace, no safety, no luxuries anywhere but in the United States, where republicanism has taken root, and the people have been successful in the attempt to govern themselves. New York will become the great centre of civilization, and here the arts will flourish as they once did in Athens and Rome. The increased facilities of travel, and the addition of such noble vessels as the *Devonshire* to our lines of packets, will render a passage across the Atlantic almost as gay as the voyage of Cleopatra on the *Cydnus*. But as to the matter of Cleopatra's voyage, we doubt whether her famous barge, which

Shakspeare has given such a gorgeous description of, were half so elegant as the cabin of the *Devonshire*. Speaking of Arts and Monarchs, reminds us that we have had in New York the past month, Comte D' Orsay's famous equestrian portrait of Queen Victoria. It has been on exhibition, together with his bust of the Countess of Blessington, and his statuette of Daniel O'Connell, at Gothic Hall in Broadway. The picture is a remarkable production, considered as the work of an amateur, and the Count, whom we had always regarded as a mere dandy, an artist in dress rather than an artist in colours, has risen immensely in our estimation since we saw this fine painting. The Queen is represented, large as life, sitting on a prancing white horse, which she manages with perfect ease. She wears a red riding habit and a black hat with white feathers. As a portrait we have no doubt that the picture is very accurate, and as a painting it certainly possesses uncommon merit. The landscape of the picture is very beautiful; the scene is near the Thames, with Windsor Castle in the distance. The exhibition has two statuettes by Comte D' Orsay, of Napoleon and Wellington, which were broken in their transshipment. April is the great month for artists (not exactly models) in New York, for then the annual exhibition of the National Academy takes place, and all that has been done during the year in the way of art is exhibited to the public. The present exhibition of the National Academy is one of the richest in good pictures, though by no means the most numerous, that we have witnessed. The usual number of works of art exhibited, is about 400, but this year there are but 373 pieces; including sculptures and drawings, in the room of the Academy. There are many paintings of very great merit among those exhibited. The pictures by Page and Elliot, the landscapes by Kensett, Gignoux, and Durand, and some of the character pieces, by Bingham, Mount, and Huntington, are the most striking of the pictures. One of the finest pieces of pictorial characterization that we have ever seen, is a painting by Bingham, a young artist residing in Saint Louis, representing a Western Stump Orator addressing a political meeting. It is one of the most purely American compositions that any of our artists have ever produced, and, although inferior in some points to the best paintings of William S. Mount, is quite equal to the finest compositions of that rare artist. Mr. Bingham, in fact, represents the genuine Yankees of the West, with the same fidelity that Mr. Mount does those of the East. They are vastly different in their peculiarities of colour, but both are at about equal removes from nature. The "Stump Orator," by Bingham, is an oblong picture, containing some thirty figures, and although they look enough alike to belong to one family, they have a wonderful variety of expression, and distinctly tell by their countenances, the passions by which they are moved, and the effect of the Orator's words upon their minds. The picture brings vividly before us one of those peculiar phases of Western life, which are as full of novelty to us of the Atlantic cities, as they are to the inhabitants of Europe. Mount has but two of his peculiar pictures in the exhibition, and they are much inferior to those which he has heretofore exhibited. The large picture by William Page, representing the parting of Orpah from Naomi, and the cleaving of Ruth to her mother-in-law, is probably the finest painting ever executed by an American artist, and in grandeur of conception and beauty of colour, is infinitely superior to any other in the exhibition. It is a grand historical composition in the highest department of art. His portraits are not less remarkable for their artistic excellence. One of them is a full length of a young boy, and for richness of colour and reality of appearance, is of unsurpassable excellence. There are some most capital portraits by Elliot, one of them, the head of an old man, admirable in colour, drawing and expression. Among his portraits are a very excellent one of Halleck, the poet, and of Mrs. Steele, the poetess. He has also a full length of a Texan Ranger, standing by his horse, painted with great spirit, and truth of character. There is a full length portrait of Ex-Gov-

ernor Wright, which was painted by Mr. Whitehouse, for the Governor's Room, of this city. The picture is not a good one, and as a piece of portraiture it has no great value, for it was painted from a daguerotype after the death of Governor Wright. The Common Council of the city have, for many years past, had the portraits of the Governors of the State painted at full length, and the Mayors of the city *en buste*, to hang in the Governor's Room of the City Hall; for the former they have always paid one thousand dollars, and for the latter five hundred dollars. But for some cause or other, when appropriation was made for Governor Wright's portrait, they reduced the price just one half, as they did for the portrait of Mayor Havermeyer. The consequence has been, instead of having our Governors and Mayors painted by the best artists, as should be the case, seeing that these pictures are to be preserved in the City Hall, to give posterity an idea not only of our rulers, but our artists, they have been painted by the poorest artists, for our best painters will not consent to work for half price. The exhibition is remarkably rich in landscapes; Durand has two of great beauty, one of them is intended as an illustration of Bryant's poem of the "Fountain." The particular thought of the poet which the painter has embodied, is contained in the following lines:

"At eve,
When thou wert crimson with the crimson sky,
Lovers have gazed upon thee, and have thought
Their mingled lives should flow as peacefully
And brightly as thy waters."

The picture represents a youth and a maiden seated on a green bank, and gazing at a translucent pool. But the sky is not crimson, the artist has taken the liberty of improving upon his author, and making it a bright yellow. We can easily conceive the kind of purple sunset that the poet saw in his mind's eye when he wrote, and which the epithet crimson so happily expresses; it was one of those splendid but melancholy skies, which resemble a black velvet pall edged with blood, as though it were the covering of a dead warrior; and we wonder that the poet did not more accurately interpret the text of his author. But Mr. Durand looks at Nature through a yellow medium, all his pictures, like Claude's, seem to have been painted with a gold medium. But there is another picture in the exhibition, with a Fountain for a subject, which is full of rustic innocence, and the sweetness, purity, simplicity, and grandeur of nature. It was painted by J. T. Peele, a young artist who resides somewhere in the interior of the State, but who is destined to stand in the first rank of American artists. The picture is called the "Rustic Toilet." It represents a young girl lying on the grass, and looking at her innocent face in a pool of water. The subject is extremely simple, but it is handled in the most refined and polished manner. Mr. Kensett, who has recently returned from Europe, where he has been studying, has a landscape of great beauty, representing a view on the Anio, near Subiaco. Mr. F. E. Church, a young pupil of the lamented Cole, has in the exhibition two landscapes of marvellous beauty, for so young an artist. Mr. E. H. May, another of our young artists, exhibits a half length portrait of a lady, a picture possessing very great merit. Taking the exhibition as a whole, we do not remember seeing so good a one before; there is manifestly a higher standard of taste among our picture-buyers, which, of course, leads directly to a higher standard of art among our artists; for it is in painting, sculpture, and music, as in literature and trade, a supply always follows a demand. If the people want trash, whether in the shape of books, magazines, paintings, or merchandize, they will not get anything better; but if they want articles of excellence, they will be sure to get them. There are three hundred and sixty works of art in the exhibition, which have been contributed by one hundred and sixty artists. There are now open in New York, four galleries of paintings for pub-

lic exhibition, which shows pretty conclusively that the public have a fondness for pictures. These exhibitions are the collections of old masters in the Lyceum, the Cole paintings in the Art-Union Gallery, the National Academy, and the New York Gallery of Fine Arts in the Park. The present state of Europe is not favourable to the encouragement of art; when men are engaged in fighting for their liberties, they have no time to paint pictures or make statues, and the United States being the only part of the Christian world, in a quiet and prosperous condition, is likely to become the seat of literature and art. New York, as the centre of the great and happy Union, has a glorious future open to her, and the next century will witness a degree of peaceful prosperity in this favoured spot that the earth has never before known. Already the growth of the city has greatly exceeded the wildest predictions of the enthusiasts of the past age, and what it is destined to become, must infinitely transcend the warmest imaginings of the present generation. Strangers who arrive in the city, and form their notions of its size, from the part of it which they see in going from the hotels to the business streets, and places of amusement, can have but an imperfect conception of the city of palaces which lies beyond Union Square, and even many old residents of the lower wards know nothing of the splendid houses which have risen like the palaces of Aladdin, in the avenues which lie on either side of Broadway.

The death of John Jacob Astor, his will, the amount of his property, his early history, and every particular connected with his remarkable career, have been engrossing topics of conversation and newspaper comment during the past month. It has been a fruitful source of amusement to us to listen to the great variety of opinions respecting his will. People seem to think a man worth some thirty or forty millions of dollars, must be exempt from the common weakness of humanity, and many spoke of the manner in which he had disposed of his immense property, as though they were personally injured, because he had not given the greater part of it for public uses. It should be borne in mind, that Mr. Astor is the first man who has ever bequeathed any money for the benefit of the people of New York, and there have been many immensely rich men who were borne in the city, and left at their deaths, all their property to their own families. Mr. Astor has bequeathed four hundred thousand dollars for the purpose of a free public library, and when some native Knickerbocker has done as much, it will be time enough to find fault with Mr. Astor for not doing more. We see no reason why a man who has accumulated twenty millions of dollars, should not have the same privilege of disposing of it among his own children, as though he had but a twentieth, or thousandth part of the monstrous sum. Mr. Astor has been called a miser, and a great many hard names, merely because he did not give away his property; but it appears that he always lived in the most liberal style himself, and provided generously for all the members of his family. It appears that he has given the greater part of his immense estate to his son, William B., who being a man of much closer habits than his father, will certainly be the richest man in the Union, if he is not such already. People have the most ridiculous ideas of riches, and seem to think that because a man has the control of property, that he monopolizes them to his own use. But rich men are only managing agents for the public, who build houses, ships, steam boats, manufactures, for the use of other people; if their wealth consist of houses, they are very glad to rent them; if it consists of merchandize, they are very willing to sell it at market price; if it consists of money, they are always solicitous to loan it to those who can employ it to advantage. The worst thing that can be said about Mr. Astor, is his bequeathing an annuity to Mr. Halleck of two hundred dollars a year for his lifetime. But what rich man in New York did ever before leave an annuity of even two hundred dollars to a

poet, or to his book-keeper? None. Yet it cannot be denied, that it was very mean in Mr. Astor, who had some thirty or forty millions of dollars to dispose of, to leave so small a sum to a gentleman whom he called his "friend." He could have left Mr. Halleck two thousand dollars a year, just as conveniently as two hundred. Notwithstanding our disposition to allow every man to do what he likes with his own, we must ease our conscience, John Jacob, by stating frankly our opinion, that the magnificent gift of four hundred thousand dollars for a public library, weighs but lightly in the balance against the meanness of the annuity to Mr. Halleck. That is our opinion, and we don't care who knows it. For our own part, we think that Mr. Astor did perfectly right in distributing his estate among his children, who certainly had the best natural and legal right to it. Anybody may bestow money upon the public that chooses to do so, but if we were as rich as Rothschild, we would not give the public a penny. Let the public take care of itself. But, at all events, we would advise our wealthy friends who intend making bequests to the public, to take warning by Stephen Girard, and not wait until they leave the world before they leave their property, for money left to the public is very likely to get into the pockets of a private. But, apropos to conferring benefits on the public:—Dr. H. B. Wilbur has recently opened a school for imbecile children, in the pleasant town of BARRE, in Massachusetts, which strikes us as one of the most truly philanthropical undertakings that we have ever heard of. Dr. Wilbur is admirably qualified by nature and education, for conducting such an establishment, and one requiring a more peculiar organization, or calling for a larger share of self-sacrificing virtue than this, we can hardly conceive of. There have been similar schools in France and Germany, which have been attended with the happiest results, but we believe that Dr. Wilbur's is the first that has been attempted in this country. Of the success of his undertaking, we do not entertain a doubt. There are, unhappily, too many melancholy objects, who require the aid of such a benevolent mind as that of Dr. Wilbur, to enable them to acquire knowledge enough of the world's ways, to live in tolerable comfort and security. It seldom happens that the natural guardians of idiots and imbeciles possess the requisite qualifications, even though they had the inclination, to give them the little instruction they may be capable of receiving. Any information that may be desirable, in reference to the school of Dr. Wilbur, in Barre, it will give us pleasure to afford. A communication addressed to the Editor of the Magazine will be attended to.

Much has been said recently, and sung too, about woman, and the relation which she bears to man; her rights and wrongs have been made the subject of many a transcendental lecture, and prosy poem, and gossiping sermon, as though woman were a newly discovered species, whose natural habits were but imperfectly known. But we do not remember having seen anything so truly and beautifully said about woman, as the following by Tennyson, in the poem of the Princess, one of the sweetest poems that this age has produced:

ALIKE, BUT OH! HOW DIFFERENT.

"Woman is not undeveloped man
But diverse: could we make her as the man,
Sweet love were slain, whose dearest bond is this
Not like to like, but like in difference:
Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care:
More as the double-natured Poet each:
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words."

Men of genius have always been peculiarly felicitous in their embodiments of womanly natures. Shakspeare in this was supreme, no author ever approached him in the delineation of wo-

man. Fielding's women are pure womanly natures. Scott's are doll-like, except his termagants, who are excellent. Bulwer's women are mere bundles of finery; the author of Jane Eyre, has delineated a genuine woman in the heroine of that powerful and fascinating story. Dickens's women are mawkish, although, some of them, as Nancy and Dolly Varden, are good womanly creatures. The women of Dombey are impossible creatures, and Edith is absolutely frightful. No such woman ever existed, but it cannot be denied that she has many genuine womanly traits. But her conduct is not reconcilable with the nature that he gives her. By-the-way, speaking of Dombey, reminds us of a burlesque ending of the story, which we saw in the "Man in the Moon," a kind of monthly rival to Punch, which is published in London. The following chapter describing the wedding at the Wooden Midshipman, is not vastly different from the actual description by Dickens himself. His grotesque style is happily burlesqued:

"Ding-a-dong—a-ding-dong—ding-dong-bonm." Joy-bells—joy—for the wedding! the wedding! Ha! And at the Wooden Midshipman's! Cap'en Cuttle was magnificent. He had had his hook polished with black lead, and looked himself as radiant as his hook—aye as radiant as he did, when, undressing the night before old Sol Gills tumbled into the garret through the skylight. Where had that old man been! Where—indeed where?

It was the question Cap'en Cuttle put—and in these terms. "Whereby and awast—keep her head to the wind, and when kitched make a note on. Therefore—if so—say so—what's in the log? Let dogs delight to bark and fight—for which we see Dibdin—therefore—stand by it is—and that steady."

Thus solemnly adjured, Gills spoke—
"Where I have been—and what I have been doing," the old man said, "is nothing to nobody."

Ding-dong-bell—ding-a-dong—a-ding dong! The wedding at the Wooden Midshipman! It was on the very day, almost at the very hour that the house of Dombey and Son was shut up, that the wedding party left the Wooden Midshipman! A credible person, a Beadle, avers that the timber face smiled and the timber lips shouted aloud, "Hooray" in cadence with those joy-bells which still rang merrily from the grey towers of St. Koweld-without. Aye, and so they rang when, before the altar, stood Old Gills with a radiant countenance and flowing tears—and Captain Cuttle with a prayer book in his hand (in order to check the parson and keep him right), and his silver chronometer hung on his hook, "whereby to see fair play to all—awast and belay"—and Susan Nipper shedding tears indefatigably—and Wall'r and Florence.

The sun was in the heavens! But lo! through the stained glass, amid the saints and angels—gorgeous on the chancel window—fell its blessed light!—Walter Gay and his bride stood hoping in the sun-shine!

"Wilt thou take this woman to be thy wedded wife?"
"Of course—no—that is—oh dear—dear—I beg pardon—its of no consequence—none in the least—don't mind me," ejaculated a voice from a dimly seen pew beneath the organ.

Thither repaired the Beadle full of wrath—and found the unhappy Toots fainting on a hassock. But the Game Chicken advancing, doubled the Beadle up—carried off Mr. Toots—deposited him in a patent safety, and conducted him—for the improvement and development of his mind, to see three hundred rats killed in five minutes, by a terrier much famed in Whitechapel.

So the sun had not begun to descend towards the west—ere the marriage party left the church, and—Wall'r and Florence, now Mr. and Mrs. Gay, leading them on—took their way towards London-bridge.

Walter Gay is now the head of the old city house of Dombey and Son.

Carker was hanged; and the Charitable Grinder was transported for picking Joey Bagstock's pocket on the melancholy occasion.

Mr. Toots, under the tuition of Game Chicken, set up for a sporting character—took in twelve dozen copies of *Bell's Life* every week, and read them one after the other.

The old woman and the handsome daughter are frequent guest at the Mansion House—where they are usually charged with breaking from 35 to 80 panes of glass in the West London Union.

The Game Chicken espoused Mrs. Pipchin, and the young couple set up a public-house called the "Peruvian Mines," where Miss Tox is barmaid.

The Cap'en got a medal from the Humane Society for saving Dombey. He always carries it on his hook. Captain Bunsby married Mrs. Macstinger.

As for Dombey, he took to drinking at first—and then to being a church-rate martyr. He has since, however, become a reformed character, and is now a clerk in a saving's bank at 12s. a week. Occasionally, however, he and Perch have something comfortable together.

And what of Edith—erasing, beauteous, haughty, impassioned Edith. She, too, was repentant. At first she officiated as a pew-opener at a very fashionable chapel. But she was persecuted by Major Bagstock and Cousin Feenix—both of whom used to squeeze her hand when she showed them into pews. At length she retired from the world, and now gets up fine linen at Tooting.

As for Joey B. and Cousin Feenix, they challenged each other with respect to Mrs. Dombey. Neither of them, however, appeared at the place of mortal combat, and neither has been seen nor heard of since."

The following highly commendatory notice of Professor Longfellow's *Evangeline* appears in the March number of Fraser's Magazine. The Boston Transcript attributes the review to the pen of Professor Whewell, but we never before heard of the learned geologist's being a critic of poetry. Let the criticism be written by whom it may, it is as generous as it is just, but the writer is evidently not entirely familiar with the poets of America, for Mr. Longfellow is by no means the first of our writers who has evinced a "genuine" taste of the waters of Castaly.

We publish this extract, because it so nearly coincides with the opinions expressed in the leading article of this number of our Magazine, which was in print before Frazer was received.

"This is an American poem, full of beauties of really indigenous American growth; and we hail its appearance with the greater satisfaction, inasmuch as it is the first genuine Castalian fount which has burst from the soil of America. The verse-writers who have arisen among our Transatlantic cousins have produced many very graceful and pleasing lines, and some animated and stirring strains; but still they have done little more than imitate favourite poets of the old country. Echoes of the notes of Mrs. Hemans, and in blank verse, of Mr. Wordsworth, have been the most poetic sounds which the western gales have brought to us. Nor are we surprised at this. Some persons, perhaps, would expect that the new conditions and prospects of man and of society in the United States should give rise to a new spirit in every branch of literature; but those who have reflected how deep in past history lie the roots of all literary excellence, will not expect that anything of value can soon be produced by Anglo-American poets, which does not draw most of its life-blood from the ancient national heart, the English poetry of past ages: and though this is true of modern English poetry also, English writers seem hitherto to have more completely incorporated the historical life of the national mind into their being, so as to be ready to go on to new stages and forms of poetical thought and expression. However this may be, it cannot, we think, be denied, that the poetry hitherto published in America has been strongly marked with a derivative and imitative character; and that its beauties have been rather felicitous adaptations of the jewels of the English Muses than any new gems brought to light from the rocks of the Alleghanies or the sands of the prairies. To this general remark, we conceive the poem of Mr. Longfellow, now before us, to be a happy exception. Not only are the scenes and the history American,—an interest which belongs to many preceding poems (though quite as much to English as to American ones, witness *Wyandott*, and *Madoc*, and *Paraguay*); but the mode of narration has a peculiar and native simplicity; the local colouring is laid on with a broad and familiar brush, and heightened frequently by livelier touches which 'stick fiery off,' and light up the whole picture.

"Indeed, if there be any general character of imitation in *Evangeline*, it is rather with reference to German than to English models. Some features of the story, or rather of the pictures, and of the mode of narration, bear so much of similarity to Goethe's *Herman and Dorothea*, that we cannot doubt Mr. Longfellow to have derived suggestion and impulse from that exquisite poem. Nor is it at all an unworthy course for an American poet, to take for his model the most perfect of domestic epics, the *Odyssey* of the nineteenth century,—the poem more likely to be familiar with our grandchildren than any other which the past generation has produced."

If we had the privilege of puffing any body, or any thing, in our Magazine, which we have not, for, considering that good things need no puffing, and that bad ones do not deserve it, we have determined to leave such work to its legitimate sphere, the Daily Papers, and have interdicted it altogether—but, if we ha

the privilege, we would use it to bestow a good word upon the pure writing fluid manufactured by Davis & Black, of John street, in this city. People who write much know the blessings of good ink. Many a clear thought has been rendered obscure by muddy ink; those who wish to write fluently and transparently, should see to it that their ink stands are filled with the black ink of Davis & Black, who may be emphatically called the author's friend. Next to good ink is a good light, for we suppose that the majority of those who ply the pen, consume a good deal of midnight oil, like ourselves, and if we were given to puffing, as we once more repeat we are not, it would give us peculiar satisfaction to dilate at some length on the advantage of purchasing lamps, and gas-burners of all kinds, at the elegant establishment of Dietz & Brothers, in William street, who, although serious enough in their business, seemed bent upon making light out of every thing. In all the desirable qualities of elegance, novelty, and cheapness, their establishment will be found *Hard* to beat. While our hand is in for it, saying what we would like to praise, if it were consistent with our principles, we will name the Phenological Cabinet of those famous feel-os-of-us, Fowlers & Wells, in Clinton Hall, one of the places in this city worth visiting, and not the less worth visiting because no charge is made for entering. Let us, too, express our sense of the excellences and completeness of that cheap family paper, the *Island City*, which, it is a satisfaction to learn, is daily spreading itself over this reading country, and enlightening and pleasing the people wherever it goes.

The *Island City* is published by Messrs. Smith, Adams, and Smith, at No 75 Chatham street, Mr. Adams having purchased the interest which the proprietor of this Magazine once had in it. The "*Island City*" is one of a new class of papers, that has recently sprung into existence, and been widely patronized because it is adapted to the wants and necessities of the present time; its proprietors and editors are young and energetic, they have an instinctive perception of the wants of the people, because they are themselves of them. A philosopher may make a good paper for philosophers, a politician for politicians, a scholar for scholars, and a Book-worm for Book-worms, but the editor of a popular paper, one for the million, must himself be "one of 'em," as the editor of the *Island City*. And by bestowing this praise upon them, we do not mean to convey the idea that "they ain't nothin' else," because their paper shows that they have a fine taste in literature, a keen eye for passing events in society, a good judgment in the atrical matters, and a most rare and happy faculty of selecting the spiciest paragraphs from their cotemporaries. The *Island City* is but one dollar a year, and every one can see at a glance, that it is only by gaining an immense circulation that such a paper can be sustained at all, for the profits on each paper can hardly amount to half a mill. It is to the interest of the subscribers to such a work, and the same may be said of our own Magazine, to promote its circulation, for its excellence must in a great degree depend upon the extent of the patronage which the proprietors receive. The proprietor of a literary periodical, establishes a claim upon the good will of his subscribers, very different from that which exists between a shop-keeper and his customers. We do not merely sell so much material paper, or print to our subscribers, we impart to him our thoughts, feelings, hopes, wishes, fears, aspirations, griefs, and pleasures. We not only freely give them all that we possess, but we impart all that we know. We let him into the secret of our likings and dislikings; we expose our weakness, and, in fact, lift off the disguise which we wear to the rest of the world. For all this there is surely something more due than the mere trifle of a dollar a year, although that is all we ask; but it would be a small thing if those whom we are so fortunate as to profit by pleasing, or instructing, should pass the word to their neighbours, that they, too, might enjoy the same blessings, and we be cheered in our labour, and encouraged to go ahead.